"Read Me Over Con Me Well"

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THE WORKS

OF THE

POET COACHMAN,

MATTHEW SUTTILL.

33

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PREFACE.

THE following compositions have been written during a long life as a servant. I was born in Fearby, and raised at Crosslanes, just below, two miles from Masham, in Yorkshire. I had the best of mothers. Her name was Ann Parnaby. My father's name was Francis Suttill. He died before I could know him. Mother was left with five lads, of whom I was the fourth, and the worst in the family.

As to grammar, I never learned it; therefore, don't expect it in these compositions. But if I was hungry, I know how to ask for a bit of bread, and would easily understand a cold, heartless denial, when it was so keenly needed. I am not insensible to human woe; and woman's lovely form and face are my delight.

And now, if any of my many readers feel half as happy as I did when composing the following pieces, I shall not have written in vain. If it shall, in the future, be found that I have helped you, dear reader, to occupy your leisure hours to ad-

vantage, do not thank me, for I was impelled to do so by a power over which I had no control. But I was its willing slave. All birds cannot be nightingales, nor all men poets.

Some birds fly through the air,
And some warble it everywhere ;
So some men live a life of drudgery,
Others a life of joy, all fancy free.
And could I but with a little feather quill,
My own allotted task on earth fulfill,—
To arouse the dormant souls of noble men,
I should not use in vain my idle pen.
Ev'n some spark first kindled the living fire
In Patti's soul, to tune the heavenly lyre.
Then could I lay my useless body down,
If one should catch the flame, though all the world should frown.
All cannot sing, but all can go and hear,
And feel the heavenly rapture, and weep the silent tear.
How base is he who has not got a heart
To feel, with grief, when others have to smart!
Oh, sin! why wast thou ever bred on earth?
Thou art the cankerworm which spoileth all our mirth.
But I write not for fame or glittering gold ;
True talent's a thing which cannot be sold.

And now, as the world is made up of all the odds and ends of the earth, those who are extremely devout will find something worth reading. But let them not get offended if they find something sentimental for those who love it. Remember that thou wast once in the same captivity.

And now I commit myself to an impartial Public at my own expense. If this work leaves me in poverty, it is but the lot of poets ; and I will be pleased if through you I am able to lift up my head any higher than my fellow coachmen.

Them I shall always respect, for their long patience in enduring the extreme cold for hours at many a door, while their employers are warm within ; and blessed is the man who has a kind and considerate employer. Let such ever hold all beneath his charge as a sacred trust committed to him (in his employer's absence) as if it was his own. Good conduct and fidelity ever brings its own reward. And you, my fellow coachmen who have hard places, endure them. The lowest spoke in your carriage wheels rises to the top in the turning. May God give you all favor in your masters' eyes, and may God bless this glorious country is the prayer of your fellow-servant,

MATTHEW SUTTILL.

DEDICATION.

IF I MIGHT BE PERMITTED TO DEDICATE THIS WORK OF MINE TO THAT DEAR BEING WHO CHOSE TO TAKE THE MAN OF HER CHOICE, I WOULD GLADLY DO IT, FOR

"LOVE LEVELS ALL DISTINCTIONS 'MONGST THE HUMAN RACE,
AND WOMAN'S GREATEST FORTUNE IS CARRIED ON HER FACE."

AND MAY HE WHO HAS BEEN SO HIGHLY HONORED EVER HOLD HER IN HIS HEART AS HIS SUPERIOR IN STATION, AND MAKE UP IN DEVOTION WHAT HE LACKS IN POSITION.

THE BOOK TO THE READER.

I'm a New Year's gift to all mankind,
From a brainless, thinking mind;
Now I appear in this New Year,
Till you a better one can find.
Read me over, con me well,
But I was never made to sell,
But only as a gift to thrive,
Just peeping out in 'eighty-five.
Are you a lover, crossed in love?
Then I the cause will quickly prove.
But are you sad because of sin?
The remedy is found within.
There's nostrums for all kinds of cases—
The index will tell you where the place is.

Poems.

BY MATTHEW SUTTILL,

THE POET-COACHMAN.

The following was composed in early life. It is only a very small part of a large poem offered to the Butler Publishing Co., in Fourth Street, Philadelphia, who gave me no encouragement. So I destroyed it myself, thinking it to be worthless, but kept this remnant. It begins by speaking of

THE SEA.

Its footsteps come like armies in the night,
To sweep all living things from off its tide—
But there the batter'd ship still braves the storm.
But where's the Spanish noble? where his bride?
He lies beneath, a lost, a lifeless form,
With many sun-burnt sailors at his side!

She weeps not! No, she hath no tears to spare;
Yet still she lov'd him with a love divine;
She knew his soul was gone where angels are,
Like stars of heaven that never cease to shine.
She knew that he was quite prepar'd to leave
This earth, with all its blandish'd wiles and snares.

The lord of many earthly joys that grieve
Mankind to lose, tho' full of thorny cares,
He lived but for his soul! this was his all.
His work was love, combined with secret prayer,
And angels, listening to his midnight call,
Did spread for him the Lord's last supper there.

She wept him not! the terrors of the deep,—
Their awful might unnerv'd her loving heart.
She could not bear to think, nor wish to weep;
Death in her mind had fix'd its fearful dart.
Angel of beauty, now the sea is calm!
And grief begins to swell that heart of thine.

Tho' wealth is thine, in wealth there is no balm
To soothe the soul; led by a hand divine,
The welcome night has passed away;
And like a bride, the messenger of light,
In his golden palm, brings forth the Sabbath-day,—
That man may worship God with all his might.

Where is God's house? No church of stone is here;
Where are the merry bells whose tripling voice
Awakes the scatter'd hamlets, to appear
To worship; and in prayer and praise rejoice?
These are the churches made by hands divine.
Flesh! blood! and spirit! and the priceless soul!
Are all, O, God! rich heavenly gifts of thine
To keep beneath man's wavering will's control.
But the soul-adoring beings began
To sing the praises of their heavenly King.
The wonders of the deep! His ways to man
Inspired their hearts and mov'd their tongues to sing.

God heard their voice, and tears in every eye
Fill'd every soul with energy divine,
And rich and poor were all prepar'd to die;
All felt God's love makes mental darkness shine.

So days and nights passed on, all hoping still,
Until appear'd the welcome sight of land;
And then hurrah! hurrah! with right good-will,
From every tongue, sung out that hearty band.

The sun now rul'd sole monarch of the sky,
His golden wings swept every cloud away;
Then all nature, with its enchanting eye,
Seem'd strange, and grand, and beautiful and gay;
All deck'd in glorious white, the golden shore,
The ever new-made bride to the surging sea,
Cries out aloud, "I'm thine for evermore,
Thy salt embrace tells that thou lovest me.
I will not leave thee, though the sun may shine,
In all his fiery heat, to drink me dry,
For I am guarded by a hand divine
That sends me gushing torrents from the sky."

And now thousands of souls glide o'er the deep,
Converging to their happy home at last;
Some to rejoice! some to wail and weep
Departed friends! Some to forget the past.
Some came with hopes of gain—that cursed rust,
Which eats away the honey of the heart,
And chains the soul forever to the dust!
But some, with higher and holier part,
Came to teach the heathen; rescue the slave
From among the dens of the children of sin,

And the blood-red chains of the fiend-like brave
Without a spark of manliness within.
But most were men of craft of various skill,
Still all bound by one tie and grand design—
No compact, but a feeling of goodwill,
Made this motley crew of wanderers combine.

The mighty ship passed on ; her white sails set,
Rock'd to and fro, in friendship to the land.
The gentle wind the unfurl'd banner met,
Whose starry flames sent welcome from the strand ;
And there battlements on battlements arose
To guard the great Euphrates of the West,
On either hand, against her hostile foes,
A shelter for the exil'd and oppress'd.

For like a paradise on either side
The swelling hills enchant the gazing eye,
And thro' the midst there flows a nation's pride—
A bay whereon the world keeps passing by.
Such is the scene entrancing to the sight ;
Unto a new-found world the marvelous way
Where once the savage Indian stood to fight
His brother man ; or, Judas-like, betray.

Part Second.

Safe in the haven of a foreign land,
Weary with travel o'er the stormy deep,
Each grasps with tear-filled eyes his fellow's hand.
No friend is there ; and sorrow makes them weep.
One kind stranger, a good Samaritan,
Led the new-comed ones to a place of rest.

He wept to see young faces, pale and wan,
The signet of the oppressor and oppressed,
Captives from the dungeon-keep, where have bled
The noblest sons under the despot's sway—
These to the torture and the rack were led,
Yet scorn'd the fiend who wish'd them to betray.

Junarrah could not sleep on such a night;
He to himself had made a solemn vow
To watch and pray until the morning light.
He bent his footsteps to the murmuring shore;
The constant sea, in sweet devotion, still
Kept praising Him who bid its waters roar.
The moon began the darken'd space to fill;
Far o'er the void, her face began to rise
Like an angel messenger from the sea.
The clouds gave way! and then the vaulted skies
Gave forth their shining host of starry majesty.

Junarrah knelt! he pray'd! he wept! he sang!
Down his cheeks tears of sweet repentance run;
And in his mouth he found a cloven tongue
To tell the change within his heart begun.
God saw his tears and heard his midnight prayers;
A glorious angel from above is sent,
To guard him from the world and all its snares,
And give the charge that all mankind repent.

"Go forth," the spirit said, "for many days,
And in thy wanderings follow thou the sun,
For I will direct thee in all thy ways,
Tho' sore assail'd, until thy task is done.
When darkness round about thee dwells, I still
Will fill thy thirsting soul with unseen light;—

Not such as that which dawns on every hill,
But such as makes the holy angels white.
Arise! go forth! be constant in thy prayer,
Look not up, for heaven, where stars do shine,
But in thy inward self—for God is there,
Recording every deed and bright design.
Go forth to teach not by the word alone,
But by me—I am life unto the dead!
I Am sent me from His eternal throne
To conquer sin for which His blood was shed.
I give not life for one short sunny day—
With grief and tears, and often black despair;
And what I give I will not take away—
It shall be peace and everlasting there."

And now Junarrah rises from his prayer,
Gazing around in wonder and delight,
To see the mighty works that now declare
What Peace can do, when men will cease to fight.
He sees unnumber'd masts on every side—
Travelers of the deep, from every land;—
Iron palaces, the wonder and the pride
Of man's vast skill and power to understand;
How to invent; bring forth; unite, and make
Things for his use and own desire,
That every living thing can now partake
Of comfort, peace and love—the heavenly fire—
The holy blessing which keeps increasing,
Building up His kingdom—long foretold—
A life-like leaven that's never ceasing
To change the vilest dross to sterling gold.

Written no further, on account of the disappointment years ago.

TO A VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT UNFORTUNATE LADY, ONLY 22 YEARS OLD, WHO HAD A PAIR OF DIAMOND EAR-DROPS IN HER EARS.

I saw, hanging in thine ears, the other night,
An angel's tears, all sparkling with light.
And these same shining gems he wept
In pity, that thou thyself had stept
Into a path which leads to endless woe,
If not retraced while dwelling here below.

And as mine eyes beheld these precious stones,
I heard the angel's agonizing groans,
Because he saw a drop of blood shine there,
Shed for thee—so fallen, yet so fair!
But oh, what precious gems are these?
Pray, let the light shine on them, if you please.

See, in the crimson blood an image shines;
I dare not tell His name in these few lines.
It is the Sinner's Friend—his only Friend!
And now, dear Nora, can you comprehend?
Sweet Nora, with thy diamond shining eyes,
Thou art a fallen angel in disguise,
A woman fair to look upon and be desired;
And only the nuptial bond is what's required
To make thee a sparkling gem in any home,
That in these wild paths thou should'st no longer roam.

I could say I love, but whom I dare not tell,
Unless thy gentle voice should break the silent spell.
Why, kiss me then! it is for love and not for lust
That I adore thee, dwelling in the dust.

THE ANGEL AND CHARITY.

The priceless boon on earth to find,
An angel sought among mankind ;
And to a maiden's door he came
And whispered, "Fair one, what's thy name?"
"If you will wait, I'll quickly prove
My name, bright angel! it is Love ;
I was watching for thy visit now
As I saw thy garments, white as snow."
She showed the visitant a sight ;—
A fair, lost child was there that night,
Sleeping in blessed innocence.
Then from that room she led him thence
Into a little alcove, near,
Where the mother wept her silent tear.
"What more than this, now, can'st thou prove
To let me know thy name is Love?"
She show'd him garments for the poor,
And visits paid from door to door ;
And then she took and fed him well.
"Thou dost indeed in love excel.
This shining dress which now I wear
With thee I must for ever share."
'Twas then the robe he parts in twain,
Then half upon himself again
He throws, the shining wreath of flame.
"'Tis true, dear maid, that Love is thy name,
And this bright robe it shall be thine,
Remember that it once was mine."
And then he vanished from her sight,
And Love was left alone that night.

THE OUTCAST.

O, MY weary feet have trod the street, almost all the night;
And, but for shame, I'd tell my name, for I haven't ate a bite.
An outcast, viler than the vile, I scarcely now can catch a smile
From any passer-by.
But have men no shame, when they tell my name?
They once were not so shy.
But because I've lost
That more precious than fine gold,
I'm trampled in the dust.
What if I consented against my will,
Or was deluded by man's subtile skill
To give mine honor to his lust?
Outcast! Outcast! There she goes!
Her worshipers now become her foes.
O man! how darest thou be so vile,
To frown where once thou used to smile?
My charms all trampled in the dust.

APOPHTHEGMS.

If you ever see a person on the edge of a precipice, don't push him over, for the Devil may lead you there some day.

Beauty, Wealth and Intellect dominate the world!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND IN THE FOREST.

No sea is near, yet still I hear
  The rushing waves speak loud,
Or like a gale upon the sail,
  Whistling thro' the canvas shroud.
'Tis the hoarse wind's cry, just passing by,
  Amongst the forest trees ;
The breakers rise, white in the skies—
  Clouds fly before the breeze.

How near akin is the forest's gale
  To the sea's wild cry when winds prevail !
The breakers foaming on the shore,
  Their restless voice forevermore ;
The murmuring wind complains,
  Complains, then sighs and weeps
Its tears in gentle rains,
  Which calm the troubled deeps.
The wind has gone to rest, and all is still ;
The sun's last rays are dying on the hill.
Silence lives amidst this heavenly calm ;
I feel my beating heart without alarm.
In flesh and blood, I lift mine eyes above,
And see the floating clouds begin to move.
A rosy flush enflames the vaulted skies ;
The earth, in lingering twilight, shadowed lies.
A golden halo trembles in the west ;
The sun, himself, at last has gone to rest.
So rest, ye winds ! so rest, ye troubled seas !
Calm down into a soft and gentle breeze,
And hush your voice among the waiting trees.

THE DAUGHTER'S LAMENT.

Is there a heart that never felt
The joys, to home returning,
Which caused the silent tear to melt
And set the heart a-burning?
Old, friendly faces soon I'll see,
I'll set them soon a-smiling;
My faults shall from their memory flee.
There'll be no more reviling.
But the sweetest of them all
Will be my darling mother,
In whose forgiving arms I'll fall,
And kiss my loving brother.
I wildly wander'd far away—
And left them broken-hearted;
No one knew why I should stray,
Nor kissed me when we parted.
O, mother, can you now forgive
Your daughter's past unkindness,
And let me beneath your shelter live,
Who left you in her blindness?
O, home, sweet home! no more I'll roam!
No more seek stolen pleasure!
I've sought for joy, without alloy,
But virtue is the treasure.
Oh! give me back my spotless heart;
Give what is a woman's glory,
And take away the sting and smart
Caus'd when ruin is the story.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

Who can hinder the snow from snowing ;
Or the rain, as it falls, coming down ;
Or the wind, in its wild career, blowing ;
Or from a king's face take a frown ?
Who can hinder the snow from drifting along ;
Or the eddying stream in its murmuring song ?
Who'll stand on the ground when the earthquake appears,
Or hinder the widow from weeping her tears ?
Who'll melt the ice, when it covers the ground,
Or stifle the thunder, in its rumbling sound ?
Who'll cover the hills with grass, when they're bare ;
Or clothe the sweet flowers, with nicest of care ?
Who'll stay the swift clouds, as onward they fly,
Like ships on the ocean passing you by ?
Who'll clothe the forests with leaves once again,
Or shine for the sun to ripen the grain ?
Who'll say to the dead, when they're mouldered away,
"Come forth from the grave," and they quickly obey ?
Who'll cause the sun to burnish the clouds
With the brightest of light, when like funeral shrouds ?
Who'll count the sands that stay the wild seas,
Or hinder the frost beginning to freeze ?
Who'll number the dead laid under the ground,
And change the frail dust wherever 'tis found ?
Who'll say to the wilderness, covered with sand :
"Be a garden of roses all over the land ;"
Or to the wild wind, as onward it flies,
All purple and hot, like flames in the skies :
"Stay your wild billows ! let the desert rejoice !"
And waters spring forth, at the sound of his voice ?

Who'll number the stars that still flame and shine,
And count the bright jewels hid in the mine?
Who'll tell the dark deeds, which never were told,
For some coveted woman! or jewels! or gold?
Or what eye can see what never was seen,
The sins which arise in each mortal being?
Who'll hinder the sun from shining to-day,
Or the hungry lion from seeking his prey?
Or stay the proud waves of the changeable sea?
He's the king of the world, the king for me!

Who'll cover with clouds the vaults of the sky,
Or marshal the thunder that rolls upon high?
Who'll feed the wild birds that fly thro' the air
With abundance of food, and make them his care?
Who'll constant supply the springs that arise,
And fill with moisture the clouds in the skies?
Who'll stay the wild tempest of wind and of rain
Which levels the trees and covers the plain;
Or cover with blossoms, the blossoming trees,
Or breathe the sweet breath that comes in the breeze?
Who hears the sigh of the needy and sad,
And sends his own spirit to make them glad;
And bottles the hot tears of those which weep,
And gives to the world, calm, innocent sleep?
Who says to the dying, ready to die,
"Leave this cold earth! come away to the sky"?
Who'll calm mad passion, when stirred by strife,
Whole nations seeking for national life?
Or who'll bring about the reign of sweet peace,
When the world's population shall largely increase;
The wilderness land be cover'd with grain,
And houses and hamlets all over the plain?

Who'll bring about that long wish'd-for day,
When all nations shall drive foul war far away,
And help one another to girdle the earth
With the gladness of joy and innocent mirth?
When neighbors shall cease to backbite and belie,
Then shall this sweet blessing come very nigh.
Who'll stay the planets revolving around,
Or hush the cataracts' continual sound?
What hand can handle the wind as it blows,
Or the pitiless stream, as onward it flows,
Sweeping the hills and the valleys below,
Bringing destruction and anguish and woe?
Who'll care for the hairs which fall from your head,
Counting each spangle of the living and dead?
Who'll know each personal being that has been—
The abject poor, and opulent queen;
The lowly contented, without renown,
Like some fair flower, in the wilderness grown?
Who'll answer the voice which calls in distress,
And help the helpless, in their helplessness,
When no arm is near; and none to save
The solitary one from an untimely grave?
Who'll cause the fair flowers always to spring,
And teach the wild birds the music they sing?
Who'll set up a kingdom, to rule, and to reign,
Of which the wicked alone shall complain?
Who'll please the world with the themes of his mind,
And leave the fault-finder no faults to find,
Shall be crowned with a crown, brighter by far
Than the radiance which shines in a luminous star.
And now, dear reader, for what I have wrote,
Count not these few lines as too dearly bought,
I write not for fame nor glittering gold,
True talent's a thing which cannot be sold.

ADDRESS TO ALL PEOPLES IN ALL LANDS, TO EVERY SECT AND TRIBE, AND EVERY PREACHER.

"Serve ye the Lord with gladness,
And come before His presence with a song."

(Composed on the last Sunday in the year 1880.)

Let no vain thoughts this solemn hour employ,
But let your hearts be glad ! rejoice with holy joy !
Throw off the vain desire for human praise ;
Lift up your hearts, and with your voices raise
Anthems of gladness ; for Christ, who rules above,
Sends down His richest grace of holy love.

Then let the preacher tell the wondrous tale,
How, while on earth, Christ did at last prevail
O'er sin, o'er death, o'er dark temptation's night,
And turned our hellish darkness into light !
Ah ! let the preacher tell how Christ arose
From out the rock-sealed tomb, and then disclose
How He was seen as risen from the dead ;
Then was the captive sinner captive led
From earth below, to yon bright world above,
A trophy of the Saviour's dying love.
How on the mountain top He shone so bright
That the bright sun was darkened with His light.
Ah ! let him tell Christ reigns as king and priest,
And bids His weakest follower to the feast.

Awake, thou child of dust ! awake, and tell
How Christ doth all the world in love excel,

Ah ! lose thyself behind the bleeding cross,
And count man's vain applause as earthly dross.
Christ's in the house ! nay, He's at thy side ;
Be bold to speak, for He will be thy guide.
His words, thro' thee, shall be as living flame,
And clothe the sinners' soul with burning shame.
Rejoice ! be glad ! the day begins to dawn,
Christ reigns in grace ! and grace is still His throne.
Sinners tremble, and now they cease to sin ;—
Sure is the work the spirit doth begin.

And, Preacher—harvest time will soon appear,
Garner'd above what thou dost gather here,
The angels reap what thou unseen hast sown
And water'd with thy tears till it has grown.
Ah, blessed bliss ! thy labor's not in vain ;
Keep going forth till thou the crown obtain.

And ye who listen to the voice divine,
Give heed unto the theme ! for sinner it is thine.
Christ's call obey ! harden not thine heart,
Lest thou at last with devils take thy part.
All men, awake ! Christ lives to make us live,
And for sin's death, 'tis life alone He'll give.
Who would not worship Thee, and Thee adore,
With reverence and awe, for evermore ?
O, Christ ! thou Man, thou God, thou All in All!
Let all mankind before Thy mercy fall ;
Weak wast Thou, Saviour, in the days of old ;—
Thy majesty and might have never yet been told.

ON WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, THE POET.

(Written in 1881.)

Bryant's harp is laid aside,
No more the music's springing
From the chords his fingers plied,
While some friendly voice was singing.

The measured tread within his mind,
And images which filled his brain,
Shall ne'er again a subject find
To ripple out his sweet refrain!

Voiceless fingers, lying still,
You have lost your wonted skill;
Other hands than thine shall tell
How the iambic numbers swell.

On wings seraphic, up above
Thou hast reach'd the fount of Love;
The hidden things thou sought to find
Are more than what is left behind,
Things unspeakable are thine,
Earth's temptations still are mine.

INFINITY.

God, all infinite, eternity, and space,
Three things which now no mortal eye can trace;
From whence they spring or when they end
There's none so wise to comprehend.

LINES

Sent to the Poet Longfellow three weeks before he died.

I've never seen your face, sir,
Nor the light which fills your eye;
But there's a peculiar grace, sir,
Shines there, who dare deny?

The heart of those who ever burn
With genius' hallow'd flame
Seeks nature's hidden worth, to learn
From whence all inspirations came.

The Poet's eye sees everywhere,
Fresh themes for joy and mirth,
And knows God, in His constant care
And love, enriches all the earth.

What joy, I know, has filled thine heart
When springs the flame divine;
Its raptures can a bliss impart,
Unspeakable—I've felt the same in mine.

How sweet is harmony, in sound,
Yet much sweeter far in thought;
But then there's music all around
Which has never yet been wrote.

Those precious sweet emotions,
Which spring within the mind,
Are counted as silly notions
When we would be true and kind.

And now that the evening shades
Of this present life on earth,
Are dusky with the twilight,
May you learn their golden worth.

May the shine of coming glory
Shine to thine inward eye,
An eternal elysium,
When thou'rt about to die.

No fading leaves on trees,
Or drooping, dying flowers
Fills the land of glory,
Or heaven's eternal bowers—

But life, life eternal
Is written all around.
There's no serpent there to tempt
Or steal along the ground.

No weeping eyes will ever
Weep in that land above ;
No hateful strife or tumult ;
There all is perfect love.

Oh, happy, joyful heaven !
Where the sunder'd meet again,
And all changes shall be ended,
And Christ shall for ever reign.

SPRING LEAVES.

Written in Baltimore, 1883.

Little leaves! We are waiting
Just to show how green we grow,
In delightful blessed union,
Covering every naked bough.
When the dancing little sunbeams
Make us cover all the street,
Lovers linger 'neath our shadow,
Where to woo, they often meet.
When the pattering, gentle raindrops
Wash away the risen dust,
We put on anew our greenness,
Awaiting yonder coming gust.
Tho' but leaves, we still replenish
Spreading roots hid far below,
And upon some chosen fruit-trees
Bring out blossoms in a glow.
Tho' despised when autumn cometh,
Blown about by every wind,
Hated by each passer-by then,
As if by growing we had sinn'd,
Now we preach a glorious sermon,
Voiceless tho' our speech may be:
In God's blessed harmony,
See, how living leaves agree!
Go, fond mortals, learn a lesson;
Learn ye nations, sects and schools,
When it comes to whys and wherefores,
Only living men are fools.

THE ENGINE'S SCREAM AND STARTLING VOICE.

THE POOR TRAMP.

"GET out of the way ! way ! way ! way !"
I heard the engine scream to-day ;
And then a hullaballoo was made,
Enough to make a dunce afraid.
Up in the air flies a bag of bones,
Then down it comes, with dying groans,—
A friendless tramp ! he lifts his eyes,
And then in agony—he dies.
Moneyless ! in rags he lies—1,000's of them.

KISSES.

You've heard of the kiss that's kiss'd,
The kiss that's given unseen,—
These are they that are never miss'd,
Tho' they belong to another being.
There's the gentle kiss in the dark,
The first you ever gave,
Which kindles in the eyes a loving spark,
When she says, "I wish you would behave."
But O ! there's a kiss I scarce dare name,
Which kindles in the heart a living flame,
Which sets the whole being on fire;
And you may kiss this kiss till your dying day,
And then you'll never rue,
Provided the lips which you impress
Doth never another lip caress,
To steal your own away.

And then there's the kiss of a loving child,
Born of affection, undefiled!
But the coquette's kiss is like a dream,
Or a bubble, floating down the stream,
Which gives the heart a sense of grief;
Such lips will never give relief.
And then there's the kiss of two loving maids,
Like to the orange blossoms in the everglades.
There's the kiss of joy when two friends meet
Unexpected, on the open street.
There's the kiss of sorrow, the farewell kiss,
From the lips you love, the lips you'll miss.
O, pang so sweet! why is it so?
The dearest friends must part below.
But then there's the kiss of sweet sympathy,
And which I love, my darling, to give to thee.
Oh! the long, long, lingering kiss on the dying bed;
And the last, last kiss, when the loving spirit's fled.

MY BROTHER AND MY FRIEND.

I NEVER had but one dear friend,
That friend, he was my brother;
And should I have to fill his place,
I'd never find another.

His anger I have never felt—
Nought but tenderest compassion;
And oft, while young, together knelt,—
It was our mother's fashion.

We heard that voice which call'd on God,
  Which call'd, but not in vain !
And if her prayers were answer'd not,
  Why then, she call'd again.

The widow's sigh, the widow's tear
  Works wonders here below ;
God may be seeming to forget,
  Yet rich blessings He'll bestow.

Dear friend, remember in distress,
  God will remember thee,
And uses instruments to bless,
  But whom?—it may be me.

What lovely scenes *our* eyes have seen,
  What joy we've had together ;
Through storm, and sunshine in between,
  We've faced all kinds of weather.

A Yorkshire lad is a happy lad,
  Just like the air which fans him,
For oft good cheer makes him so glad,
  That then it quite unmans him.

Old Yorkshire stands a beacon still,
  A friend unto the stranger,
And not afraid its blood to spill,
  Whenever there is danger.

So now, dear friend, we'll toddle on,
  Till flesh and blood shall fail us ;
We've friends above whom still we love,
  They're waiting there to hail us.

THE CHILD'S PETITION TO HER MOTHER.

Go lightly over my head, mamma,
Go lightly over my head,
For when the comb gets caught in my hair, mamma,
I almost wish I was dead.

Don't you remember when young, mamma,
How it used to feel to you?
Then my dear, sweet loving mamma,
You'll know how to pull it thro'.

You remember the stinging twinge,
How it shot thro' the burning brain,
When the quick electric shock, mamma,
Sent its unwelcome sense of pain.

The hair will cotter, you know, mamma,
As I toss in my dreaming sleep,
And wake you in the night, mamma,
When I begin to weep.

God bless my kind, my dear mamma,
For you're all the world to me;
For I'm happy in your arms, mamma,
As happy as a child can be.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

Some write about roses and lilies,
And other sweet flowers that bloom ;
And some of the trees in their beauty,
And some paint a landscape in gloom.

I once knew a maid who went sketching
Near by a clear running stream ;
It is such a long time ago
I scarcely remember the theme.

I think she'd a kind of a fancy
To paint a tumble-down tower ;
I remember the smile on her face,
As she sat in the shade of the bower.

I saw a youth twining a garland
Of wild roses around her head,
But she still kept sketching away,
Till they heard the noise of my tread.

I'll never forget the surprise,
And the beautiful blush on her face;
Tho' I saw she seemed to be sketching,
Yet the pencil left not a trace.

I saw 'twas a matter of love,
And was sorry that I was there,
For there's nothing like silence and solitude
Where there's two loving hearts to share.

"Good morning," said I to the maiden,
"Can you tell me the time of the day?
I came out seeking wild flowers,
And I'm afraid I've lost my way."

She took from her breast a gold watch,
Her fingers all jeweled with rings;
"'Tis the time when the lark rises high
In his joy, and flutters his wings;
Then, joyously caroling, sings"

That's eleven—when over the glebe
The sunshine spangles the earth,
And all the wee songsters that hide
Fill the woods with their singing and mirth.

How bright the stream rippled along,
As I bade the two lovers adieu;
And the wild, entangled clematis,
There among the wild-roses it grew.

The hum of the bees was delightful,
So sacred the silence around,
And the grass was laughing in greenness;
Forget-me-nots sprang from the ground.

Oh! what a sweet charm filled the vale,
For I well remember it still,
As I gathered wild-flowers near the pathway
As I was ascending the hill.

Some write about things that are coming,
And some about things that are past,
But the present is the time for enjoyment,
Tho' the sky be with clouds overcast.

Oh, what a world full of blessing!
I cannot tell who should be sad,
For God sends us such a profusion—
Enough to make any heart glad.

Oh! brothers, and sisters and children,
Forget not the blessings we see;
This earth was intended for Paradise,
Could we only live happy and free.

A WIDOW WITH THREE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

The Neighmans are beautiful girls,
All charming and happy and gay,
But Martha has bonny brown curls,
And knows how to make a display.
Just look at the fringe of her eyes,
And the dimples which cover her face,
Tho' she smiles with a kind of surprise,
You should seek for beauty or grace.

She's like the fair rose in its bud,
But budding to bloom with delight,
So lovely with all that is good,
Expanding both crimson and white.
But Lovie's a jewel indeed,
With a smerkle so blithe and so keen
That any cold heart it would feed,
Should her beauty only be seen.

But see that dark-looking eye
Which looks so brimful of love,
It surely would steal, on the sly,
A heart that dares its glancing to prove.
The Neighmans have beauty, 'tis true,
Such beauty as pleases the heart,
A smile of content, which makes few
Ever care with such faces to part.

THE TWO LOVERS CAUGHT IN A STORM.

WHERE wilt thou go, sweet lassie,
Where wilt thou go,
When the storm begins to patter,
When the wind begins to blow?
Yon zigzag flash of lightning,
From the darkening sky,
Tells you'll quickly hear the thunder
Pealing, by and by.

That stream of faded leaves
That's flying through thro' the air,
Bids us seek for shelter,
Could we find it anywhere.
Come, be not too fastidious,
Nor yet so over nice,
Here's a stook of wheat for shelter,
I've found it in a trice.

We'll set the bottoms wider
And bring a few more sheaves,
Then gather up some handfuls
Of yon dropping, faded leaves.
There, there! my own sweet lassie,
Fear not the coming gale;
I'll shut the door against it,
Lest it at last prevail.

'Tis a cosy little cottage,
Where an hour may be spent,
Safe from the dreadful thunder,
In happy, sweet content.

Four heavy sheaves are turned,
With the straw towards the skies;
Four more on either side
Is what I would advise.

There now, my bonnie lassie,
God's here and everywhere!
Tho' our cot is but some sheaves of wheat,
We're still beneath His care.
And now the flames came flashing,
Came flashing all around,
And soon big trees were smitten,
With lightning, to the ground.

The rain came down in torrents,
And swept the parch'd ground,
And wet the flame-eyed periwinkle,
Wherever it was found.
Aha, aha! the thunder's rolling,
'Tis rolling thro' the sky;
The gleams of forked lightning,
Are enough to blind the eye.

Why, now, my bonnie lassie,
The storm is nearly past;
I see a patch of blue sky,
Where the rack is riding fast.
What shall we call the cottage
Where we first have lived together,
Driven by so strange a Providence,
Thro' stress of stormy weather?

You leave it to me to give the name?
I scarce know what to call it—
I'd call it—something very odd,
Whatever may befall it.
We'll call it the match-house,
If you will make the match;
The wheat will do to make us bread,
The straw will do for thatch;

The leaves on which we're lying
Will do to make a bed;
They're from yon copper beach tree
Which was so fiery red.
But now the sky is golden,
The sun shines everywhere,
And the sparkling rain-drops
Hang dropping in the air.

The tree which lately stood
Towering in its pride,
The lightning, in its anger,
Its branches did divide.
'Tis well we took not shelter
Beneath the fallen tree,
Or thou, my darling lassie,
Might have been swept from me.

The match-cottage—it looks so well,
I would again return,
The words you've lately spoken,
They cause my heart to burn;

And as the winter's drawing near,
  And long the nights beside,
I'll never find a bonnier lass
  On earth, to be my bride.

And love it is too sacred
  To cast so soon away ;
Thou bonnie lass, thou shalt be mine,—
  I'll marry thee to-day.
Come, let's pass thro' the pasture,
  The sward is firm and clean ;
I always lov'd the daisies
  Wherever they are seen.

I'll pluck thee one, my lassie.
  Look at the emboss'd flower ;
It stands the whistling hailstones
  And the drenching thunder-shower
These are the fairies' jewels,
  Round which they make a ring,
Then dance their midnight gambols
  And mysterious songs they sing.

Then up springs the dark green grass
  Much darker than the rest,
But why these things should so occur,
  It never can be guessed.
"Have fairies any love, sir—
  I mean some one to love;
Do they belong to earth, sir ;
  Or come they from above ?"

My bonnie lass, I'll tell thee
The history of their kind;
They are the fairest creatures
You anywhere can find;
They come from an island
Where the grass is always green;
They hunt them in the Irish bogs,
And try to take their Queen.

They're the sisters of St. Patrick,
At least I've heard it said;
He changed the snakes to fairies,
That's the reason they are fled.
A snakeless isle is Ireland,
The serpent still remains;
Poor Ireland lost the snakes,
But got the serpent for its gains.

Look how the rill goes purling
Along its narrow bed,
'Twas lately in yon cloudy sky,
How quickly it has fled.
How bright the sun sets westward,
The clouds are rob'd in gold,
And there the shepherd's gathering
The sheep into his fold.
Come, this is the way that leads
Unto the parson's gate,
Since we agree to marry
I think we need not wait.

SLANDER.

Stranger, canst thou tell me where to find
All the good deeds I've left behind?
The evil follows everywhere,
And fills my heart with saddest care.
The babbling voice keeps babbling still
My many faults, with cunning skill;
And slander, with its hateful tongue,
Bell-clapper-like, is constant rung.
Were I the thing the people say,
I'd quench my vital spark to-day.
I scorn the wretch who dares to lie,
And all his cunning schemes defy—
To stab me like a thief behind!
Where's he? the he I cannot find!
But rumor's like a ball of snow
The boys keep rolling here below;
'Twas small at first when took in hand—
Roll it along, it fills the land.
Now scandal-monger, dastard thief!
Thy life on earth, mayest it be brief.
Thou viper-tongued, thou hateful being!
When sought, thou never canst be seen.
But charity, with busy hand,
Wraps up the sores all o'er the land;
An angel, she, all dressed in white,
Hides human failings from the sight;
She's dumb where she cannot commend—
Praises alike both foe and friend.
But charity's a scarcity,
A spangle from eternity.
My good deeds are hid with her above—
And charity is unchanging love.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS; OR, ROSES AND LILIES.

A MORNING IDYL.

A BROTHER's a bramble in the family tie,
But a sister's a lily, as sent from on high,
Or a sweet lovely rose, of the deepest dye.

Some brambles are thorny, and worthless beside,
Tho' at times they may be their dear mothers' pride,
For all such wild briers must some one provide.

But sisters (sweet things) the most lovely of beings,
They sometimes grow wild by they're out of their teens;
But who can help loving the wild, little weans.

Wild roses I've seen as sweet and as fair
As those which are grown with the nicest of care;
Then with those sweet things, let us learn to forbear.

A bramble can stand the storms on the earth,
And be trampled upon by the boy in his mirth,
When he chases the butterfly over the earth.

When the gentle spring rains come dropping below,
It will show forth a bloom as white as the snow,
And into a beautiful blackberry grow.

But a lily, you see, is the queen among flowers,
Where she stands, in her pride, in the well water'd bowers,
Or waits to be wash'd with May morning showers.

But my rose, tho' she be ever so wild,
Or stand in the garden, as yet undefiled,
She is the most lovely and favorite child.

She's so sweet in her sweetness, I must confess
She was sent upon earth to do nothing but bless,—
Too beautiful for any rude hand to caress.

She's the fair fragrant rose you put to your nose,
And her beauty is known wherever she goes;
She's the pride of the land, is my lovely rose.

The lily, you know, is the maiden's delight,
When she dresses herself all spotless in white,
To be seen by the eye in the candle-light.

Then she needs not the rose—it's on her fair cheek,
So bashful, and modest, and lovely, and meek;—
'Tis enough a bachelor's heart to break.

The rose may laugh at the lily so fair,
With its bloomless face fanned by the air,
But the rose's sweetness is not there.

But the lily's the emblem of modesty,
And innocence loves its simplicity;
No colored tints make its pale beauty flee.

"I am rough," said the bramble, as he spoke at last,
"And my beauty keeps till the summer is past,
And I bear some fruit, and I hold it fast,

Till some seeking hand comes along to find
Something more than beauty to suit his mind;—
By its fruits you know everything of its kind.

Go, my vaunting sisters, and vaunt no more,
But seek to be useful, 'tis this I implore;
Then may the poets your beauty adore."

"I am content to be what I am now,"
Said the rose, with a crimson blush on its brow;
"They plant me alone in the garden for show.

I have sisters white, and sisters red;
Others like the marigold, in its golden bed,
Over which there's many a tear been shed.

We grow in our glory near the Golden Horn,
And many's the head we so often adorn,
And we're the bride of the dew in the early morn."

The lily, all silent, now waited awhile,
Until it felt the warm sunshine's smile:
"Where I cannot praise, I will not revile.

I'm the lily, arrayed, but not in pride,
And often in the garden I try to hide,
Lest I'm placed o'er the heart of some lovely bride."

Then silence reigned and all was still,
Except the voice of a murmuring rill,
Which tried its grass-grown, flowery banks to fill.

KRISKRINGLE.

(Written for a little girl to speak in one of the Public Schools, in Philadelphia, 1880. The whole School sang the Chorus on the blackboard.)

You've heard of Kriskringle, who goes roaming around,
He's sought for by thousands, but never is found;
But how to describe what never was seen,
A creature so rare, yet a human being!
But mediums, who hold converse with the dead,
Know where Kriskringle's spirit has fled.
They say he dwells in the regions above.
A happy old man—his heart filled with love—
And once in the year he comes to the earth,
To cause both rejoicing and gladness and mirth.
He's a friend to the children, who gladly obey
Their parents and teachers from day to day;
And he loves the rich as well as the poor,
And sends them fine presents from door to door;
He loves the green bushes all cover'd with snow,
And nothing can please like the mistletoe bough.
They say that his face can do nothing but smile.
So lavish his gifts, with pile upon pile!
I think we children should sing him a song,
To encourage his heart and help him along.
He's the king of all givers, living to give;
May his riches increase, and long may he live!

Chorus—All hail to Kriskringle!
May he ever live single!
A happy old bachelor he;
A friend at all times,
When the Christmas chimes
Make our hearts both happy and free.

So all hail ! all hail !
May gladness prevail !
For Kriskringle's the man for me ;
His face is so fine,
Just like unto mine,
I think we shall ever agree.

Kriskringle has come,
Both silent and dumb,
And left me a blessing behind ;
So secret his ways
He never betrays ;—
The gifts I am certain to find.

All glory to Kris,
Who brings us such bliss !
I should like to tell him my mind ;
He need not refrain
His coming again,
Till Christmas leaves the year behind.

So welcome, old friend,
You know I intend
To marry no other but ye ;
'Tis gifts win the heart,
At least so in part,
I'll marry, if you'll marry me.

THE POOR BEGGAR—TOO REAL.

One bleak winter's night,
With the ground snowy white,
The wind breathed mournful and sad,
A beggar came by
With a tear in his eye,
All tattered and thinly clad.

His white, shining hair
Would with silver compare,
As he wended his way down the street;
"I've begged all the day,"
He did murmuring say,
"Yet they give me nothing to eat."

Then the wind, in its wail,
Began to prevail,
So keen was the cold bitter blast;
And the drizzling snow
Whirled to and fro,
As the beggar went chattering past.

Ah! pity the poor,
As they rap at your door,
For hunger is sharp and keen;
Not a friend upon earth,
Yet still is he worth
The name of a human being.

Who'll show a kind heart,
When others do smart,
With misfortune and ruin and grief,
Shall not want a friend,
When life's at an end,
But shall find their needed relief.

Ah ! pity the poor,
As they rap at your door,
Who with misgivings,
Some victuals implore ;
Then turn not away,
I beseech you to-day,
For life's flickering flame
Keen hunger may slay ;
'Twill be far too late
When the soul's fled away.

SPRING.

Once more the sunshine warms the earth
And makes the grass to spring ;
The birds now show their joy and mirth,
While flying on the wing.

The children with their skipping ropes,
Rejoice in such a day,
Upon the gentle grassy slopes,
In laughter and in play.

And little flowers creep out to see
If all the snow is gone,
Before they take the liberty
To put their new-made dresses on.

The sunshine's pleasant, golden rays
Even dare to dance to-day,
And almost kindle up a blaze,
To chase the ice away.

The little stream, long pent in ice,
  Welcomes the shining sun,
And wrestles with the frozen vise,
  And then begins to run.

Fair maidens change their winter dress
  And blithely dress in white,
And archly seek some youth's caress,
  In which young men delight.

O, spring! thou lovely, gentle spring!
  Why dost thou still delay,
Thy richest treasures now to bring,
  And take the ice away?

We're waiting for thy presence still,
  Each creature of the earth.
When wilt thou show thy matchless skill
  In giving things their birth?

All nature waits for thy embrace,—
  Don't let it wait in vain;
Renew the land its barren face,
  Let the earth rejoice again.

A RIDDLE.—WHAT IS IT?

While I lie silent and unknown,
None my nature, as yet, will own,
Because I keep my maker's throne.
Subservient, unseen I lie,
To life just born, but quickly die,
Unless to birth I'm brought at last,
As when grain into the earth is cast.
'Tis words, not deeds, which give me life;
'Tis peace I cause—and sometimes strife.
I am—but none can ever see
A visionary-looking thing like me,
And wise is he who oft retains
Myself within his fertile brains,
Nor acts me out when I am bad,
Or I shall make his conscience sad.
Sometimes I fly away on wings,
When my maker's conscience stings.
I harden hearts, *when heeded not,*
And make their foolish tempers hot.
I cause both love and hate, and joy,
But oft in mischief my time employ.
I'm like a bubble on the stream,
As if I was—but only seem.
I far exceed all things on earth,
In their number if not in worth.
Without me the preacher could not preach,
Nor the fair miss the children teach.
I rise unseen, and often reign
Silent, alone, within the brain;
And often upon the tongue I rise,
And cause hot tears to fill the eyes.

At times, thro' me, you oft can trace
The tell-tale blush upon the face ;
'Tis I which ventures out to swell
Sweet hopes within some lovely belle.
I kindle love into a flame ;
Pray tell me now what is my name ?
I'm like the twinkle of an eye,
When some lovely one is passing by.
There never was but one on earth
Who ever knew my price or worth ;
He weighed me in another's mind,
When all the world to me was blind.
Before I was born or had a being,
I by His all-seeing eye was seen.
I was, before the earth was made,
In His great glory full array'd ;
Each atom even sprang from me
In time and in eternity.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(Composed for Mrs. Saunders, who came from the Isle of Wight.)

Thou island in the sea,
How dear thou art to me !
Thou wast my soul's delight,
When youth shone on my brow ;
Tho' it is fading now,
I'll not forget thee, Isle of Wight.

Well might the peerless queen,
Tread on thy robe of green,
And breathe thy balmy air.

Even majesty deigns to dwell
Where wavelets rise and swell
Their white crests everywhere.

Thou gem set in the sea,
How dear thou art to me !
Where mother dandled me on her knee,
And kiss'd the falling tear away,
And lov'd to see me romp and play;
She taught me words which I must pray,
When bidding me good night.
Oh ! sad's my heart,
That I must part
With thee, dear Isle of Wight.

Thou glory of the boundless sea,
No other isle is like to thee,
Where I first learned to love.
This foreign land, far in the west,
Shall never be my place of rest;
I'll look for that above.

Mohonk may be a safe retreat,
Where lovers in solitude can meet,
With mountains all around ;
But the breezes of the briny deep
Cause not the foaming waves to leap,—
They cannot there be found.

Oh ! Isle of Wight,
When, in the night,
All is calm and still,
I think of thee,
Set in the sea,—
My eyes begin to fill ;

Hot tears oft rise
Within mine eyes,
And trickle down my cheeks.
My throbbing heart
Now feels the smart
And seems as if 'twould break.

O could the Poet, with his eyes,
See thy bright blue and golden skies,
He'd sing thy praise in strains so sweet,—
Of groves where lovers often meet,—
Thus would thy fame be known.

A home in thee, dear isle, at last,
Before my breathing time is past,
Would make my heart rejoice—
To listen to the melody
Of thy white-crested, boundless sea,
Like multitudes in voice—
Hark! 'tis the sea's wild roar
I've often heard before,
But I shall hear it nevermore.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A kiss given when not expected!
Ladies always have your lips protected.
If this is wrong, then let it be corrected.
A single glance oft causes mischief,
And brings the unguarded heart to grief—
And gentle words that steal into the ears,
Of leave two shining eyes all filled with pearly tears.

FIRST LOVE.

A GOLDEN-HAIRED boy, one dark winter's night,
Set off on a journey, with a twinkling light.
He look'd from the earth away to the sky;
The bright star Venus enkindled his eye.
It sparkled in crimson, yellow and green—
Such dazzling glory he never had seen.
The light in his hand was quickly forgot,
His feet had wandered far over the lot,
Where the pathway led straight over the hill,
To the bright spring waters turning the mill.
Often before he'd been over the way,
In morning's twilight, or eve of the day,
But now he was lost, and wandered around,
Seeking to find the well trodden ground.
A maid, all clad in a garment of white,
Quickly espied his twinkling light;
Her hair was dark as the shades of the night,
The glance of her eyes was piercing and bright.
He sank to the ground as she quickly drew near;
She bade him arise and never to fear.
A crown of red roses encircled her head,
A garland of lilies below them was spread,
A diadem fit for a bride when she's wed;
And on her fair face the red and the white
Blushed like the rose when it giveth delight.
He held up the lamp in his hand, to behold
A being more precious than rubies or gold.
The dawn on his lip was yellow and bright,
As he held to her face the glimmering light.
The wind blew his curls half over his face,
And hid from her sight his bewildering gaze.

"Where wanderest thou, pray, darling, sweet youth?"
Said the maid in sweet accents—"Pray tell me the truth,"
"I seek the old cottage by the old mill;
'Tis yonder away far over the hill.
I'm the son of my mother, father is dead;
'Twas by yon bright star, I hither was led.
Pray show me the way, I long to be there;
I bid you good night, with thanks for your care."
She kissed his young lips, with a blush on his face,
And told him the pathway was too hard to trace.
"Come now to my home, in the light of the day,
How gladly myself will show you the way."
She kissed him again, then looked up above:
"Yon star, dear boy, is the home that I love;
My mother she dwells in yon twinkling star,
The horses are ready; step into the car."
Swiftly they flew thro' the darkness of night,
Till they enter'd the palace of Venus so bright.
"Oh! take me again, dear lady, below.
Your home it is brighter and whiter than snow;
Those flames of bright red, I saw on the earth,
Are matchless in beauty, of unspeakable worth.
The crown your mother now wears on her brow,
Are the jewels we see, while walking below."
He looked in her eyes, his image was there;
She fondled and played with his golden hair;
To kiss his sweet lips once more she essayed—
His shyness was gone, he quickly obeyed.
"Take back, dear lady, the kisses you gave;
The favors you've given are more than I crave.
Return me again—the night is far spent—
To the mill by the stream, whither I was sent."
"I take thee again? nay, never; not I!
Thou shalt dwell in my home which flames in the sky.

Those kisses of thine, so rich and so rare,
Are more precious to me than the jewels I wear;
A being that's living, and loving and kind,
Is the most precious of gems I ever shall find.
The hairs of thine head are tinged with a hue
Like gold in the furnace, when it it becomes true;
When the dross is all gone, the brightness appears—
And shows the image the looker then wears.
The kisses you gave are burning with flame ;
They cause me confusion, and blushing and shame;
Pray tell me, dear boy, whatever's your name ?"
"My name, dear lady, has often been told ;
'Twas whispered in Greece in the days of old.
I've wings to my shoulders, and arrows behind ;
I see when I look, but often am blind.
To gaze in thy face, so lovely and bright,
Turns brightness of day into darkness of night.
I'm Cupid, the archer, that wanders around ;
I seek not to kill, but only to wound—
The points of my arrows were made to burn.
I must to my mother again return;
But who then art thou, with whom I have met?
Thy bright beams of beauty I'll never forget."
"My name it is Beauty, my mother is Love,
I win all the prizes wherever I move !
Go home to your mother, you naughty bad boy ;
My heart feels so sad which was once filled with joy !"
This comes of walking so late in the night,
And dressing so gaily and tasty in white.
Now Cupid had left one arrow behind,
But where it was hid she never could find.
But Beauty, rejoicing, could never forget,
With the lips of young Cupid she once had met.

On wings, young Cupid had fled quick away
To his mother before the break of day—
An image in flames shone on his brow,
'Twas beautiful Venus all in a glow.
The mother of love, the angel of joy,
Had marked for her own this wonderful boy.
But cupids are found all over the earth,
Brimful of mischief and frolic and mirth ;
The maidens are waiting to learn their worth.

ON WILLS.

WILLS are made but not obeyed,
Because the law, it is delayed,
Just to suit the lawyers' trade;
The rascals never are afraid,
Because 'tis thus their money's made.

THE HIGHLAND LAIRD AND THE MAIDEN.

(To Miss Ettie Norton, of Highlands, Macon Co., North Carolina. Composed while on a visit there.)

A LAIRD once met a Highland lass ;
He told her that she should not pass,
Till he'd told her of his passion.

She said, "My laird, that's not the way
Our Highland laddies win the day ;
They've got a more cunning fashion."

"Well, now, my lovely, dark-eyed being,
I lov'd the moment thou wast seen ;
Tell me thy name and station?"

"Not I, my laird, I am no fool ;
I learnt much better sense at school,
To use when came occasion."

"I've castles over yon wild seas,
And yachts which fly before the breeze—
These shall be thine for ever."

"I've got a Highland home I love,
With friends who kind and faithful prove,
Whom nought on earth can sever."

"Thou Highland maid, I've parks and deer ;
My servants in gay clothes appear,
On my carriages, in state."

"Away ! and tempt me not again !
Your costly offers I disdain ;
Your wooing is too late ! "

"Thy soft brown eyes and loving smile,
And face free from the coquette's guile,
Did all my passions move."

"Your passions, sir, no one can doubt ;
But vile's the deed you are about,
And not the purity of love."

"And must I sue, and sue in vain,
Like many another hopeless swain,
A neglected, lonely dove."

"Go home, and let your mother teach
You how a woman's heart to reach,
Where the mountain boys are wooing.

He turned his heel, away he went;
His sparking had been vainly spent,
This proved his sore undoing.

Where true love springs, it will always rise,
A shining light, within the eyes,
And never be afraid.

'Twill clasp its object in its arms,
And whisper out her many charms,
And is quickly then obeyed.

THE WHEAT.

Wheat! only wheat!
The precious grain we daily eat.

See'st thou yon waving field of wheat?
Each head holds many grains for man to eat.
It stands and waits until the reaping time,
Nor murmurs at the wet, unsuited clime.
A storm of wind sweeps o'er each well-filled head,
Still it remains secure as yet unspread.
The binding chaff retains the new-grown seed;
It falls not down to mingle with the weed.
Had the hot sun but ripened fast the grain,
The blustering wind had dashed it to the plain.
So oft the providence of God stands unrevealed,
Like the secured grain upon the field.
Murmur no more, whatever is is right;
God rules both in the dark and in the light!

THE WIND AND THE MOUNTAIN.

The soft wind came to a mountain's brow
On its gentle wings, and ceased to blow;
"I'll rest awhile," it whispering said,
"Until the shades of night are fled.

How still this place to me appears!
The grass is wet with evening tears.
The night's far spent, 'tis nearly gone,
Now I'll put my traveling raiment on.

I see the dawn of day in yonder east;
The mountain bids the sun unto a feast.
Come here, ye beams which tremble thro' the sky,
And drink those drops of dew while passing by.

Nay, kiss the flowers, and make my heart rejoice,
To see your tiny feet, and hear your silent voice."
The sunbeams came; they shone so warm and bright,
They swallowed up the darkness of the night.

Then the sunshine laid laughing all around,
Kissing the dewdrops on the grassy ground,
The wind began to rustle its wings among the trees:
"I, too, can kiss the flowers, with a loving gentle breeze.

And thou, proud mountain, towering in the skies,
Do not my gentle presence so easily despise;
For soon dark clouds shall hide thee from the light,
Or mantle thy frowning brows in raiment snowy white."

"Begone, thou saucy wind; leave me here alone.
The sunshine it is happy resting on its throne;
The dewdrops are exalted—even now, on high,
Are vying with the clouds thou waftest thro' the sky.

Ah ! get thee gone to the mountains further west,
For there they are waiting for thee to be their guest.
Yes, go in thy fierce anger, and then spread dismay ;
Sweep thro' the land a hurricane, bring agony to-day.

Sweep down the cottage of the humble poor—
A shattered wreck, a ruin evermore ;
Lay low yon lovely fields of yellow grain,
And spread destruction o'er the smiling plain.

Visit yon village, where the tall spire is seen,
And scatter it in fragments o'er the village green ;
Sweep yon train of cars from their risen height,
For now such destruction is thy sole delight.

I fear thee not ; pray blow thy keenest blast,
I'll stand unmoved when all the tempest's past.
Go, bring destruction over vale and hill ;
Then to some mountain, and hide where all is still."

THE OLD ROOSTER.

Crow on, old cock ! crow on !
Crow till the night be gone,
And wake the birds to sing.
Yes, let thy clarion voice,
Show that thou canst rejoice,
Flapping each lusty wing.

Thou harbinger of light,
Thou know'st when it is night,—
Retiring with the sun ;

Were all the world as wise,
Wherein thy wisdom lies,
  Much evil would it shun.

Up lusty cock, and crow again !
The morning breaks, pray don't refrain ;
  Yon dappled sky above,
If thou should'st cease to sing,
Or flap thy gladden'd wing,
  At once would thee reprove.

Lead forth thy sweethearts by twos and threes,
And scratch up the ground among the trees,
  And clack them to thy side.
How quickly doth some damsel fly
Close to thy bright and shining eye,—
  Then she becomes thy bride.

Brave bird, thou dost not fear to win
  A thousand hearts,
Nor call the deed a sin ;
  Tho' oft thou hast to fight,
  To keep thy lawful right,
Thou'lt either die or win.

MORAL.

  No life springs from that lazy herd
  Who'll take no lesson from a bird.
  Rise up, thou sluggard ! till the ground,
  And then thy riches shall abound ;
  And then some damsel passing fair
  Shall in thy willing labors share.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

When summer leaves are fading
And blighted hopes are fled,
The hazy blush of morning youth
Lies withered, cold and dead.

What promises of happy years,
Of happy years to come!
The echo of their charming voice,
In silence now is dumb.

O half-blown buds of coming joy!
The drought of cold neglect,
That nipped you in the prime of life,
May cause us to reflect.

Come back, ye living joys, come back!
Come back and live again!
Oh! hark my darling to my voice;
I will the cause explain.

I listened to the tempter's voice,—
I listen'd to his guile;
He said I only had thy frown,
While others had thy smile.

MORNING BY THE SEA.

Bathed in the morning light,
The sea puts on its leaden dress;
The sun then leaves its golden track,
The restless waves to bless.

The shore lies waiting for the tide—
Lies waiting its return ;
Arise, ye sleeping mortals, rise,
And here a lesson learn.

'Tis half the day you close your eyes,
And half the night, in revelry,
You make the midnight hours flee ;
The clock of time sweeps thro' the sky
While ye in idle slumbers lie.
Oh, let the Maker of the earth,
Teach what this glorious lesson's worth,—
Spend not the night in foolish mirth.
When night is gone, each coming morn
Tells you that a new day is born ;
The dappled east points to the west,
Awaiting in golden glory to be dress'd
In flames of light in tinted gold—
Time in the sky is never old.

THE SAILOR.

A HANDSOME sailor, on the deep,
Began with broken heart to weep ;
And from his breast he took with care
A silken tress of golden hair,
Then pressed it to his lips and sighed :
"Why was thy love to me denied?
Thy gracious presence would invite
All human hearts to take delight.

I'll win thee yet, tho' oft denied,
For thou alone shalt be my bride ;
I'll brave the tempest and the storm ;
In every gale behold thy form ;
When hurricanes shall sweep the deep,
And waves, like skipping mountains, leap,
And earth's foundations rise to sight,
And foaming billows clothed in white,
I'll brave the raging, angry sea,
To win thy wavering love to me."

And now the tempest rises high,
The sweeping clouds are passing by ;
A gale of wind is sweeping near,
The distant ships soon disappear.
A voice is heard : "Take in the sail,
For yonder comes the rising gale."
Then up the shrouds, he, like the rest,
Flies to fulfill this last request.
Quick to obey, the work is done—
From yard to yard, see how they run.
One sail to catch the wind is left ;
Tho' new and strong, 'tis quickly reft.
Another in its place is set,
And by the surging sea is wet.
How quick before the wind she flies !
The darkness deepens in the skies ;
The leaping billows rise and swell,
And soon is heard a mournful bell,
And rockets rise; distress is near !
They man the boats without a fear.
A sinking ship glides swiftly by,
And from her masts is heard the cry :
"Help me ! oh, save me, or I die !"

That voice, the sweetest ever heard,
With courage doth the sailors gird ;
It was the voice which lately said :
"I never will a sailor wed !"
The ship has sunken out of sight,
The angry waves leap with delight !
A cry of anguish fills the ear :
"Farewell to thee, my sailor dear !"
The oars are bent, the sailors strive
To find the sinking maid alive.
The gleaming surf, the phosphor light,
Shows forth a form all clothed in white ;
Upon a broken spar she rides,
To which the boat now quickly glides.
Insensible and motionless,
Clings fast the maiden in distress.
The loving seaman sees her form,
Her in his arms, forgets the storm.
Back to the ship they quickly speed,
To get restoratives they need.
Fresh raiment to the maid is given,
Whose face shines like a being from heaven.
She yet respires ! she moves ! she speaks !
Her golden hair hangs down her cheeks.
"My mother ! mother, where am I ?"
But mother gives her no reply.
Mother's lost in the briny deep ;
Until the Judgment, gone to sleep !
And now she opens wide her eyes,
And sees her lover with surprise.
Her secret love she cannot hide—
A secret which is woman's pride.

"Wilt thou," he whispered in her ear,
"Be mine forever, now, my dear!"
"I will," he faintly heard her say,
"I will be thine some other day."

Ye fainting spirits, ever strive
To keep your dying hopes alive;
For women's hearts are like a race,
You yet may win—but mend the pace;
For if you faint when by the way,
The word you get is ever nay.
And now, ye pretty maidens, too,
I've got a word to say to you:
You may say no, 'tis yes, you mean,
You'd better put the if between;
You can but rue when 'tis too late,
And thus forever seal your fate.
My handsome seaman, who despises,
When women's hearts are in the prizes?
And if this piece you can excel,
Be quick! let's hear; the story tell.

ON SEEING MRS. HILL WORKING AN OLD FASHIONED SPINNING-WHEEL,

At Highlands, Macon Co., N. C.

When I saw the spinning wheel,
Oh, how it cheered my heart!
As Mrs. Hill then held the reel,
It made the tears to start.

The good old times came back again,
When mother used to spin
The well-washed wool without a stain,
Without the shoddy in.

And Mrs. Hill, good honest soul,
Had wool as fine and fair,
As he who can the trade control,
Silken as human hair.

Ah ! ah ! I hear the whirring wheel,
Yes, buzzing like a bee;
Enough to make the heart to feel
Home life is full of glee.

And when the carded wool is spun,
Fit for the home-made loom,
I hear the simple treadle's run,
To chase away the gloom.

And tho' the cloth be home-made stuff,
'Tis honest, good and strong;
The wise will think it good enough,
As it will wear so long.

Then don't despise the mountain jeans,
Because they do not shine;
They'll warm the hearts of kings and queens,
False shoddy cools me mine.

THE POET.

The poet's soul lives in his eye ;
He casts a glance so keen and sly,
When lovely woman's passing by,
That all confess its witchery.
For who the mind of such can tell ?
It doth in imagery excel,—
As far transcends a common mind
As seeing does the total blind.
It searches keenly all the while
The darkening frown or brightening smile;
It casts aside all foul disdain,
And only lets the good remain.
His spirit, in its heavenly flight,
Heeds not the darkness of the night,
But kindles, blazes, burns and shines,
Like precious jewels in the mines.
The towering eagle flieth higher
Than dare any other bird aspire.
So the poet oft wings his way,
And mingles with eternal day,
And sees the bliss of Paradise above.
There's nought beneath his searching gaze,
In everything some things to praise.

He loves the pure, the spotless and the fair,
And seeks to find it everywhere ;
He is no nation's pliant tool,
The world and nature are his school ;
His heart feels pity and distress,
They but imagined, none the less.
"Sermons in stones and songs in running brooks,"
And flowery meads but help to fill his books

And life to him is very life indeed,
Tho' it should cause his heart to bleed;
Thro' cold contempt or human scorn,
His golden beams are never shorn.
The clouds which angry critics rise,
Can never darken his bright skies;
The man who sells his books may say:
"Your worthless works, they will not pay,"
But poets can live even on the air,
Like bright chameleons anywhere;
No sooner does disease or death
Take from them their vital breath,
Up starts a florid pen to tell
How they in poesy did excel—
Lauded with fulsome cant and praise,
Enough the slumbering dead to raise!

Some men would live by others' brains,
And steal an honest author's gains.
'Tis not for gold that poets write,
But because the theme is their delight.
The sun shines in his beams of gold
To bless the earth a thousand fold;
All things in nature are its voice,
And still remain the same by choice.
One man may sow, another reap;
Uncoined gold is sometimes cheap,
And Milton's talents were never sold
Until his fertile brains were cold;
Cooked up afresh by dint of care,
And told by all as choice and rare.

THE SPEAKING ROSE.

You see how I am dressed
And hid in common green,
But yet am ever blest
With crimson yet unseen.

The sun begins to shine
And warm me with its beams,
And then you'll see this dress of mine,
Of which the poet dreams.

I am love's emblem true
And bloom from day to day;
When drinking morning dew,
My beauty I display.

I yet unrivalled stand
The queen of all the flowers;
My fragrance fills the land,
When fed with gentle showers.

The maiden, in her pride,
Upon her lily breast,
Plants me there to hide
Her wish to be caressed.

Ah! ah! young man, I know,
I know the reason why
You take me out to show—
To catch the lady's eye.

Tho' but a simple rose,
Oft pluck'd, then thrown away;
I am the guest of every nose,
Until I do decay.

Sometimes the fairest face
Pretends to emulate
My fair supernal grace,
And usurp my estate.

Well, woman's face and mine
In beauty do excel ;
Men say we are divine,
But that we cannot tell.

I know that I have rosy lips—
The men say "So has she ;"
They often go to take their sips
And call it felicity.

Well, then I must suppose
The world was made to grow
Myself, you call the rose,
And women here below.

'Tis true we win the prize ;
In us men's hearts delight,
By beauty to the eyes,
While dressed in red and white.

MY MOTHER.

I now remember, while I may,
When young, how I went out to play ;
My mother bade me do the right
When out away—far from her sight.
My mother, why her memory's dear !
She taught me how the Lord to fear.

My mother, why, I see her still ;
Her image doth my fancy fill ;
She'd mend my stockings, comb my head,
And feed me with the best of bread ;
Then kiss the falling tear away,
And ever teach me how to pray.

My mother's voice I seem to hear,
My youthful days are getting near,
Old times long past and fled away,
Seem now but like yesterday.

I see the streamlets running by—
The snow upon the ground doth lie ;
The violets creeping in the grass,
The birds are flying as I pass ;
The clouds are swiftly riding by,
And o'er the ground their shadows fly.

I hear the cuckoo's voice again ;
The huntsman's cry rings o'er the plain ;
The bells are ringing—
  Some happy pair,
Down at the church,
  Are married there.

I see the meadows, all so green,
With greener edges in between.
Oh happy day ! is this thing not
A truth, which cannot be forgot?
Why sirs, tis true ! I've seen it all ;
I've heard the very huntsman's call—

Why, hark ! I even hear it still,
The echo breaks from hill to hill.
Now John, pray do not doubt my word,
The same yourself has often heard.
Good bye, my friend and youngest brother,
And don't forget !—I mean your mother.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE DEWDROP.

A SUNBEAM in its wanderings,
Came to a drop of dew,
And filled it full of spangles
And light of every hue.

Its radiance shone in splendor,
A diamond—in the sun,
It twinkled full of glory,
Before its life was done.

It married with the sunbeam,
It sparkled then away,
Fled, like an evening's dream,
Before the break of day.

It mingled with the ether
Which travels thro' the sky,
And kissed the lips of roses,
While it was passing by.

It dared to fan the tresses
Of a lovely being below,
Who said the air was precious,
Which made her cheeks to glow.

Ah ! ah ! it went a-laughing,
A-laughing through the air.
That saucy little dewdrop
Cries ! lady, pray beware.

For soon the maiden wept it
Quickly from her eyes,
And then the sunbeam caught it
And wafts it thro' the skies.

It passed the tops of mountains,
And down the valleys went,
Till its strength began to fail
And all its force was spent.

The sunbeam then departed
Far o'er the western hills,
And left the little dewdrop,
Which night alone distils.

But soon you see arising
A radiance in the sky,
The morning it is breaking,
The sunbeam's passing by.

It goes to seek its lover—
The one it loved before,
To fill it with its radiance
Of glory evermore.

(Another piece on the same subject.)

SUNBEAM AND DEWDROP.

A LITTLE drop of dew,
  One early morn in May,
Began to dance and glitter,
  With a golden, sunny ray.

It said, "I am far brighter
  Than little drops of rain,
And come unseen and lighter,
  And give nobody pain."

The roses and the lilies—
  Yes, and the violets, too,
Are ever waiting, silent,
  For the refreshing dew.

I fall as did the manna
  In the wilderness of old,
My voice it is as gentle
  As love that's never told.

The sunshine, in the morning,
  Comes laughing o'er the hills,
To seek me in the valleys,
  Where night myself distils.

And then I'm changed to ether,
  And no longer sparkling lie,
Bnt rise up as mysterious
  As ever to the eye.

No eye can see me falling,
  No eye can see me rise,
And yet I'm ever moving
  Where light or darkness lies.

THE POET'S FAME.

The seed of fame now germinates in death,
And from the deep-sunk grave shoots from the very tomb,
And breathes of him the sweet immortal breath,
Who, slumbering, lies in earth's own living womb.
What tho' the fruit be sweet! He tastes it not.
When one is dead, who cares to be forgot?

Is fame alone the glory of the mind,
From whence and why all inspirations rise?
Why, what frail human being would be so blind
As toil from night to night, with sleepless eyes,
To be the hum and sound of every tongue,
Where slander as oft as fame is sung?

The man that spreads the beauties of his mind,
Has joys more lasting than the sound of fame,
Which is not here on earth to be defined—
A sweet in heaven, as yet that hath no name.
I dare not surmise the heavenly theme,
'Tis something sweet beyond an earthly dream.

Oh, that I by servile chains am bound,
And, slave-like, wear a head with laurel crowned!
A wreath within, not worn in mortal sight,
Still withers in its bud of magic light;
So, in an untrod path a glow-worm glows,
And its bright sparkling light to nothing shows.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON, 1852.

THE voice of lamentation spreads o'er this little isle,
Her hero's dead, his spirit's fled, no more on earth to smile.
No more to give the stern command,
Or onward cheer the gallant band
Which guards this peaceful shore !
But rise thee, Albion, from his grave,
And be not unto dust a slave ;
For God commands thee to adore
Thy Maker, and His glorious power,
Which guards thee in the battle hour,
And will for ever more.

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

A TRAIN moves swiftly to its destined home,
Moves onward to a wide and rapid stream ;
Each passenger securely, calmly sits,
Onward, unconcious, glides the train—
Glides, reels, staggers, engulfed below !
One wail and cry is heard, then all is still—
Tay's mighty bridge a wreck and ruin lies ;
Swept forever from human sight,
And not a soul lives to tell the tale.

A LOVE LETTER TO INGERSOLL.

A CUNNING ape, without avail,
Once God's truth did sore assail ;
And other apes, just like his kind,
Went wild to hear him tell his mind.
'Twas then he chuckled in his sleeve :
"They pay me well when I deceive.

My creed, it suits each sinner's heart;
I sooth each conscience which feels a smart.
What fools these preachers who preach for hire;
They'll hear my prate, and never tire.
Not one in ten believes the truth
His mother taught him in his youth,—
But then the holy calling—but then the pay
Will drive the hungry wolf away.
I flaunt the devil's rag, raised on high
In Paradise, when Eve was passing by.
'Twas there my father contended with God;
In want, I feel His chastising rod.
I know each idle fool will listen till
He feels my cunning father's skill.
I'm Ingersoll, without a soul;
Who dares attempt me to control?
My father, the Devil, lost his above—
'Twas turned to hate, for want of love;
I'm honest, upright, and strictly just,
And when dead I'll turn to dust.
Who thinks of living when they're dead
Are by some foolish whimsies led."
Thus moralized Ingersoll in his head.
Why now the biggest fool that lives
Is he who time and money gives
To hear a prating liar preach
Of things so far above his reach.
"Ah, go (says Satan), and hear him once
Create new themes from his fertile sconce."
Pray leave the pocket leech alone;
'Tis there he reigns upon his throne.
Yes, leave him—let him breathe his breath
In dealing out eternal death;

For fools will rise to live and tell
The dupes and fools there is no hell—
But wait awhile and you shall see
What follows in eternity.

VERSES WRITTEN AT LONG BRANCH, 1870.

When first to Thee, my Lord, I came,
It was in sin, and guilt, and shame;
I durst not eye Thy glorious face,
Till sweetly drawn by conquering grace.
Ah then! 'twas then I did confess
I was a sinner in distress.
I saw Thee in Thy agony,
Dying for sin, which troubled me;
My heart turned sad, to think that I
Did help my Lord to crucify.

Tho' pale, dejected, and forlorn,
Angelic brightness round Thee shone.
A sudden glory, beaming bright,
Filled my sad heart with heavenly light,
To see the majesty divine
Revive, illume that form of Thine.
Death, sin, and shame then fled away;
Hell trembled at the bright array,
And all believers shall confess
Thou art the Lord, our righteousness.

ADDRESS TO THE LITTLE FIELD DAISY.

O, thou beautiful flower,
Art thou waiting a shower,
Or waiting to see the midnight hour,

When glittering stars shall shine
On those pale lips of thine,
Dipped in crimson blood divine.

Thy modest yellow and white
Now showeth just such a sight
In which maidens fair would oft delight;

And under thy green,
Are the fairies seen,
Kissing and dancing with their queen;
Tho' of humble birth,
Just out of the earth,
Yet filling the eye with joy and mirth.
Pride of the land,
Just as ye stand,
Ensigns of beauty,—
Strange and grand;
Gold embossed,
Lips emflossed,
Crimson lipt,
So gently tipt,
No wonder the fairies o'er thee skipped.

Thy yellow and crimson, white and green,
Are the most beautiful colors blended seen.
And when the little lambs in their gambols play,
They sing as they leap at the pride of May.
Land of the West, in thy fields of green
This beautiful flower is never seen;
Thou canst not point, in all thy pride,
To have a flower so crimson dyed.

A SMALL FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED PLAY.

"Who's that a-rappin' at the door?
Is it my little daughter? She must rap no more.
Come here, my child, and let me see
If I can see myself in thee!
Thy mamma's sick! and should I have to die—
Now stop this weepiug; you must not cry.
What knowest thou of death—
So young and bright?
My darling child! My first delight!
Come, let me press thee to my heart!
I cannot, will not, from thee depart.
Ah! there I see myself; I'm young again.
Why do I weep? I can't refrain.
My only child, I'll live again in thee,
When death hath set my spirit free.
Thou art a double self to me;
I see thy papa now in thee!
O, let me kiss thy lips—even to-day
My eyes are growing dim! I must away.
Now round my neck thine arms entwine,
For art thou not the only child of mine?"
"Mamma! mamma! do you weep?"
"My child, I must, I go to sleep!
God bless thee, darling, now farewell!
When papa comes, thy papa tell.
The angels are here, and glory all around;
Visions celestial into my soul abound.
Farewell, husband; farewell, child!"
And then her face with holy radiance smiled;
Her spirit's fled,—'tis passed away
Forever from the soulless clay.
Too late the father now returns;
His loss with keenest anguish mourns.

THE MAIDEN AND THE BEE.

MAIDEN.

Say, busy bee, why fliest thou
From tree to tree, from bough to bough?
The secret of thy keen desire
Which causes thee to never tire?

BEE.

The secret of my spreading wings
Is caused by many hidden things;
The blooming flower may not seem sweet,
But it contains the food I eat.

MAIDEN.

Dost thou extract and then distil
The nectar when thou'st had thy fill
From such abundance by the way,
And never stop at all to play?

BEE.

When falls the rain and shines the sun,
'Tis then my daily race I run;
Unseen I sip, and draw away
My honey for a future day.

MAIDEN.

But why not while away the time,
In such a soft congenial clime?
'Tis summer now, the balmy breeze
Whispers gently thro' the trees;
Now stay thy busy toil to-day,
And take thy fill, then fly away.

BEE.

The sunshine now may clothe the earth,
And give each living thing its birth—
The blooming flowers will fade and die
And all things living quickly fly ;
No sweet, delective, fragrant flower
Awaits the soft refreshing shower.

MAIDEN.

Where sleepest thou when comes the night ?
Is't in yon castle on yon height,
Or in yon cottage by the brook—
That sweet, secluded, shady nook ?

BEE.

My house is but a tiny cell,
Where I myself alone can dwell ;
'Tis in a place where silence reigns,
Far o'er the hills, beyond the plains ;
A safe retreat, a place of rest,
Where I and all my friends are blest.
My home is on the mountain's brow,
Where fly the eagles to and fro ;
The clouds surround the giddy height,
In gold and crimson, day and night.

MAIDEN.

Why dost thou then so often roam,
Far from thy castellated home ?
Blooms there no sweet perfumed flowers
To wait the oft-refreshing showers,
Which fall where'er the earth doth rise
Its lofty arms into the skies ?

Are there no dells unseen by man,
Which naught but flying wings can scan ?
Some vale as when time first began ?
Tell me the sights which thou hast seen
While flying o'er the expansive green.
Unfold the hidden things which grow
Upon the sunny mountain's brow.

BEE.

O, maiden fair, could'st thou but rise
On wings and skim the vaulted skies,
See how the earth below thee lies,
Field after field in varied hues,
It would the sight and mind confuse—
Commingled beauty on every hand,
Spreading its garlands o'er the land.
While o'er the plains I skim my way
Where the young lambs their gambols play,
I find fair waving fields of wheat,
Fill'd with flowers both wild and sweet;
The pastures are a scene of joy,
Where I my leisure hours employ ;
The lovely grass, so bright and green,
Is mixed with foxgloves in between ;
The little daisies, out of sight,
All drest in gold and green and white,
With crimson lips, are my delight ;
And here and there the cowslips rise—
A little flower we don't despise ;
The blue-bells are blue-bells indeed,
On which we wanderers often feed ;
The buttercups, all glazed in gold,
Exceed the rest an hundred fold ;

Ten thousand other precious flowers
Oft clothe the fields, and fill the bowers.
I'll lead the way o'er hill and dale
Before thick darkness shall prevail.
Rise in thy mind, on fancy's wings,
And seek with me for unknown things ;
Look at the pinnacles of rocks around,
Like clouds, above the naked ground—
Some gray and grand unto the sight,
And others ever clothed in white.
Look ! see ! nay, now behold !
They blaze and shine like burnished gold ;
See how the crimson blush of night
Tints all the void with purple light ,
The mountains burn, they flame with fire.
But come with me a little higher,
I'll show thee now just such a scene,
Unknown as yet to human being.
There, feast thine eyes on yon bright plain ;
'Tis Eden's gate, 'tis Paradise again ;
There angels walk, and forever wait
For holy souls. Unfold the pearly gate :
Behold how green the hills arise,
And balmy fragrance fills the skies ;
Flowers, which mortals never knew,
Are constant fed with heavenly dew ;
They never fade or know decay.
Farewell, fair maid, I must away.

THE MAIDEN—SOLILOQUY.

The bee was gone—I stood amazed,
And at this glorious wonder gazed ;
Down in the valley, far below,
Bright streams, like silver, gently flow ;

And vertical the trees arise
Their flowery heads into the skies.
I stood enrapt and wondered at the sight,
The valley gleam'd and flam'd with light;
A joyous song I heard arise,—
The anthems filled the vaulted skies,
The towering rocks echoed again
The music o'er the shining plain.
I caught the words which they were singing,
Then heard again the echo ringing.

SONG.

"Pure is the light; the heavenly flame,
Just like the place from whence it came;
Where'er it shines on earth below,
No weeds or useless things can grow;
And when its radiance fills the place,
Of death you cannot find a trace;
Fair clouds may fringe the mountains round,
But never wet enchanted ground;
No darkening clouds can ever form,
Or break in fiery thunderstorm."

Then silence reigned,—all was still,
I awoke from sleep, against my will;
I heard a voice say, "Child, arise!
The sun now fills the eastern skies."
'Twas but a dream, or fairy tale,
Which did my slumbering soul assail.
"What ails thee, child," my mother said,
"That thou should'st look so much afraid;
Those books with tales of ancient lore,
Thou shalt not read—no, nevermore."

EARLY LIFE.

(In contrast to the vile tenement houses of New York, I cannot refrain from tears when I think of the liberty I enjoyed in early life. What is New York? Wait awhile and I'll tell you.

How many were the days I spent
In early life, in sweet content.
I little knew, and less desired ;
Went romping round, but never tired.

The fields in all their native pride,
With bubbling springs were well supplied ;
And cowslips hanging bright with dew,
Until the sun the gems withdrew.

The primrose, a rose indeed,
Might now be called a meadow weed ;
And then the clover, white and sweet,
Where oft the honey bees would meet.

And oft the edges bloom'd with flowers,
Just like a garden with its bowers.
'Twas there the throstle built his nest,
And sent his brooding mate to rest.

The hawthorn bloom'd and sweetly spread
Its fragrance all around her bed ;
The lark is singing in the air
A song of sweetness free from care.

The crows are flying swiftly by—
Some sweeping low, others high ;
The linnets, chirping in the bush,
Are answered by the warbling thrush.

I listen to their morning hymn,
And watch the flying swallows skim ;
Their zigzag course they still pursue,
With variations ever new.

The lambs are skipping—see how they leap,
Until their gambols turn to sleep.
All nature lives and charms to-day ;
The darkening clouds, the beaming sun obey ;
Dissolving into air they fly away.
The wind sweeps o'er the standing grain,
In eddies whirling back again ;
So surges oft the briny deep,
When hurricanes across the waves begin to sweep.

Why should I brood on time that's past,
And thus my sunshine overcast ;
Then let me learn content to live,
And take the blessings God will give.

TO A FAIR LADY.

Pray, maiden fair,
Did'st thou ever care
For such a man as I?
I've castles there,
Built in the air,
And palaces on high.

The grottoes, too,
For which we through,
Would ever have to go,
Are gems so bright
And full of light,
And whiter than the snow.

The stars that shine,
Are ever mine,
And then below
The things which grow,
Are mine while passing by.

I rule and reign ; you see 'tis plain,
'Tis thee alone I now would gain.
Now do not laugh and think I chaff,
I'm such a modest man ;
I am so rich, without a stitch,
I'll take you, if I can.

If you consent before 'tis Lent,
I'll marry you to-day—
Ah, there she goes, as I suppose,
She goes to run away.
So shadows flee away from me
When I such things pursue,
Ah, love, thou sprite, why take a fright,
A thing I never knew.

THE COACHMAN.

While at Newport, 1882.

There is a class of gentlemen,
The most gentle of them all,
Who's ever at a lady's beck,—
Who's ever at her call.

Tho' he be humble as a serf,
Still she must ride behind,
And has to tell him what she wants,
Whenever she's inclined.

Oh, such a lordly man is he,
You need not be surprised,
If he should be the prince of men,
A little while disguised.

I'm speaking of the coachman,
Who drives his handsome pair,
Who twirls a kind of dandy whip,
Which makes the horses rear.

And when his lady speaks,
With kindly looking eyes,
This prince of men then tips his hat,
And then the horses flies.

O'er hill and dale they ride along,
They ride in splendid style,
And when John sees a pretty girl,
It always makes him smile.

Then don't despise the calling,
You, friendly to the trade,
A coachman's hat surpasses all,
Wherever it is made.

And now, my brother-coachman,
Cheer up, the day may come,
A tailor, or a ploughman,
We'll never give him room !

Go learn the trade when young, sir !
Go learn to brush and strap ;
And when you get a splendid chance
Go learn to take a nap.

So let the coachman rise, sir,
Yes, let him mount the box,
And spring into the saddle,
And learn to catch the fox.

And now, my honest jarvey,
My Jehu, and my Joe,
When you're on the road a-driving,
Pray, always keep the law!

Don't drive, as if at random,
Like some wayside country clown,
Who holds his lines as a plowman,
As if he'd never been in town.

But gather up your wheelers,
Yes, do it in the style
As if going to take a minute
To accomplish a mile.

And should your lady frown, John,
Why gently pass it by,
And change her cloudy face, sir,
By the glancing of your eye.

Yes, smile away the darkness,
Which sometimes seems to rise
As vivid as the lightning,
Beaming from her eyes!

Yes, try to please the ladies,
Yes, try and try again;
I've often had to do it,
And never tried in vain.

Oh, bless the dear old darlings,
And bless the young ones, too,
They're the hope of all creation,
When they begin to woo.

And as for dear old massa !
I've nothing more to say.
He may pretend to boss you,
But the ladies will have their way.

A woman is a luxury
Most men so keen desire !
It was begun in Paradise,
And they never seem to tire.

The coachmen love the ladies,
And drive them up and down,
Whether they be the smiling ones
Or those who always frown.

God bless the men who quietly
Keep trudging on their way,
Who give a civil answer
And have nothing more to say !

KINDNESS.

Deal gently with one another
While passing on thro' life,
For vexations enough will come
Amidst the tumult, storm and strife.

O, deal gently ! deal kindly !
Let fall the silent tear
O'er the many failings
Of a friend you love so dear.

O, what sweetness dwells within that heart—
That heart which loves so well,
Which would not cause a single smart,
Nor a single fault would tell !

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

Can aught in mortal form excel,
The lovely, charming village belle ?
Her pleasant smiles and rosy cheeks,
Are like the sunshine when it breaks ;
When darkness flies—the opening day,
Her presence drives dull care away;
And at worship, on the holy days,
Each glancing eye but gives her praise.
When passing gently down the street,
Many a young heart begins to beat ;
But sad, alas ! too oft 'tis true,
By being the belle she has to rue.

ON LOVE.

Written for Miss Mary Anthony, Newport, R I.

Love is a word
We all have heard,
But who has felt its power?
'Tis they can tell
How short its spell;
'Tis like a tender flower;
When thro' the veins it takes its course,
All like to feel its gentle force,
All bow before its mighty power.

It kindles in the human heart
The sweetest bliss; though it may smart,
It makes the soul rejoice.
Tho' silent as the midnight sky,
It sparkles in the glancing eye,
And speaks without a voice.
Ah love! sweet love!
I'd like to prove
Thou art no ideal thing;
They who despise
Thee in the eyes,
They yet may feel the sting.

O, flame, which rises in the heart,
I would not miss thy pleasing smart;
Thy birth is in the human eye;
On twinkling wings I've seen thee fly.
To wound my unguarded heart,
If 'twas betwixt thyself and me,
Then I again would like to try
To tell thee what is love;

It is a flame which ceases not,
When distant from each other's sight ;
In mid-day blaze, or darkest night,—
No, thou cannot be forgot.

And, ah ! renew'd, intenser still,
Even against my better will,
When thou art in my sight,
Thy presence kindles in my heart
The sweetest bliss; tho' it may smart,
In this I take delight.

But, Mary, ask me not to tell
How strong or keen I feel its spell,
For how could I love thee less,
When in thine eyes, without disguise
I found love in distress ;

And there I'd gaze
Till in a blaze,
I found my heart was lost.
Tho' thou should'st spurn or turn away,
Thy presence with me still would stay,
Then I can bear the cost.

I little thought to meet in thee,
All that which is most dear to me ;
Then don't my love despise,
For, Mary, let me tell thee now,
That I have made a solemn vow,
To live within thine eyes.

ONLY AN ORPHAN CHILD.—SEA SONG, 1882.

(The singer on the stage for the first time.)

PROLOGUE.

O ! SING us a joyful song,
To make our hearts rejoice,
O sing ! O sing !
Make the welkin ring,
With your 'chanting, charming voice.

'Twas then she arose,
But to disclose,
To the attentive eye and ear,
Her quivering frame,
Like a burning flame,
Was afraid to be seen so near.
Ten thousand eyes, all gazing, see,
All clad in raiment white,
A form of such exquisitry,
All eyes sparkle with delight.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

I WAS cradled on the deep blue sea ;
I was rock'd on the ocean wild ;
And I love to hear its melody,
Tho' I'm only an orphan child.
My mother !
O, she's long since dead,
But her image I often see ;

In the calm,
When the storm has fled,
Then she appears to me.

CHORUS :

You may take your halls of revelry,
Your walls all gilt with gold ;
But give to me the deep blue sea,
'Tis richer a thousand fold.

The raging storm I remember well,
When we heard from afar the warning bell,
That danger was all around ;
And a ship was sinking out of sight,
As the rockets cast their unearthly light,
And our ship was hard aground.

CHORUS—You may take, etc.

'Twas then my dearest friend and father was lost,
As the sea raged wildly along the coast ;
That night was dark, 'twas a solemn night,
When the rockets gave their pale, blue light,
And I was swept by the storm to the seething shore,
To hear the frightful breakers roar.

CHORUS—You may take, etc.

I'd rather be a sailor's bride
Than any bride on earth ;
When the storm shall arise
In the distant skies,
'Tis then I'll learn his worth.

He'll stand at his post,
When he's tempest toss'd,
And weather the fiercest gale,
When the whirlwind sweeps,
Across the deeps,
And rends the new trim'd sail.

CHORUS—You may take, etc.

Let the ballroom belle
Try to excel,
And bear the palm away,
With her rosy face
And jewel'd lace,
I hate to be so gay.

CHORUS—You may take, etc.

There's no dust on the sea
To trouble me,
No rattling on the street ;
No wayworn traveler passing by,
With a roguish look within his eye,
From whom I must retreat.

CHORUS—You may take, etc.

And when I die,
I'd rather lie
Ten thousand fathoms deep,
Than in yon graveyard,
Without a guard,
Where none securely sleep.

CHORUS— You may take, etc.

THE POET'S CHOICE.

Have you seen the beautiful maiden
The Poet loves more dear than his life?
Her face is the image of Mary
Whom Joseph did take for his wife.

She's neither rich nor gaudy,
But her spirit is like the dove,
And when the Poet sees her bright eyes,
He is filled with a flame of love.

Born in an humble station,
On the sunny hills of the West,
She's the pride of the Poet's soul,
Could he have her for a constant guest.

Tho' a servant, she's a lady,
And does her work so well
That had she liv d in a village,
She would have been the village belle.

And does the Poet love thee,
More dearly than his life,
And only waits to take thee
Forever for his wife.

ODDS AND ENDS.

While I sit and try to think,
My idle pen dries up the ink,
My barren brain will not conceive—
But yet 'tis only vain to grieve;
What more comes from an empty skull,
Than from an egg that's ever full?

A PIECE WROTE IN EARLY LIFE TO A LADY WHO HAD A SWEET MYRTLE TREE.

Thy myrtle's in its bloom, love,
Thy myrtle's in its bloom ;
But thy lover's lonely, love,
And waits to know his doom.

It scents the air which wafts, love,
Around its silken sheen ;
But thy lover's lonely, love,
Upon a mossy green.

Soon will thy myrtle droop, love,
If not look'd upon by thee ;
But my heart's in pangs, love,
That thou would'st look on me.

Thy myrtle's often kiss'd, love,
And balms a lover's lips ;
But love, unrequited love,
Is the deepest sting that dips

Its contagious lance, love,
Into the heart's core,
So I'll bid thee adieu, love,
And say, love, no more.

TO A YOUNG MARYLAND MAIDEN CALLED ROSIE.

I once lov'd a rose,
A beautiful rose,
But the beautiful rose she lov'd not me;
So I pin'd away,
Till my burial day,
And then my heart was free.
Yet around the rose my spirit would fly,
Even till the rose began to die;
And when she was dead and blown away,
The leaves of my rose did all decay;
Yet her fragrance fill'd the air around,
And such another rose was never found.
I never kiss'd any lips so sweet—
When they said, No! they would'nt meet;
So the soul in her voice, and my soul, too,
Like two turtle doves, began to woo.
We wooed and we loved—the chastest love,
Like the loving angels who live above.
Like a drop of dew, my heart lies still
On her lips, till her sweetness me shall fill
With that golden light, from her eyes of love—
Yes, trembling there, I dare not move.
O, soul so lost in love so sweet,
Could we but thus forever meet,
My happiness would be complete.

A PIECE OF POETRY.

Did you ever see the rising
The rising of the dew?
Did you ever know a smile,
Which was only full of bile,
Unless it was not tinctured
With the bitterness of guile?
I mean the smile of malice,
Which darkens all the face
And robs it of its beauty—
Quite destitute of grace.

Have you seen that gleam of sunshine,
Which lights up the maiden's brow,
As the first sweet tints of love
Begin to gently flow?
You may see the blossoms hanging—
Yes, hanging on the trees—
But not the wind that blew them,
While fluttering in the breeze.

You've seen the sun set westward
And rising in the east;
Light, glooming into darkness–
In the morning it increased
Until its golden pinions
Chas'd away the flying night,
And swallow'd up the darkness
In a blaze of heavenly light.

TO A VERY FAIR LADY.

Being of beauty, lovely one!
Put thy bridal raiment on,
And when thou art thus arrayed,
Let not our nuptials be delayed.

Eyes which tell of joys to come,
Cheeks like apple blossoms bloom,
Pray seal not thy lover's doom.

Oh, let me taste that precious bliss
Just to steal a single kiss,
Just to rest in love's embrace,
And gaze upon thy lovely face.

And wilt thou now, my suit deny,
And broken-hearted let me die?
Sourc of endless blessedness!
I would forever thee caress.

A SONG FROM A PIECE CALLED "DICK WHITTINGTON'S RIDE TO LONDON."

Love levels all distinctions
Among the human race,
And woman's greatest fortune
Is carried on her face.

By far the brightest diamond
Which ever shone on earth
Is woman's sparkling eye,
Full of mischief and of mirth.

The rosy clouds which blush
At the rising of the sun,
On woman's cheeks contending,
By her the price is won !

So, all hail to woman's beauty !
'Tis more precious than fine gold ;
But like all other treasures,
Alas ! 'tis often sold.

How sad, that ever beauty
Should fade so soon away ;
'Tis pitiful to think
It should so soon decay.

So, all hail to woman's beauty,
Wherever it is seen !
Who would not fall down
And worship such a being ?

A BEGGAR GIRL.

I'm a poor, wayward child, you know,
Only a poor, wayward child ;
I wander, shoeless, thro' drifting snow;
Could I be aught but wild ?

Sometimes I crave a crust of bread,
But that crust is oft denied ;
And hard the place I make my bed,
That I often wish I'd died.

I see the sparrows, in the street,
Fly chirping to the ground;
About a dozen of them meet
When a crumb of bread is found.

I often wish the flakes of snow
Were manna from above;
As they come floating down below,
What a blessing they would prove.

Why was I born to be so poor?
Or, why was I born at all?
Folks say to me at every door,—
And then, so frail and small.

But mothers oft will kiss my cheek,
And stroke my golden hair;
Enough to make my heart to break,
And wish I was not there.

They seat me by the fireside,
And give me lots to eat,
And let me play at seek and hide,—
But not along the street.

In summer time, the sky is blue,
The grass is getting green;
The flowers spring in dresses new,
Wherever they are seen.

And then wild berries in the wood
Grow ripe, and richly yield
A beggar girl a little food,
Likewise within the field.

The buttercups, all glazed in gold,
Shine brightly in the sun ;
And butterflies their wings unfold,
Are gone before I run.

There's nothing on the earth is mine,
Unless it is the light
Which, in each coming day, doth shine,
And the moon and stars by night.

The music of the birds I greet,
Each morning, as I rise,
And wonder at the tune so sweet,
Enrapturing, in the skies.

I, too, would learn to sing,
And charm the listening ear,
Just like yon lark upon the wing,
Upheld in liquid air.

Hope is a charm which fills my heart,
That I shall yet excel,
And in life's battles take a part,
A part, and do it well.

The flowers laugh as I approach,
They laugh, and try to spring,
Like fairies, in a golden coach,
Or dancing in a ring.

Altho' a wandering child I seem,
And beg from door to door,
I'll yet fulfill my happy dream,
And be rich forever more.

OUR THOUGHTS.

Thoughts of the mind,
When so sweetly inclin'd,
To be thinking of something worth thought,
'Tis best to set down,
Before they are flown,—
Yes, such blessings had better be wrote.

You may call them again,
To dwell in the brain,
When distraction is filling the mind,
Or contention, or strife,
Is the turmoil of life,
And true friends are hard to find.

Sweet images spring,
Like birds on the wing,
Then away they are gone forever ;
But clip them in time,
With a verse in rhyme,
Repent of it—you will never.

They are like a gold chain,
In a sweet refrain,
Harmoniously, musically sweet ;
Or the ways of a child
As yet undefiled,
With its little pattering feet.

For bright thoughts of joy,
Will sometimes employ,
The saddest of souls upon earth ;
Then gather them up,
To sweeten your cup,
'Tis in sorrow you'll learn their worth.

THE APRIL FOOL.

Are there no fools but those in April born—
Fools all the year from whom you'd turn with scorn?
Some witty rogues, perchance, may play a trick
With some old hats, for April fools to kick,
When their stinging toe quickly finds a brick;
Or a parcel wrapped up with nicest care,
Makes the unconscious passing victim stare;
He stoops to pick up, but finds 'tis tied,
Then snickering faces peep on every side.
A fair young maid, in seedy raiment dressed,
Spies a shining dollar; thinking she is blest,
She stoops—in agony, it drops again,
The burning silver caused her intense pain;
The luckless youths, shamed at their sad success,
Pity the fair being in her distress.
A purse is made—twenty even in gold,
"These are for you, and surely they are cold."
"Thank you," she blushing said. "'Tis April first,
I thought I'd pick it up, but hardly durst,
So scarce is that which buys me all my food—
God bless you in this act, in doing good."
Next comes a youth, with blithesome pranks,
And tosses the burning dollar high, with many thanks.
Up and down it goes, and then it flies away;
Gentlemen, pray who is the April fool to-day?

FOR A LAZY WIFE.

Have you got a wife whose back is married—
Not to you, but to the bed?
Then hang a little can of water
Right over her sleepy head.

Just have some holes in the bottom,
Then the water will drop below;
This may perchance be awaking
Your lazy, sleepy frow.

And, pray, don't you make the fire;
If you do, let it go out,
That hunger and cold may arouse her;
Never mind if she shall pout.

Lazy wives oft make a husband
A drunkard and a sot;
This is a moral for young maidens
Pray don't let it be forgot!

And now, young men who fall in love,
Don't forget you cannot feed
On the flame of sweet enjoyment,
But must have something else, indeed.

So, lazy wives, be up and doing,
Or you'll kill young love and joy,
And stop the tide of blessed wooing
And all future hopes destroy,—

For what youth would care to marry,
When such lazy wives are seen?
I think they'd rather tarry,
Than be tied to such a being.

(Written on account of seeing a little boy use a baton in all kinds of music.)

THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.

The little musician, he took his stand,
And he moved the air with his magic wand,
And the voices rose, and the voices fell,
As the baton mov'd with its weird spell.

With a glance in his eye, he did inspire,
The man who play'd the golden lyre;
Both hands he lifted high in the air,
And the voices warbled everywhere.

Then faster and faster, the music ran,
Like a single voice from every man ;
Then he clapped his hands with joyful glee,
And the slates from the roof began to flee.

Then he gave the baton an extra tip,
And all the audience began to skip,
With a whirl, and a bow ! What an elegant show !
They glided gracefully to and fro.

But the musician then threw off his mask
And he gave the dancers a harder task.
Away ! and away ! they bounded around,
And their feet scarce touch the dancing ground.

The fiddles went wild with joy and mirth,
Which gave a new kind of music birth ;
Then the trumpets sounded a loud alarm,
And the ladies smiled with a deadly charm.

So fast in the hurly-burly they began to fly,
On the wings of the music thro' the sky ;
Then the musician was in constant dread,
That his transported audience had forever fled.

Then softly and gently he changed his tune,
Like to drops of rain in a day in June ;
So bewitchingly sweet was the skill displayed,
That those that were flying quickly staid.

And those that were flown and fled away,
They return'd again and return'd to stay ;
So plaintive became the low sounds at last,
That the tears of each soul were dropping fast.

Such a weeping was never heard before,
Like the ocean's wave on a sandy shore ;
"Dry up your tears, now," the musician cried ;
"Not a soul thro' ecstasy yet has died."

Then he play'd them again a lively air,
And they were up and at it everywhere ;
And gently the music began to creep,
Till they all slid down in balmy sleep.

Such a charming charm is music still,
When used by a master in its skill,
That the dead would rise if they heard the sound,
And throw off their grave clothes underground ;
And my young musician may he learn the spell,
In its sweet enchantments to excel,

CARDING NAN!

A Legend.

The wind blows wild along the hills,
The day is dark and drear,
And the frost encrusts the running rills
With ice that will nearly bear.

And mother sits, this winter's night,
And tells a tale of old,
With her single tallow-candle light;
The whistling winds are cold.

I well remember the old stone-house,
As we sat by the fireside,
How the cat would try to catch a mouse;
She was my mother's pride.

"Some years ago," my mother said,
"One dark November's night,
A lady her lovely form display'd,—
All dressed in robes of white.

"'I come to the earth with this intent,
To teach young maids to spin,
And card the wool which God hath sent
To keep the warmth within.'

"She sat her down to the spinning wheel,
Then took the carded wool,
And spun it out on the running reel
Until the guides were full.

" And then she sang, with cheerful voice,
A catch of the olden times,—
The song was one of her own sweet choice,
Made up of oddish rhymes:

" 'When maidens learn to card and spin,
And lovers learn young hearts to win,
How easy is the task !—
When bright eyes shine sweet into mine,
Just like those lovely eyes of thine,
Then is the time to ask !

" 'Pop not the question when dark's the day,
Lest your ladylove should say you nay,—
Wait for the bright and sunny ray,
And then throw off the mask.

" 'We have to card and spin and weave,—
Men plow and sow, and reap the sheave,
And all they say we must believe.
The cockle and the kale will grow
Amidst the late-sown wheat, you know;
Just like men's flattering idle tales,
These foolish weeds our heart assails,
And too oft successfully prevails.

" 'And then we have to card and spin
A net to catch a lover in ;—
We have to weave, and hold him fast,
And make him toe the mark at last.

" 'Success attend that charming maid,
Who to succeed is not afraid ;
So Carding Nan, catch if you can—
Her heart is like an engine still—
Win that and then you'll win her will.

"'So hurly, burly! card and spin!
The wool is soft, the thread is thin;'
Knock! knock! "'who's there? I say come in!'
"A lover, all cover'd o'er with snow,
Walks in with a very gracious bow.
'Sweet Nan, tho' I came so late,
The lock was fasten'd at the gate.'

"'Ah! Rodger, lad, you call'd elsewhere;—
Call where you will! for I don't care,'
'Twas then she made the wool to fly,
And began at last to weep and sigh.

"Rodger could not stand this cunning skill,
His eyes with tears began to fill.
'Ah, Nan! sweet Nan! pray weep no more;
I wish I'd married thee before.
Pray cease to spin, my lovely Nan,
If you will marry, I'm your man.'

"'Ah! Rodger, lad, the nights are long,—
I while away the time in song,
And then in silence I list to hear
The coming feet I love so dear.'

"The spinning-wheel stood still at last,
Until the sparking time was past."
This is the news my mother told,
One winter's night, when it was cold.

The wind in plaintive notes did blow
About the fleecy flakes of snow;
The windows rattled in their frame;
These gave poor Carding Nan her name.

Fireside Fun, 1881.

THE SPARROW.

Do you ever remember the sparrow,
As he twitters and flies around,
In the midst of this howling winter,—
With the ice and snow on the ground?

In his home across the water,
When his nest was beneath the thatch,
And the thresher had winnow'd the wheat,
He had nothing to do but watch.

When the cockle and the refuse,
In the barnyard, was thrown away,
Then he got a sumptuous meal,
That would last him all the day;

Yes, there among the cackling fowl,
The sparrow takes his chance,
And keeps his eye on the bantam cock,
When to fight he does advance.

With a crow and a spring and a dart,
The wee little gamester will fly
Against all intruders
Which come beneath his eye.

Pray don't forget the sparrow,
For the air is cold and keen,
And their food is getting scarce,—
So scarce that it cant't be seen.

I see some hands do scatter
A little grain around;
God bless the friends of the sparrow,
Wherever they are found!

Tho' their worth was once two farthings,
For that used to be their price ;—
Tho' they're full of fight and contention,—
A deplorable wicked vice.

Then don't forgot the sparrow !
He, too, must thrive and live.
They must be very poor indeed,
Who have not a few crumbs to give.

A WOMAN'S WORTH.

Till death, I'd rather win and hold
A woman's love, than all the gold,—
Because 'tis sweet,
To ever meet
A being so gracious, good, and kind,—
And leaves all other things behind.

A woman's love ! a gem so rare,
I would not with another share ;
Supreme to reign
In her domain,
Is more than kingly majesty—
'Tis all the world to me.

A woman's love ! why, shout it higher !
'Tis heavenly bliss, 'tis holy fire ;
And angels dare not to this aspire !
And 'tis a sin,
To try to win,
And then when won, at last betray,
A being resplendent as the day,
And leave her helpless and forlorn,
Of every hope and prospect shorn.

Composed July 2,

ON THE SAD EVENT OF THE PRESICIDAL ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF JAMES A. GARFIELD,

Then reported as having been made by one of the Socialist class.

Sad is the age, when such a rage
Fills the public printed page.
Stalwart assassins boldly rise,
Their murderous hands the bullet plies,
The chosen ruler bleeding lies.
The nation is smitten to the heart;
There in his wounds each takes a part.
Avaunt! ye dreaming fiends of hell,
Devils in crime ye would excel;
Ye foreign brood! ye spawn l ye curse!
Come here your hellish plans to nurse.
Begone! taint not this holy land,
Where freedom's rights at first were planned.
Too sacred is the soil you tread;
Ye shame the living and the dead.
A curse on thee who must rule and reign,
Or thy honest foe must by stealth be slain.
Go, hide thy shameless face, thou man of sin!
A coward's name it is not hard to win.
Ohio, too, gives up her sacrifice
To home-like venom, and to foreign vice.
Illinois long ago paid the debt;
The nation felt the loss with keen regret.
And shall a cringing coward steal along
Among the unsuspecting, happy throng,
To murder and to slay and instant kill
A noble man, who never did him ill?

From North to South, from East to West,
Drive hence this vile and dastard pest.
And now ye rings and cliques and honest rogues!
Ye nation's curse! Ye vilest demagogues!
Repent! and then go earn your honest bread;
Fit hecatomb to the martyr'd dead.

THE DEATH AND GRAVE OF COCK ROBIN.

Poor cock robin lies dead at my feet,
His generous heart has ceased to beat.
The leaves are all sear and yellow with age,
Whirl'd up by the wind in its frolicsome rage,
Fit winding sheet for our departed friend,
Whose charming life is at an end.
I've heard his chirp at the cottage door,
No stranger he to the humble poor.
A crumb of bread, or a grain of wheat,
Were morsels poor robin lov'd to eat.
Then the bullfinch came to see where he lay,
And his doleful notes of regret to pay;
Even the thrush, with his plaintive notes, drew near,
And with his old friends he wept a tear.
Then the blackbird warbled his funeral song,
In plaintive notes, both sweet and long;
And the lark even ceased its lively air,
And in the requiem concert took a share;
The little tom-tit then twittered around,
And wept when cock robin's grave was found.
And then the evening shades drew near
And the far-off clouds wept a gentle tear,—
Then each voice was hush'd and all was still,
As the moon shone brightly over the hill.

And cock robin slept his peaceful sleep,
'Till the silent dew began to weep,
And the last, sad notes, which were ever heard,
Were the direful ones of the screech-owl bird.

REFLECTIONS.

Thoughts, thought when the mind is calm,
In after years, may prove a balm.
Deeds done in love, tho' oft forgot,
May prove like flowers, forget me not.
Seed that's sown in a cloudy day,
Will oft the laborer's toil repay.
We learn, when young, to read and write,—
In after life we take delight
To learn to read what others wrote,—
What they had done, and what they'd thought.
What is the essence of our toil,
When we go out to work the soil?
Increase of things which we do sow,
And happiness, while here below.
Contentment springs from thankfulness;
Small favors likewise often bless.
Hot words, thrown in an icy ear,
Cause not a sigh, nor yet a tear.
Calm, quiet spirits, quiet keep,
And feel the preciousness of sleep.
Each year we live seems ever new,
When we look back with just review.
Life ebbs and flows, keeps changing still,
Never the same, do what we will.

The earth itself expands and grows,
Just like the babbling stream which flows ;
'Tis in its childhood state as yet.
Nor let the unborn begin to fret ;
For every mountain top shall stand,
Covered with grain, o'er all the land;
And every sandy desert rise
Blooming flowers to the skies ;
And weeds and reptiles die away,
And lions with young lambs to play ;
And nations change their burnished spears,
And widows cease to weep their tears.
For bachelors shall take in hand
The sad bereaved all o'er the land,
And all mankind be one in mind,
And rogues be very hard to find ;
The barren North shall yet be filled
With sailing ships and land well tilled ;
Angels shall once again rejoice
To hear on earth Jehovah's voice ;
Thistles and thorns shall cease to grow,
And springs in deserts rise and flow,
And good old times come back again,
And men from drunkenness refrain,
And preachers cease to preach for hire,
And listening crowds become the choir ;
The dead shall rise, the living change,
Old things become both new and strange,
Decrepit age be young again,
And youths their manhood shall obtain ;
The golden age return at last,
When all the iron one is past.

EARLY LIFE.

'Tis hard to forget the bright scenes
I saw, in the days of old,
The bubbling, rippling spring,
With its waters clear and cold.

How well I remember the scenes
I saw in the spring of the year,
When the cattle went browsing around,
And the day was calm and clear.

I couldn't forget such a scene,
'Twas a lovely harvest morn;
The lark sprang into the air,
From the field, which was newly shorn.

He sang me the sweetest song,
I think I hear him still,
And the only sound which I could hear,
Was his voice, and the tiny rill.

Yes, I well remember the scene,
As he poised himself in the air,
The melody of his music,
Seemed to be floating everywhere.

As I walked through the new-cut stubble,
And gather'd the straggled wheat,
Gleaning up some scattered heads,
The ripen'd grain to eat,

I heard the song of the throstle,
Which seemed to be flying around,
And trod on the scarlet periwinkle,
Which covered all the ground.

The light of the sun shone brightly,
As the clouds went floating by,
Their shadows swept gently o'er the land,
While moving through the sky ;

And then a golden silence
Was unbroken all around,
When a lovely maid stood before me,
Like enchantment from the ground.

I'll never forget the sweet look
She looked with her beautiful eyes ;
Tho' dressed like some village girl,
She was Venus in disguise.

She laughed—as she archly looked
A look of some intent ;
I too looked back with a smile
And asked her what she meant.

"Won't you gather me wild flowers,
To put within my hair?"
I did not suspect her entanglements
Were to catch me in her snare.

She sat her down on well-bound sheaves,
'Till I plaited a wreath of flowers ;
But she was so hard to please,
That there she sat for hours.

Ah, well do I remember,
When the cuckoo's voice I heard ;
I whisper'd gently in her ear,—
"My dear, is that a bird ?

Or is it some friend of thine,
Who is coming by this way?
They'll see I've crowned thee with a wreath,
But say 'twas done in play."

And then she gently whispered
This sentence in my ear—
"Fear not, thou handsome youth,
For no one else is near."

I can't forget the roses
Which bloom'd upon her face,
Nor the delightful silence
Which reign'd within that place.

We two were soon united
In wedlock's blessed bliss,
But she has now departed,
And the sweets of love I miss!

These things are like a shadow
To the substance which is fled;
May we too be found as fragrance,
When we, ourselves, are dead.

Oh, blessed golden chamber,
All hung with precious things,
Amongst which ourselves have mingled,
The fruit which memory brings.

FROM LOVE'S FATAL RING.

(A play burnt. Composed in 1847.)

O, YE STARS, which chastely shine !
Are ye not love's lights divine ?
Ye, that are so highly spread,
Shone on lovers long since dead ;
And still will shine on me below
When o'er my grave the grass doth grow.
O, mortal thought,
Too dearly bought,—
To think that we must part
With this white bust—
This human dust,
Which holds a loving heart.

O, could ye speak, or would ye tell
A tale to wake love's dying spell,
Then speak, ye stars ! then whisper sweet
The lips you've seen so gently meet;
Make Alderic hear your voice divine,
That he'll turn back to kiss me mine.
O, mortal thought, etc.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

TAP ! tap ! 'tis the reveille for the dead,
The spirit of a friend has risen up and fled ;
The field of blood is strewn with dying all around,
And friend and foe alike are upon the clotted ground.
The dreadful day of yesterday, the battle it is o'er,
The friends whom we used to meet we'll greet them never more.

ENTAILED ESTATES: THEIR FOLLY.

SWINTON HALL, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND.

A LEGEND.

Masham's bells ring merrily,
Their tones are sweet and strong,
The ringers ring for joy and glee,
So runs the river Ure along.
The old mill keeps grinding still,
As the big wheel keeps turning round,
The grain that's brought into the mill,
The produce of the ground.

The poor bring their peck of wheat,
To turn it into meal,
Then they take it home to eat,—
Better than to beg or steal;
The miller tolls each owner's grain,
He tolls it for his toil,
The rest he then sends back again,
To him who works the soil.

The Masham bells ring loud to-day,
Sounding up to Nutwith hills,
The Ure and Burn the sounds convey
Among the thousand rills;
'Tis the joyful sound of marriage bells
Comes floating in the breeze;
The sound vibrates in gentle swells,
And rustles in the trees,

The moon shines clear, the stars are bright,
The graveyard now is still;
A bride appears, all dressed in white,
Her plighted vows to fill;
She is the heir to Swinton Hall,
And the heir to all the land,
For Danby's name, it must not fall,
But must forever stand.

The husband takes the bridal name,
Takes it, to rise again,
A noble line for future fame,
In fiercest battles slain.
The bridal train sweeps down the aisle,
Past the monumental dead,
The Danby maid, with winning smile,
Triumphantly is wed.

In dead of night, when all was still,
The organ peal'd so sweet,
Music, with such heavenly skill,
And songs angels did repeat.
The bells, in muffled tones, obeyed
The ropes without a hand,
The gentle, tripling sound delayed—
'Twas marvelous, strange and grand.

Transfixt the bridal party stood,
Till the dead began to rise—
Enough to freeze the warmest blood—
With fiery, gleaming eyes.
"Go rest you in your dusty bed,
Till time shall be no more;
'Tis fitting now, that I should wed,
Swinton's grandeur to restore."

Her voice, in its peculiar grace,
Swept in solemn tones, and sad;
The spectres took their wonted place—
The marriage group was glad.
Then through the churchyard unto the gate,
The cortege swept along,—
Where stately carriages await
This silent midnight throng.

Four handsome horses in each coach,
All shod with rubber shoes,
Neigh, restless, at their approach,
While the sexton takes his dues.
The tires of the wheels are bound
With india-rubber bands,
Running noiselessly o'er the ground
Where the cross in the market stands.

No rattling wheels or prancing feet
Sound loud this midnight hour,
As they pass thro' old Silver street
In their handsome coach and four.
Away they speed to Swinton Hall,
Thro' Fox Holm's loneliness,
Where the owl begins his midnight call,
As if in deep distress.

The lonely bridge is quickly passed,
The river Burn is left behind,
They're near their stately home at last,
As stately as any of its kind.
Down at the lodge, the iron gates
Once rusty, for want of use,
Are opened now, and the porter stands
Waiting to show them to the house.

Illumin'd now the Castle stands—
In darkness long it lay—
Servants are waiting their commands,
Are willing to obey.
The deer stand gazing at the scene;
Even the eagle flaps its wings,
As the light comes streaming o'er the green,
And on a thousand other things.

The banquet now awaits each guest,
And the pictures on the wall
Seem to have a favour to request,
Which, in whispers, seems to fall.
The peerless bride sweeps down again,
In robes all spotless white,
And diamonds sparkle on her train,
In flames of jeweled light.

The noble-hearted youth beholds
His lovely bride with joy;
Half hid within her many folds
Is a laughing child—a boy—
A Cupid, with his arrow set
Within his curious bow,
Ready to shoot, without regret,
A heart all in a glow.

No more shall Swinton want an heir ;
No more shall silence reign,
Nor scholars cease their visits there,
Nor the friendless poor complain.
The silver on the tables shone
As it used to shine of old ;
In the midst there stood a bridal throne
Encased in solid gold.

In crimson robes the servants stood,
Mixed in with gold and white,
Ready to hand to each their food,
This solemn bridal night.
Once more the purple wine was poured,
Into each crystal glass,
So long concealed where it was stored,
Grown up around with grass.

She arose with majesty and grace
And touched the harp's bright strings;—
The harmony soon fill'd the place,
With music on its wings.
Then to another marvellous room,
With tapestry all around,
Oaken the furniture, fill'd with gloom,
An organ there was found.

'Twas like the chamber of the dead,
With battle scenes in view;
She enter'd,—the darkness fled,
Her white robes shin'd anew.
She sat her down—all wait to hear
That voice which spoke so sweet;
The organ trembled with joy and fear,—
All hearts began to beat.

She swept her fingers o'er the keys,
She swept them o'er again,—
Her voice began to rise with ease,
In a holy sweet refrain:

SONG.

"Remember youth, like morning sun,
Rises to burn and shine,
How soon sometimes the day is done;
It may as soon be mine.

Then let us use each coming day
In cheerful thankfulness,
And shine each darken'd cloud away,
And others try to bless.
These halls have been the blessed scenes
Where some have feasted well,
Then let us use our ample means,
And in pure love excel."

Her voice was like a clarion clear,
Its tones enchanting sweet,
Sounding afar, and then as near
The warbles seem'd to meet.
And then to rest they each retired,
Until the dawning day—
Again to scan what each admired
While passing on the way.

THE AUTHOR.

A POETIC coachman once liv'd here,
As rough and surly as a bear,
Unus'd to either shame or fear,
And yet he shin'd among the fair ;
I knew him when within his head
All poetic thought was dead ;
In nature's book he was unread,
The muses came, his peace was fled.

Poor driveling, scribbling, scratching scrawler,
His pate should have become a farmer's roller ;
His hand a muck rake or a cowler,
Rather than a quill controller.

ON MRS. LANGTRY.

Beautiful Langtry, there she goes,
A stream of joy before her flows;
All eyes behold the lovely being,
Because of beauty she's the queen.
With radiant eyes and smiling cheeks,
When she appears the morning breaks.
A spirit in a house of clay,
Attracts a gazing world to-day—
Men, women, children, young and old,
Seeking her loveliness to behold.
Her blushing face she can't control,
She dazzles with her shining soul;
A frown upon her lovely face,
Only adds increasing grace.

THE SOUL'S ADDRESS TO THE BODY.

I cannot take thee when I go,
From this dark world of sin and woe.
I gathered thee, from day to day,
From the refined living clay;
Such were the things became my food
To give to me both flesh and blood;
In thee I saw this world below,
Vain and empty, full of show;
But of thee I can't complain,
And wish that thou wouldst rise again.

When within thy temple I did dwell,
I'd pleasures which I will not tell;
Even when thou wast fast asleep,
I knew thine eyes with tears did weep,

To think that thee and I must part!
I felt the anguish in thine heart.
O, could I take thee up above,
I would, just for the joy and love,

I'd show thee realms so pure and bright,
And make thee wonder at the sight.
Forgive the sins I wrote in thee,
Which on thy face all eyes may see;
'Twas when thy color came and went,—
Signs of mistrust and discontent.
Thy lips were used in telling lies
To clothe the truth but in disguise.

Thy tired frame begged hard for ease,
When thou must my foolish fancies please.
And oft I brought thee on thy knees,
Crying out for quiet rest;
And in sleep, 'twas then that thou wast blest,
Forgetting all thy toil and grief,
Finding contentment in relief.

SUN, CLOUD AND LAKE!

The soft shades of night, with trembling light,
Now gilds the clouds, with a halo so bright,
That its gleam on the lake enraptures the sight;
There visions of beauty fly laughing above,
All golden and crimson, as onward they move;
The dark mirror'd waters, all shining below,
Reflecting the clouds, as onward they go.
As the sun-beams are flying far over the hill,
God's glory is seen in such wonderful skill.
Then to Thee, who gladdens the hearts of mankind,
To the work of Thine hands may we never be blind.

ONLY WINGS.

Flying wings keep flying still,
Over mountain, vale and hill;
I saw them flutter and rise.
'Twas not the wings of a dove
Nor an eagle's, that flew thro' the skies,
Which upward and onward did move.

They trembled and danced as they rose,
And mounted so swiftly the sky,
But never attempted to close,
As they wafted themselves upon high.

They flickered and flamed as they flew,
All blended in colors so bright,
The heavens were crimson and blue,
As now they were taking their flight.

'Twas the wings of the morning that shone
In ripples of heavenly light;
Its beams took a cloud for its throne,
Which was lost in the darkness of night.

The wings of the morning flew on,
Over mountains and valleys they flew,
In silence the darkness was gone,
And the earth lay cover'd with dew.

SWEET THOUGHTS.

Sweet thoughts are like sweet flowers,
Grown in half shaded, sunny bowers;
Or like sweet lips, which gently speak,
When they have kissed some lover's cheek;
Or like beauty, wherever it is seen,
Waking sweet thoughts in any human being.
Sweet thoughts are like jewels rare,
Which every soul should keep with nicest care.

Foul thoughts disturb that calm sweet bliss,
Which makes a heaven of such a world as this.
Hence holy thoughts are wings which upward rise,
And waft the thinker's soul into the skies;
And thoughts are seeds from whence does often grow
The fruit ourselves must reap while dwelling here below.
How rich is he, whose thoughts are pure and clean,
An oasis within keeps growing fresh and green.

Sweet thoughts breed love, and joy and peace,
And make our earthly comforts oft increase;
They beautify each living thing on earth,
And take delight with young children in their mirth.
Sin flies away, when thoughts within are pure—
It makes the soul triumphantly endure!
Sweet thoughts, ye heavenly children of the brain
Return into my soul and there remain.

WAITING FOR HIM.

How painful to wait,
In a lonely state,
As I listen, and hear not a sound ;
I fancied the air
Breathed everywhere,
Yet no voice came over the ground,

Till the voice of his feet,
I heard on the street,
As light as the tread of a deer,
As he wended his way
O'er the well-trodden clay,
Then I knew that his presence was near.

How keen the suspense,
Filling the sense,
When tarries the object you seek,
'Tis anguish within
When the work does begin,
Swelling and causing the heart to break.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS FAITHLESS WIFE.

Thou art too sweet, my darling,
Yes, far too sweet for me ;
A husband's bonds exact too much,
Therefore thou shalt be free.

Free love, it is a sacred thing,
Sacred, my dear, to thee;
But when I taste it on thy lips,
'Tis poison unto me.

A coquette is a female friend,
Pray, darling, what art thou?
I do not ask thee to reply,
But let thy actions show.

WROTE ON A BLANK LEAF AT THE END OF A BOOK, 1881.

"Why was I left so blank and bare?
No lines of thought left anywhere!
What have I done? What is my sin,
Left for any fool to scribble in?

You might have left upon my face,
A woman's form, with matchless grace,
Exquisite! With a smile or frown,
Either of which the men will own.

But to be left blank, without a thought,
Waiting a theme as yet unwrote,
A maiden leaf waiting to be read!
O, printer, won't you make me black and white,
Just to show a halo of pure golden light;

Or, rainbow-like, attract the gazing eye,
While clouds of gloomy thoughts are passing by.
O, poet, write for me in burning flame,
Thy sacred, hallowed, and yet unknown name.

Now dip thy pen in love's sweet holy stream,
And tell how fond lovers too often dream.
O, write me something new, both strange and grand,
To sound abroad, and waken all the land.

Come, resume again thy idle pen,
Let laggard thoughts come from their lair and den.
O, soul awake! Why grovel in the dust,
And spend thy time in idleness and lust?"

The poet took his pen, well dipped in ink,
And in a meditative mood began to think:
"Leaves in a book, they never can be read,
Unless some thoughts upon their face are spread.

Spare moments never give conception strength,
To bring to life a theme of any length;
But precious jewels, they are very small,
Were they not found, they'd never shine at all.

One drop of dew looks like a flame of light;
Small stars are seen when all the rest are bright;
So precious moments, rightly used,
Bring abundant joy, when not abused.

The sands upon the shore unnumbered lie,
Vast as the shining stars which fill the sky.
Awake, thou muse! millions unborn
Shall clothe their minds, when thou art shorn

By death's sharp sickle, 'reft of earth,
To learn the true standard of thy worth.
Now cease thy grumbling, thou fair, unblotted leaf,
Better remain a blank, than be brought to grief."

EARLY LIFE AND SCHOOL TIMES (ONLY 4 YEARS), AT KELLBANK SCHOOL, ON THE SWINTON ESTATE, NEAR HEALEY.

At Mosera well, and Sinekell,
I've drunk their pleasant waters,
'Twas in the days of youthful plays,
When I wore petticoats and garters ;
The geese would chase me in a race
And made my heart to flutter,
When my little stride would slip and slide
And I came tumbling in the gutter.

Full well it seems my youthful dreams
Are found to be realities.
I've crossed the seas before the breeze,
Landing on the soil of freedom ;
Then back before both steam and sails
We flew before the flying gales,
And saw the rocky land of Wales.
Old Ireland stood aghast to see,
The ship before the winds to flee ;
Her coast was white with raging foam,
To see me again returning home.

And now the geese are mighty kind,
They do not chase my heels behind;
While walking o'er the village green,
Their gabbling heads can scarce be seen.
Strange faces meet me everywhere,
And as a stranger at me stare.

In yon churchyard my mother lies;
Tho' few the tears which met mine eyes,
My heart would break with springing sighs.

The lads and lasses whom I knew,
Have passed away like morning dew ;
The old stone bridge, o'er Swimey's stream,
Remains like some enchanting dream ;
The road which leads me up the hill,
Still waits my feet to try their skill.

I ask where dwells a well-known friend,
They don't my question comprehend.
Ah, friends may die, and playmates move,
And fortune a fickle changeling prove.
The trees which once were young as I,
Now spread their branches to the sky.

At Kellbank's school, I felt the rule,
The master's magic for a fool,
Who tried not to learn his lesson,
But made pot-crooks, with many hooks,
And eat the corners of his books,
Then, weeping, made confession,
And took his stand, with trembling hand,
To be chastised and corrected,
For disobeying his command,
And his teachings quite neglected.

But Leeming loved, it oft was proved,
The well-brew'd ale from Healey !
O, could I once again return,—
I think I'd try much more to learn
Why rain comes dropping to the earth,
And boys and girls are full of mirth;
Why calves beal out, and jump and skip,
And lambs cry ma'a! with open lip;

And hawthorn bloom grows white and sweet,
Food, even fit for gods to eat !—
What makes the little birds rejoice,
And warble with their tiny voice;
Why hides the violet in the grass,
Yet gives its sweetness as I pass.
I'd learn from whence spring life and death
To things which even have no breath.—

I'd learn, O, sir, you know I'd learn
All which a mortal may discern:—
Why sunshine warms and beauty charms,
And bees go out in noisy swarms;
Why lovely woman walks in pride
And half her beauty tries to hide ;
Why men worship Him we never see,
And when sinful, from His presence flee;

Why joy is pleasant in the heart,
And disappointment makes it smart.
I'd learn why rich men hate the poor,
And spurn their presence from their door;
Why life springs even out of dust,
And then, when sprung begins to must.
I'd learn a thousand other things,
And give my roving fancy wings :—

Why hunger feels so sharp and keen
And food a blessing when 'tis seen;
Why pleasant smiles so please the mind,
And dark, black looks oft prove unkind.
At Fearby and at Fearby Cross,
I'd waiting hide my every loss,
Till sinks life's flickering flame,
Back up to Him from whence it came.

ON THE PHILADELPHIA LADIES.

We long to behold your fair faces,
Ye Philadelphia's charm and delight,
Walking in love's soft winning graces,
With eyes both piercing and bright.
Then array you with taste; in compassion,
Look kindly and gently on all,
And, especially, keep in the fashion,
Lest, as old maids, you should go to the wall.

Come, show us the style of your beauty,—
Your charms they are matchless, 'tis true;
To the city, you owe it a duty,
To ever keep walking it through.
Then come, ye fair maids of the city,
Your presence is needed indeed,
For your hearts are brimful of pity;
By your eyes may any one read.

Paris may hide its delusions,
Its puffings, its powders, its paint;
Here we have no such abusions,
As making a devil a saint.
Our maids are all honest and true,
The stamp of their Maker we see;
The sunshine of love and its dew,
In their eyes oft sparkle with glee.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

When first in thy presence I came,
'Twas with joy I saw thee arise;
And thy lips soon kindled the flame
Begun from a spark in thine eyes.
O, the sweet, burning bliss, which I felt,
Like a flash, went keen to my heart,
As thou bow'd down thine head, when I knelt
And ask'd if thou felt the sweet smart.

TO A LADY WHO FORGOT VIRTUE'S WORTH.

Shall virtue hide its blushing face,
While flaunting vice is passing by,
Who boldly looking all around,
Bids innocence its pearly teardrops dry?

Oh, shame, thou wanton! hide thy head,
Though beauty dwells upon thy cheek!
'Tis better thou some man should wed,
Than God's most holy law to break.

O, priceless being! O, woman fair!
Hold thyself, where God has placed thee,
Let but one man, thy true love share,
Therefore seductive amours flee.

For art thou not man's chiefest idol?
'Tis thee alone makes life worth living;
Thou need'st but ask for any favour,
If but man has it in the giving.

A LOVER'S RACE TO WIN A WIFE.

As I went out a-riding one lovely sunny day,
The shadows of the clouds swept past as the lambs began to play ;
That was the day of all the days I ever lived on earth,
For then I heard the sweetest voice in laughter and in mirth.

Upon a prancing steed, I saw
A being of beauty, passing fair,
And all alone she sang this song,
I remember well the air.

SONG.

"O heart be still, why dost thou sigh?
I'll wound a lover ere I die ;
My glance shall pierce some unpierced heart,
I care not how he feels the smart ;

I'll have him sighing at my door,
As many a lover's done before ;
I'll make him think I love him well ;
In that 'ma thinks I can excel.

O, send the chance that I may find
A handsome man to suit my mind."

Her saddle girths broke loose just then,
And to the earth she came !
Dismounting, I approached,
Her face all crimson flush'd with shame.

"Are you hurt, dear one?"
I whispered in her ears,
As I saw stealing down her cheeks
Two lovely, pearly tears.

And then she laughed a merry laugh—
I hear it ringing still;
She sprang on to the bare-back'd horse
And did it with such skill.

"O, bring my saddle home, sir,
O bring it home to me;"
And then her horse took wings, sir,
Just as a bird would flee.

Her golden hair went flying,
Like sunbeams through the sky,
And even my prancing steed
Himself, began to neigh.

You talk of love as being a race,—
A race to win a wife!
I quickly then increas'd the pace,
As if running for my life.

I caught her in a shady grove,
I caught her in my arms,
And ever since my theme has been
To tell her of her charms.

And now she sings another song—
Another song to me:
"You won the race the other day,
And I'll no longer flee."

COMPOSED IN MY 21ST YEAR.

(A description of all which has followed.)

Who is the lad of nut-brown hair,
And eyes of circled gold,
Whose aspect speaks of thought and care,
And step, a spirit bold?

Whose teeth are even, shining white,
Whose lips are well defined;
Whose spirit tastes of that delight,
The pleasures of the mind?

And oft, beneath the golden chain
Of love's inspiring wing,
His mind doth feel the fancied pain
Deserted love doth bring.

He sighs, as if he'd felt the skill,
Of some coquettish maid,
And wanders over dale and hill,
To seek some lonely shade.

He marks the wandering clouds of night
And gazes through the sky,
'Till stars appear in robes of light
To his still lingering eye.

And as the golden, rising sun
Sends forth the breath of morn,
Which is in pearly beauty hung,
Sweet nature to adorn,

He gazes at the spreading beams,
And on the dews doth look,
And takes the substance of his themes
All from sweet nature's book.

He gazes at the creeping sea,
And then from hill to hill,
And wonders who so wise can be,
To keep it moving still.

Look! how he gently looks above,
And then to earth below,
Such is the lad who sings of love
And war, and saddest woe.

A YOUTH'S FIRST LOVE.

The very spot!
'Twas here we first embraced,
And kissed and loved;
And thy sweet maidens tears
Dropped on my cheek.
I could not stay the trickling dew,
When thy poor heart
Seemed as if 'twould break.
'Twas here the precious seed
Of heartfelt love,
Within our crimson veins began to move,
And here I swore that I
Would faithful prove.
And love I less to-day
Then when first I kissed thy burning cheek?
Nay, ten thousand-fold more now
Thy loss will make my heart to break.

OUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS.

THE GREEN LEAVES.

The green leaves are turning,
They are turning yellow now;
And the apples begin to redden,
On the heavy laden bough.

The grain has all been gathered,
In yonder harvest field;
And the potatoes, turned up,
Where they were late concealed;

And many a heart grows sadder,
To think they'll have to leave
The friends they made awhile ago;—
This causes them to grieve.

Oh, had we, roaming creatures,
No strings within our heart;
No tender sense of loving,
We would not grieve to part.

And could a musing Poet
Ever dare to taste of love,
And bow down unto his idol,
From whom he cannot move.

So beautiful and lovely,
So chaste and genteel!
The world cannot fail to see
His love he can't conceal.

Oh, forgive his ardent passion,
For such a lovely being below;
No tongue but his could ever tell,
The why he loves her so.

THE BLACKSMITH'S STIDDY.

As I was wandering lonely,
  Through a country, strange to me,
I heard the hammer ringing
  On the blacksmith's stiddy.

Its music made my heart rejoice,
  It made my heart to leap;
It reminded me of early days,
  Where my friends have gone to sleep.

No other tones are half so sweet
  Unto the listening ear,
When the hammer and the anvil
  Tell a country town is near.

I pray thee, weary wanderer,
  Tell me, hast thou ever heard
The ringing on the anvil
  And the lowing of the herd,

When the sun is sinking westward
  Behind the shining hills,
And all creation is silent
  But the murmur of the rills?

And canst thou hear this music
  Without rapture and delight,
I pity thy cold sluggish heart!
  It must be set in night.

THE LOVER'S PETITION.

O, LINGER, dear, and drop a tear
O'er one who loves thee dearly,
For if my offence seem but pretence,
I love thee too sincerely.

Then go gather a little garden rue,
And cast it o'er my grave;
And if they ask thee why 'tis done,
Just say "He was my slave."

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

TIME will tell its own tale,
On all things here below,
Though our pathway may be like the snail,
While creeping to and fro.

Darkness may seem to cover up
The evil deeds we're doing;
But by and by we'll drink the bitter cup,
The bitter cup of ruin.

THE FIRST WORK ON EARTH.

THE serpent, in the garden,
Conveyed to Mother Eve,
And all her female offspring,
The cunning to deceive.

Man's but a bubble, blown about,
By woman's rosy breath,
And humbugged like a little child—
Yes, even till his death. True, isn't it?

COMPOSED ON THE OCEAN HOUSE AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

They call me the Ocean House,
But can you tell me why?
It is because all the pretty maids
Are sent to sleep on high.

There, the view, it is celestial,
The view they take around,
With fingerlets of water,
And then fingerlets of ground.

Those pretty maids, tho' servants,
Go higher than the rest,
Into the eyrie of this mansion,
Just like an eagle's nest.

Or like the fruit which nestles
Upon the topmost bough;
The boys are ever waiting
For their dropping down below.

Oh! thou dear old Ocean House!
What would old Newport be,
If thou hadst not such pretty maids,
Such pretty belles in thee?

They say I love the lassies, O,
They'd better that believe;
And there is one sweet being excels the rest,
I never would deceive.

So, all you pretty maidens,
You need not try to guess,
Who is the peerless one I love,
For I never will confess.

ONLY THE WEEDS.

Of all the things which breed on earth,
Some say it is the weeds ;
But O, they're nothing to compare
Unto our evil deeds.

One sin is like the dreaded plague,
A thousand more succeeds,
Then of all the things which breed on earth,
There's none like our evil deeds.

OSCAR WILDE.

Wrapped in a mantle, I saw him rise,
Like an angel sweeping through the skies ;
And this was Oscar Wilde !

His visage shone with beams of light,
His golden raiment burnished bright,
His hair went streaming like a child.

He'd sandals on his little feet,
Quite musical when he walked the street,
With his noble, stately mien.

Could Langtry but once have seen him smile,
Wouldn't they have made a golden pile ?
Beauty and taste having met together,
They surely would have faced all kinds of weather ;
But Langtry needs no æsthetic taste,
Nor flaming rouge or cosmetic paste.

JEALOUSY.

They say that I'm jealous—not I ;
How could I be jealous of Jane?
You may tell by the glance of her eye,
I've nothing of which to complain.

You know that she never could flirt,
Or play woman's coquettish part;
She hasn't the wit to be pert,
Or seem to be yielding her heart.

I would not be loving at all,
Did I not watch over her ways ;
For were she at any man's call,
'Twould set a man's heart in a blaze.

O, but I'm not jealous, not I ;
The monster, all dazzling green,
Cannot flame or sparkle my eye,
For jealousy's bad for the spleen.

TO ANNIE, MY WIFE : CHIP BASKET WITH LEAVES IN IT.

Only a few faded leaves !
Left in a pocket of chips
By one who lov'd
When none would love ;
She's past from my sight, forever away,
Faded to-day, but to decay.
Gone, but not forgot—
Such below is our earthly lot !

PHILADELPHIA IN 1881.—NEWS OF THE DAY.

Write me a piece on the news of the day;—
How the boys and the girls continue to play,
When the white driven snow covers the ground,
And the hearty, good laugh continues to sound;
When the snowballs fly, with a whiz, through the air,
And the urchins are happy, the ground is not bare;
How the sleighs come dancing along on the street,
And there's a smile of good will, whomever you meet.

The oldest remember the times of old;
How fierce was the blast of the winter's cold;
How the river was froze from shore to shore,
Tho' some had never seen it froze before.
Ah, come, tell us the news of the day,
Why Wanamaker's giving his goods away,
And the more he gives, the richer he grows,
For he is the reaper, who constantly sows.

Then look at the beauty which fills his place,
There's a "what will you have?" on every face;
There are jewels, 'tis true, and gems beside,
And saddles whereon you yourself may ride,
And every thing fit to adorn a bride;
But go, my dear friend, and see for yourself,
But don't forget to take plenty of pelf,
Or your heart may desire what you cannot buy,
And cause you to steal something on the sly.

There is something there for the winning, 'tis true,
Which, when you have won, might cause you to rue;—
The prizes which cause so rich a display,
Are the roses on cheeks now fading away.

Go bring some sweet damsel to shine in the air,
And not on pet horses go lavish your care,
For woman's a being must live in the light,
To cause her beauty to be pleasing the sight.

The mart of our friend is a wonderful place—
Who cannot be suited, I pity his case.
Look at the stream, as it's moving along,
The rich and the poor now make up the throng ;
No hurried confusion delays any one.
Hard by is a mountain of marble and brick,
This idol of fools made the wise to kick
Against the taxation, and plunder, and spoil,
That many now wish it was back in the soil.

Each figure that's carved by the human hand,
And hid in the dark by the builder's command,
Has cost many a tear, and many a wail,
When their houses were sold at the sheriffis sale,
To pay for the work of fools and thieves,
Over which the plunderer never grieves.
Thou beautiful Idol ! Temple of fame !
A standing monument of this city's shame.

Hadst thou been built for some lord, or king,
Unto whom the nations their tribute bring,
In the midst of some far extended plain,
As if ancient times were returning again,
Thou widows' wail and thou orphans' cry
May feed with pleasure the stranger's eye.
But beauty too oft is a costly thing,
And, sinlike, leaves behind its deadly sting.

But, thank God ! we've got a very large spring,
One hundred good men, yes, all in a ring,
Around which, like bees, they are sure to cling.
Yes, sir, they are like Solons, every one,
What a blessing that all the thieves are gone !
'Tis a pity that office which too many crave,
Should make a good man a thief and a knave.

But Argus, with his hundred glancing eyes,
Will soon find out where true deception lies ;
He now controls the city's brass and gold,
And keeps well meaning lambs within the fold,
Even the Gas Ring, at last, can be controled.
So much for pens, sir, yes, so much for ink,
So much for information, to teach me how to think.
Do you think my scribbling is worth the ink ?

THE MEDLEY.

(A singular piece.)

I've sought and sought in vain for human love,
And now I turn to Him who reigns above ;
Will He not deign to bless the seeking soul,
Who can, and will all earthly things control ?
I know that in myself I've nothing to be loved,
Worthless to all, that every one has proved ;
And yet I have a heart that taketh joy,
All living things my roving thoughts employ.

The tiny flowers, yea, the blooming weeds,
Even now my poetic fancy feeds ;
The blades of grass, I cannot pass them by,
Till each has told its nature unto mine eye,

I watch the restless sea, in search of rest,
But then, like me, it never will be blest
With silence, immobility and ease ;
Nothing can the agitated waters please.

The little birds, which carol out their song,
Doth sweetest bliss unto my soul prolong ;
Hark ! as they fly, they chirp, and they sing,
The shady groves with sweetest music ring ;
Their tints of yellow, black, or mixed with red,
Or golden green, the flying orioles spread ;
Luxuriance, dazzling to the watching eye,
Filling with delight every passer-by.

I've seen the mountains towering high,
And the clouds ride racking in the sky,—
Some clothed in crimson and others white,
And others darker than the shades of night ;
The lightnings even, in sheets of flame,
Sweep swiftly back to whence they came;
The thunders roar, the mountains shake,
All sleeping things to life awake.

The birds fly swift from tree to tree,
The leaves thereon shake tremblingly ;
And then again the lightnings fly
In zig-zag brightness thro' the sky.
The clouds, dispensing from above,
The treasures of a Father's love.
Hark ! the rain !—big drops are falling,
The voice of God in thunder calling.

The tempest, sweeping through the air,
Proclaims the Unseen One is there;
The darkness darkens deeper still;
The lightnings leap from hill to hill;

The lightnings more brighter glow;
The rains in swifter torrents flow;
The angry winds begin to rise;
The earth in blackest darkness lies.

The valleys gleam with heavenly light;
The people tremble at the sight;
The furious winds, the storm is near,
The forests bend and disappear,
Fragments of things are flying by,
The debris fills both earth and sky;
Then like a summer's dream at night,
The heavens are filled with starry light.

Can this be true? So soon away,
The darkness turned into day;
Or evening growing into life,
Contending with the storm and strife.
Calm and serene! All things are still,
The moon shines down on every hill!
And all the azure blue above
Speaks out to man, *that God is love!*

The stars their brilliancy display,
Until appears the break of day,
And at the solemn midnight hour,
I've seen displayed His glorious power.
The vaulted heavens all crimson dyed,
Their blush was seen on every side;
Glorious Potency! Glorious Might!
Who filled the heavens with crimson light.

Have I no joy, have I no bliss,
In looking back on scenes like this?

I thank Thee for the sunny hours
I spent in England's shady bowers,
And by the brooklet's tiny rill—
Its voice I heard when all was still.
The violets in modest blue,
All drinking in the morning dew.

And as the sun began to shine,
I heard a voice almost divine ;
'Twas but a bird, a lark was singing,
I seem to hear the echo ringing.
Be happy and be blithe to-day,
This morning is the first of May !
And once I heard the nightingale
Sing out his love bewitching tale !

And on the swift, the Arab steed,
The gentle gallop often lead,
Whose glossy coat did always shine,
Like ladies' dress, of satin fine.
There's nothing can exhilarate
His springing stride and easy gait;
Then don't the jockey's life despise,
It is the best of exercise.

I've seen the cities, grand and gay,
Their magic treasures oft display ;
Their lovely maidens, in their pride,
Whose bashfulness is cast aside,
Whose eyes are piercing, keen and winning,—
No wonder then the men are sinning ;
Put on your veils, and hide the prize,
Which shines within your lovely eyes.

O woman, thou who wouldst destroy us,
What is the way thou wouldst employ us ?
'Tis thou that ruleth all around thee,
For who thy witcheries can flee ?
And on the sea, pray what avails,
When whirlwinds quickly split the sails ?
How brave that heart must ever be,
Who lives a life upon the sea,

In hurricanes and tempests tossed,
Sometimes just saved, but often lost !
The tidal waves, I once but saw,
Which filled my heart with solemn awe.
The dolphin, he so dazzling bright,
Once filled my heart with such delight ;
His golden green, or crimson blue,
His colors changed to every hue;

Thou, glory of the boundless sea,
Once showed thy beauty unto me.
So multifarious and grand have been,
The things on earth which I have seen,
That what I've seen, and where, and when,
Would weary out my faltering pen;
But then 'tis pleasant to renew
And bring old pictures into view,

And live again the good old times,
But, only leaving out our crimes,—
Those things which caused the heart its sadness,
Revive alone the bliss and gladness.
Let these reflections on the past
Into oblivion now be cast ;
Forgive the wrong, the good retain,—
This is the way to live again.

Sins that long since passed away,
Then never will your youth decay.
Oh ! learn the happy art of living,
Always gentle and forgiving ;
Let mercy, like a stream be flowing,
Always kind and ever showing
That gentleness and love shall win
The epithet, the death of sin !

I've seen big folks in little places,
And vice versa, as the case is ;
Men in the pulpit, full of pity,
That their audience had left the city ;
I've heard a preacher try to rise
His hearers' souls up to the skies,
Enflaming each with holy fire,
To after better things aspire,

That had they wings to fly away,
They here no longer now would stay.
How blessed are they who sit and wait,
On God alone, in such a state !
They shall be blessed, they shall obtain
The early and the latter rain.
I've heard a preacher try to win,
His hearers' souls away from sin,

By human wisdom, not divine,—
He could not touch a soul like mine ;—
Just moralizing like a fool,
Sent from some Greek or Latin school.
As well go paint some rotten wood,
As try to save without the Blood ;
Hell heeds not such attempts to gain,
But dreads the power of Jesus slain ;

For Satan knows how Jesus led,
From moldering graves, the risen dead.
I've heard them preach in classic lore,
And, mumbling over Hebrew, pore.
How awful wise and sagely stern !
Why don't the country dunces learn
How scholarly and finely bred
Is he by whom they're daily fed ?

With open mouth and busy mind,
They wait on such to lead the blind ;
Had he but ever felt the power,
Which reigned in Calvary's darkest hour,
They would have said, with one of old,
I'll give my dross for sterling gold.
May God forbid that I should glory,
Save in the true and good old story.

I've seen all nations rise and meet,
And worship at the Saviour's feet ;
All kindreds of the earth combine,
To pay their homage at His shrine ;
Good will on earth, in peace, and love,
Ten million human hearts to move.
Thou city of the best of men,
Well honored by the name of Penn,

It was in thee, that was displayed
The triumphs which the cross has made.
A century gone and passed away,
The States United remain to-day.
What binds so intermixt a race,
But human love and heavenly grace,
And the sweet passions of the soul,
Which can all feuds and hates control?

'Tis love that charms, 'tis love that reigns,
And fills with homes, both hills and plains;
And love fills homes with girls and boys,
And gives new life to all our joys;
Natural and heavenly combined,
Thus are all nations intertwined.
Increase and multiply 'tis said,
But only by the marriage bed.

Blest are the nations who comply,
With heaven's own mandates from the sky.
America! United States!
What glory, yet, for thee awaits!
An unseen king shall yet arise,
And rule thee, dwelling in the skies—
Nay, dwelling in each heart in love,
Reigning, triumphant, from above.

O! Blessed Master, bless to-day,
The land that will thy law obey;
And may all hearts from sin refrain,
And all that's born be born again.
Oh, let the dews of heaven descend,
Beginning now but never end;
May all thy daughters virtuous prove,
Thy sons be constant in their love.

Then happiness shall ever reign
On mountain top, o'er spreading plain.
I've seen strange sights on earth below,
Tall trees before the tempest blow,
Rock to and fro, and bow and bend,
And from the trunk to rive and rend;
And some come sweeping to the ground,
Others, their branches strewn around;

Hailstones come whizzing through the air,
That would with pullets' eggs compare.
I've seen a maiden in her pride,
When bashfulness was cast aside,
Walk forth in sweetest majesty,
Graceful and fair, a sight to see.
Though not one word the maiden said,
Language was in her very tread.

Each step declared : I still am free,
And all the world may look at me;
I'm young, I'm gay, I'm sprightly too,
Whoever will, may come and woo;
I'll make the men know who I am,
I'll turn the lion to a lamb;
I'm past sixteen, just twenty-two,
I'll teach the men just what to do.

I know their cunning arts and ways
In which they flatter, then they praise;
Well let them come and try to gain,
The first who will attempt is slain;
I'll wound them in that tender part
Which some have wrongly called the heart;
It's in the eye that love begins ;
Who pleases that, the conquest wins.

Form pleases them much more than mind ;
A silken dress, a trail behind;
Arrayed in statue drapery,—
That's just the way the dress should be;
And then the hair, old maids may try
To catch the fools and please the eye,
And twist and twist, and crimp away—
When here and there you spy the gray.

I'm twenty-two, I'd have you know,
See how they cringe, and scrape and bow;
I know the way to wound the heart,
To pierce it deep and make it smart.
One glance from me will penetrate
And smite them keen and seal their fate.
True 'tis sweet to know you're lov'd—
But then I hate to show I'm mov'd!

See how they eye me on the way,
When I my gracious self display.
What pain is this? and what the smart
I now feel creeping o'er my heart?
Ah, Cupid! get thee hence away,
Or you my secret will betray.
And is this Love, so precious and so sweet?
I'll now lie captive at his feet.

I've seen a pageant passing by
With stately steps and glancing eye,
With glittering steel and bayonets bright,
And noble men, all trained to fight;
Some dressed in blue, and others green,
Some particolors in between!
Then I heard the martial strain
Of music, in a sweet refrain.

The girl I left behind I love,
Which, by my valour, I shall prove;
See, there she stands and waits to see
And cast her loving glance at me.
Ah, love! sweet love! thou darling power
I'll think of thee in every hour.
And then the horse for battle bred,
Comes prancing by, with bended head;

His snorting nostrils soon convey
The truth, "I'm ready for the fray!"
But what a scene on either side!
A motley crowd—a living tide
Of faces pale, and faces fair!
Some speak of joy, and some of care;
Some eyes were dim and very dull,
Others with gladness beaming full.

Some had a roguish look within,
Ready some mischief to begin;
Others, innocent as a child,
Pure, heavenly, and undefiled.
Such angels walk the earth to-day,
A foil to those who are led astray.
And then, what pen could now describe
The faces of each different tribe?

Some round and chubby, and very fat,
With little hair, and small the hat;
Others so sallow, gaunt and lean,
You'd think that they had fasting been;
Some sad and weary, worn with care,
Told that they lived on scanty fare;
But here and there you might descry
Just perfect beauty to the eye.

But if I tell you all I've seen,
There's nothing left for you to glean;
Then use your wits, and work your mind,
There's plenty left for you to find;
I only pick and choose and point.
My thinking-cap is out of joint;
A little wit, just in the season,
Helps to sharpen up the reason.

Ah! stop Pegasus! cease thy flight,
Or find some other theme to write;
Or take a little rest, and stay
Thy flight until some other day.

END OF PART FIRST.

CUSTER'S FIGHT AND DEATH WITH SITTING BULL IN THE BLACK HILLS.

Ah! you, who after fame aspire,
Take up and string the golden lyre;
Sing of a fame that's yet unsung
By human lips, or human tongue;
The golden hair'd, the valiant one!
Who's he? then wait for my reply:
One not afraid, alone, to die.

'Twas not a field where heroes fight,
Where thousands watch the warrior's might,
But yonder by the tented foe,
Bids him the path of duty go;
He seeks to fight and overthrow
An enemy, who will contend
Against the peace of any friend;
It is the wily Indian race,
'Tis these the nation bids him face.

Go, check the red man as he roams,
Now desolating human homes;
Go, fight the demons in their lair,
Or loose thy sun-bespangled hair.

Go, from the city's hum and din,
Alone, undying fame to win;
Go, warrior ! Go, stain not thy name
With politics to bring thee shame.

Untarnished, on the field of blood,
The brave, unconquered warrior stood ;
Custer, the bold, now bids adieu,
To one who holds him long in view,—
A lover ? nay, not she indeed,
But more, if needs, in time of need;
It is his wife, he leaves behind,
Weeping in tears, which almost blind.

Weeping, smiling, with throbbing heart—
"Dearest Custer, and must we part ?
Turn not thy face when the foe is near,
Because thy fame to me is dear;
Yes, dearer than the House called White,
In which some warriors oft delight."
He clasp'd her in his arms, and said :
"Remember me when I am dead.

"My country calls, I must obey,
With thee, my love, I cannot stay ;
God be thy help, when others fail,
And foes my well-earned fame assail !
A coward's grave I'll never fill,
My business is, to die or kill."
He's gone ! alas ! forever gone !
The young, the brave, the valiant one !

His comrades know his dauntless skill,
When commands are hazardous to fulfil.

They now draw near, the tents are seen,
Stretching along the sloping green ;
The Indians creep among the grass,
Silently, to let them pass,
Filing along on either side,
Unseen to either spy or guide.

He halts ! the troops surround their chief ;
His words to them are few and brief.
He thus addressed the gallant band,
As, circling all around, they stand :
"Along yon running stream, there lies
The cunning foe we must surprise ;
The fame we won down in the East,
Must, by our valour, be increased.

Is here a heart afraid to fight?
Let him depart far out of sight—
Depart in peace; we'll meet again,
Unless in battle we are slain ;
Then tell the millions left behind,
Where they our bleaching bones may find ;
Speak, fearful one, and let us hear
If coming death makes thee to fear."

Unmoved each lip, silent each tongue !
But from each scabbard quickly sprung
Bright gleaming steel from every side.
"In Indian blood let these be dyed !"
From every tongue sung out aloud,
"Or let me wear my funeral shroud !
Our brothers' blood has oft been shed
By these same dusky warriors red ;

Our wives and sisters brought to shame
By deeds so foul we will not name.
Lead thou us on, this we implore;
A chance to fight—we ask no more."
Each bared his head in reverend awe,
In silent prayer, before they go,
And then salutes his comrade at his side,
And Custer too their chief and pride.

The gallant troops now soon prepare,
In warlike deeds to take a share.
Behold the foe, alert to find
If any stragglers lurk behind;
The moment's silence even seemed
As if each manly heart had dreamed.
Past scenes and deeds and faces lov'd,
Though each mind now quickly mov'd.

Homes, mothers, wives, and children too;
In realizing sense, came full in view!
Ah, cringing critic, dost thou know
The task to meet a cruel foe?
Has thou smelt the stench of blood,
The want of water and of food?
Has thou felt death, while thou didst roam,
A wandering exile, far from home?

Not thou, thou pamper'd child of ease,
Useless thy life, yet hard to please.
Come here and see a sight indeed
Enough to make a heart to bleed!
See, fearless Custer rides along,
While each brave trooper sings this song,
Unheard, but by the desert wild,
While all around in sunshine smiled.

SONG.

Our friends, could they behold us,
In their arms they would enfold us;
  But we will meet again.
Then let the battle rage,
We will the foe engage,
  Tho' every one be slain!

To conquer, or to die,
Is each comrade's reply,
  For we shall meet again.
We'll Canby's death revenge now,
For this we made a solemn vow,
  Tho' every one be slain.

So boldly on we'll ride,
While Custer is our guide,
  For we shall meet again.
Our chief is in our sight,
Like the dawning of the light,
When we begin to fight.
  We'll charge the foe,
  As on we go,
And aim each well-delivered blow,
And lay the vanquished warriors low—
  Or death, or victory!

The thunder and the lightning began to play around,
When a dreadful apparition rose from the untilled ground:
"Ye pale faces depart; why will ye invade
Our castellated mountains, and every sunny glade?

You've got a happy hunting ground,
In which I've heard you tell
The God of Love and Justice,
Himself doth ever dwell.

Touch not the roaming buffalo,
Nor yet the deer or hart ;
They belong to each wandering tribe
With which we'll never part.

But if ye will not heed the warning which now I give,
Prepare ye for the bloody fight, not one of you shall live."
A cloud of dust rose in the air,
A cloud of smoke floats everywhere;
The rifle's song sung loud and fast,
As Custer's band were riding past.
The Indians rose, like demons dressed,
In multitudes, far in the west.

Volley after volley quickly came
From the charging troops in fiery flame;
The Indians dropped on every side,
Where'er the gallant troops did ride;
But from each tent fresh warriors came,
With rifles taking deadly aim.
A horse springs up high in the air,
And then begins to plunge and rear,

He staggers, reels, and then lies dead;
The faithful trooper near his head,
Now quickly turns, to then resent
His charger's death, the ball is sent;
An Indian drops ! see, there he lies,
With vengeance in his fiery eyes;
And then they clench in deadly strife,—
The Indian slays him with his knife.

He swoops the scalp from off his head—
The horseless trooper now lies dead.

The Indian, too, lies at his side
In his own blood all crimson dyed.
The battle wages warmer still,
And Indians spring from every hill;
Yes, from the happy hunting ground,
In battle there the braves are found.

Arrows like clouds now fill the air,
With tomahawks swinging everywhere.
I heard the Indians' war-whoop cry,
As Custer's men were riding by—
"The pale face comes, he comes with flames of fire
To rouse the red man's courage and his ire!
His golden hair flies dancing in the sun.
Bold warrior! thy race is nearly run;

Turn thou, and leave us undisturbed,
Or thy proud heart shall quickly now be curbed."
"Death, or victory!" I heard him cry,—
Custer and his men will never fly."
His gleaming steel high in the air,
Streaming with blood, shines everywhere;
His foes lie groaning all around,
And blood like water covers all the ground.

But vain the valour, vain the skill,
Warriors fought, they could not kill;
For men long dead arose to fight,—
With the battle raging at its height;
Beings agile, light as the air
Bid their conjuring foes beware!

SONG (CUSTER).

"My comrades, see,
The living flee,

The undying can't be slain ;
Come, circle round,
Upon this ground,
For few of us remain.

We'll fight for life,
Tho' vain the strife ;
With spirits we contend ;
Then let us die,
Right royally,
And with those spirits blend."

Each trooper gallop'd in the ring,
And, with each bound, he made a spring ;
Each sword swept shining thro' the air,
With spirits charging everywhere.
Charge ! charge ! yes, charge again,
The living only can be slain ;—
He smote them right and left,
And many a warrior's skull was cleft.

His milk-white steed, all crimson red,
From many a ghastly wound now bled ;
Trembling beneath his master's weight,
His eyes grew dim, and all was night ;
One agonizing cry and groan,
Upon the gentle wind was borne ;
His charger's dead, and Custer weeps,
And each dear friend in death now sleeps.

'Tis done ! the bloody work is o'er,
And Custer's voice is heard no more.
Valiant, unwise, a chosen leader lies !
But 'tis not thus a nation's idol dies ;
One spirit brave, with cunning skill,
Swept off his scalp, and all was still.

Like shreds of beams of golden light,
The shining hair lit up the night.
The spirit warriors sang this song,
As thro' the air they swept along:

SONG.

"No trophy can compare—
With Custer's golden hair.
In battle brave,
He would not crave
Life's boon from any foe;
His milk-white steed
Lies cold and dead,
Scalpless he lies below.

So, warriors, rise,
We'll sweep the skies,
Where'er a foe is found;
In battle, we
Will never flee,
But to our happy hunting ground."

TO A SINGING BIRD.

Pray, little birdie, what would you say,
In your chitter and chatter, to me to-day?
Does your heart expand with a sense of joy,
That you all your time in singing employ;
Then carol it out to your heart's content,
Till your wind, in music, all is spent;
But sing us a song never heard before,
And the world's attention now implore.

"Crucio, crucio ! faradaldral dee,
Come, bonnie maidens, and listen to me,
And I'll carol you out a hearty glee.
Presala, pompala pomparatee,
Is a song that I'll sing when my heart is free
From the golden cage, hung under the tree."
Then he flapped his wings and away he went,
And carol'd his song to his heart's content.

ON OSCAR WILDE'S VISIT TO NEWPORT, R. I.

Ye all can sling your slang at me,
And call Oscar Wilde a daisy ;
And he, the prince of poetic men,
And me as nearly crazy !

'Tis true, I dress not like a rake,
Or Beau Brummell, the dandy ;
But then it is because
I've not got the toggery handy.

I'd wear silk-velvet breeches, sir,
And out-style the finest lady ;
Yes, I'd even dare compete
With the lovely Persian Saidee !

O, take your sun-flower far away,—
The scentless, pompous dandy ;
For I would array me with the rose,
If Sharon's rose was handy.

O, Oscar dear, when you appear,
It almost sets me crazy ;
The people now will never dress
Just as you will, I must confess,
Because they are so lazy.

TO A NOVEL-READING WIFE.

I saw a lazy, laggard loon,
With breakfast things unwash'd at noon,
Reading a tale of saddest woe,
Whose tears went dropping down below,

In sympathy with fancied ill,
Told by the author's cunning skill;
Her stockings all undarned and rent,
Yet blest in idle, sweet content—

Bound by a spell, an iron chain,
She never could her freedom gain;
A slave to fancied wrongs and strife,
A worthless and a wretched wife.

Idleness is her proper name,
Fearless of either fear or shame—
Slothful, at ease, she lolling lies,
Until her husband, by surprise,

Comes tir'd to his home at night,
With aching heart, to see the sight;
No table spread to meet his eye,
No wife into his arms to fly,

To kiss the lips she lov'd to kiss,
Reviving again all former bliss.
Ah, wretched man! I pity thee,
No wonder that you disagree

Thy mother's kind and gentle care
Now meets thy memory everywhere!
Woman awake, and take thy part,
Win back thy husband's wandering heart.

Hark! his footsteps on the street!
Go out thy chosen one to meet;
Tell him how long was his return,
And cause his throbbing heart to burn,

With love to thee more tender still,
And use thy own God-given skill
To keep him near thy fireside,
As when thou first became his bride.

O, slave, arise, and then be free;
Win back thy former liberty;
Bring down the cobwebs in the room;
Regain again thy former bloom.

Sweep the carpet on the floor;
Brighten the knobs upon the door;
Wipe off the dust, which thickly lies
On everything before thine eyes.

Thus make thy home a place so blest,
Thy husband being thy constant guest;
Thus happy shall thy life be spent,
In harmony and sweet content.

A husband's joy, a husband's bliss,
Scarce fit for such a world as this;
And loved by all on every side,
'Tis such, men seek to be their bride.

It is better to meet with a cross in an object, than a snare. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, knows what is best for us.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

You've heard the proverbs new and old,
Which, to the ear, have oft been told :
Make your hay while shines the sun,
Or else the work will not be done.

There's a time for all things here below,—
You cannot reap before you sow ;
Or, if you would a conquest gain,
You must the victory first obtain.

A woman's heart is like the hay,—
Wants winning in a summer's day.
For when the lowering clouds appear,
Or dark distress, or want is near,—
Love flies and hides himself away,
And will not stop to kiss or play.

The golden moments as they fly,
Must be improved while passing by ;
Just hesitate and not consent,
Makes many a broken heart repent !

A bitterness within does spring,
Leaving behind a painful sting.
Then take the blessings while you may,—
For the chance is gone another day.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Parent above, I look to Thee indeed,
To help my fainting soul in time of need ;
No human aid can meet my deep distress,
Or comfort give, for Thou alone can bless.

Too long, alas! I sought for human joy,
And found it would my precious soul destroy.
I turn from lips of clay, to Thee above,
And find the true, but not deceptive love.

Oh, galling thought, that ever I should meet
Such poison from the lips I thought so sweet!
And when the look of mingled bliss I met,—
I little dreamed it would end in deep regret.
Deceitful is the heart I would retain—
A chalice full of grief and endless pain.

THE ICEBERG FLOATING ON THE SEA.

SEEST thou yon mountain heaving on the sea?
The morning breaks, the sunshine, it is free!
No darkening clouds or thickening mists arise,
To stop the sun's bright beams, careering thro' the skies.
What is yon jasper thing upon the sea,
Which rises with the swell, from which the sea gulls flee?
It dazzles in the sun, it gleams with light,—
Its colors change from blue to pearly white;

Now 'tis red, 'tis green, then a burning flame,
Changing from hue to hue— never the same;
It is the terror of the briny deep,
From which the sailors ever try to keep.
It is a moving island from the gloomy north,
Drawn by the heated air to wander forth;—
A diamond cold, but ever shining bright,
Flames in the day, and glitters in the night.

A moving mass of shining ice to-day,
And, drop by drop, it gently melts away !
Our ship draws near the icy isle of light,
Immense the length, and high the towering height,
From whence there flutters, in the morning air,
The flag would with the Union Jack compare.
The Captain, with glass in hand, surveys the scene,
And wonders what a waving flag can mean !

"Now man the boats, my men; I'll quickly find—
If on yon ice there dwells a creature of our kind."
With marline spikes and ropes, they're quickly gone,
And implements for use, with warm, fur robes to put on.
At the floating island they soon arrive,
Anxious to find a single soul alive ;
Quick from the boat the nimble sailors spring,
And with tenacious grasp securely cling.

They wander o'er the surging, heaving mass,
From point to point, wherever they can pass.
How strange the scene which meets their anxious eyes !
On every side bundles of bones around them lies,
Fragments of the motionless around them spread—
The fragments are the fragments of the dead ;
Here a hand ! and there, a human skull !
There one had golden hair ; tho' full

Of bright new coin, of purest sterling gold,
It grasped so hard, it would not leave its hold.
On one alone the flesh did still remain ;
'Twas alabaster like. On the icy plain,
Knelt in the attitude of earnest prayer,
A lovely being—her soul was all her care !
Her lips they seem'd to speak ; and then her eyes
Looked, imploring help from yonder skies.

Her hands upheld, which did together clasp
Their sad misfortune in her gentle grasp—
Her jeweled fingers held a pencil in her hand,
But could not write the whole that she had planned,
The "City of Boston" has sunk to-day.
She dies, and then her spirit gently went away;
She was the last to yield to death's embrace—
Even the rose seemed withering on her face.
The tears run down the manly sailors' cheeks,
So solemn was the scene, but not one speaks.
One wrapped her in his sable robe of fur,
"Alas, my long lost sister! Can this be her?
Thou art my sister, though I knew thee not,
But thy sad fate shall never be forgot."

OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

When journeying through the desert wild,
Alone, I saw an angel child
Walk by my side, to other eyes unseen;
Bright was his face, an heavenly being.

A lion passed me on my way—
My guardian kept me from the prey;
He led me on to waters cold,
More precious then to me than gold.

My thirst was quenched, I would rejoice,
And use again my husky voice.
The pathway through the shifting sand,
Was more than I could understand;
But I kept moving at his will,
It was then he showed his heavenly skill.

ON A CALM AT SEA IN A SAILING SHIP.

Silence reigned, though the waves complained,
That all was calm and still;
A whispering breeze went gently by,
As the clouds were gathering in the sky,—
Then the sails began to fill.

The calm was past; we moved at last,
Through the unrippled, glassy sea.
The setting sun sank in the west,
The clouds were gold and crimson dressed,
Began before the wind to flee.

Far in the east night reigned at last,
Showing that day was nearly past.
Then sounds the sunset bell;
The swelling sea began to rise
White-crested waves into the skies,
Which gleamed with phosphor light.

The gold and tinted crimson clouds,
Now put on their dark, sable shrouds,
  Hiding the jewelled sky;
The troubled deep began to creep,
Like moving mountains all around;
  A storm was passing by.

I hear a voice sing loud and clear,
"Hard a port! a ship is drifting near.
  All hands on deck!" he cried.
A helpless ship is sweeping past,
To which a cable they did cast,
  As onward she did glide.
She rounded to, we felt the shock,
As if we'd grounded on a rock.

SPIDER AND SCORPION.

I've seen a spider try to catch
A foe he found to be his match ;
It was a scorpion, who, with deadly sting,
Began unto the spider's web to cling
Tenaciously, till he did pierce
The spider in his funeral hearse.
The spider tried to run away ;
'Twas then the scorpion did the rascal slay.

"Ah ! pity, sir ; my vocation I did ply,
When I did catch and try to kill a fly."
"Thou pleadest lawyer like, oh, thou saucy rogue,
Such impudence as thine is much in vogue.
Thy well wove skeins hanging in the air,
While wandering round, I find them everywhere,
Like lawyer's traps, to catch a foolish client,
Silken they seem, as India rubber pliant.

A brief, sir, if you please, is the lawyer's cry,
And such is thine when thou would catch a fly—
Die then, thou bloated, cunning thing."
'Twas then he pierced him with his fiery sting.
So one bad thing will try to kill another
Devil-like—tho' it may be its mother !

TO A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.

Little maiden, fly away,
Let not love thy heart betray;
Flee the eye which would admire,
Lest thy beauty cause desire;

Dimpled cheeks and dimpled chin,
Love's fought battles often win.
Martha's face is fair and bright,
Causing joy and sweet delight.

She can lightly trip around,
In the dance and merry sound.
Beauty rippled on her face
With its sweet bewitching grace.

Bees light on her rosy lips,
There to take their honied sips.
Get away, you greedy things,
For I hate your buzzing wings;
Steal not the honey from my heart,
Leaving but the sting and smart.

ON MUSIC.

(Written for Miss Havemeyer at Newport.)

Music ! oh thou soothing charm !
It is a sin that thou shouldst harm
Youth's wild untutored passion;
Or lead astray,
In an evil way,
So many in this fashion.

Thou art the soul of human joy,
When rightly all thy skill employ
In innocent simplicity ;
The balm of grief, when rightly used ;
A pleasing pastime if not abused ;
Even heaven's own felicity.

Music will chase away the gloom,
When sadness covers all around,
Making the pale cheek with roses bloom ;
'Tis then the sparkling eye is found.

So let music's soft, sweet melody
Fly gently to the listening ear ;
Then love shall rise and hatred flee
Before the melting falling tear !

Sweet music murmurs in the breeze,
Like angels' wings among the trees ;
'Tis mercy's voice, I hear it still !
Softening hard hearts with cunning skill.

The harpers, harping up above,
Their music is eternal love.
So let me play my pleasant tune,
Till I with angels shall commune.

TO A YOUNG WOMAN DRESSED UP IN MEN'S CLOTHES.

My bonnie bloomer boy,
You came too late to-day,
To steal my heart away,
Tho' on thy fair and ruddy cheek
Woman's beauty shone both fair and meek,
Like roses on a mossy bank.
I quickly saw thy sex and rank,
Which filled my heart with joy ;

For in thine eyes there was a grace
Which only beams from woman's face.
I saw the burning flame within,
And in my own I felt akin,
The same warm living fire,
Kindled by love and strong desire!
Even thee I would myself caress,
But for thy tight and foolish dress.
But if we meet another day,
Then cease your roguish tricks to play.

TO ANNIE, MY WIFE—1850.

Thou art mine forever,
When storms and tempests roll,
And naught the charm can sever
Thee ever from my soul.

Tho' to the eye unseen,
I still think upon thy name ;
Tho' thy grave has grown green,
Thy spirit passed to flame.

And there's many an eye, love,
Will read these lines all o'er,
When thou art in the sky, love,
On earth to be no more.

And my soul shall ever,
While musing on its throne,
Make thee its chaplet weaver,
And thee, and thee alone.

FAME!

Written in Early Life. The Third Copy.

The seeds of fame now germinate in death,
And from the deep sunk grave,
Shoot from the tomb,
And breathe of him the sweet, immortal breath,
Who slumbering lies in earth's own living womb.
What if the fruit be sweet? he tastes it not;—
When one is dead—who cares to be forgot?

Is fame alone the glory of the mind
From whence, and why, all inspirations rise?
Why, what frail human being would be so blind,
As toil from night to night, with sleepless eyes,
To be the hum and sound of every tongue,
Where slander's self as oft as fame is sung?

The man who spreads the beauties of his mind,
Has joys more lasting than the sound of fame,
Which is not here on earth to be defined;
A sweet in heaven, as yet that hath no name.
I dare not yet surmise the heavenly theme;
'Tis something sweet, beyond an earthly dream.

A SIMPLE ALLEGORY IN PROSE, 1861.

Far away from the sea, rising amongst the mountains,
A clear, sweet, pure, and ever-flowing water
Springing up,—a mystery to all beholders.
From whence comes it? Dig, dig rocks and strata
O'er, and all the wonderful compound matter
Of the earth; it is still a matter unfathomable,

Unsearchable are Thy ways, O, Eternal, and past
Finding out; in wisdom hast Thou made them all!
But let us follow the rippling, jumping, dashing water
Down the dizzy heights, crying aloud to the desert wild—
"I'm homeward bound, still there's more to follow,
Though the path of Him who made me is in the deep waters;
He despises not the day of small things.
Though I was born in a barren and rocky land,
I expect soon, very soon, to meet with the voice of many waters,
And there to mingle my small voice—
To praise Him for all that is passed, and bless Him for all
that's to come;
And in due time, by the power of the sun,
To rise superior to all earthly ties,
To mount up, as upon eagle's wings,—
There to be what He will have me to be forever.
My journey at present is through a strange land,
And I find many different things hard to leave behind;
But when I come to some of those deep places,
In which I seem to make no progress,—
Nay, I stand still, turning round and round;—
I become so corrupt that I long to be in the mountains.
Yet, after standing still awhile, I feel
Such a sweet, solemn silence all around;
Tho' I do not run so fast as before, yet
I feel all is well, a bright prospect opens before me.
By my side grows such glorious trees—
I did not see such in the mountains.
Their leaves never wither, nor their fruits fall off,
But all come to everlasting perfection.
And then I often see such glorious sights,
The fairest among ten thousand, leading, under
The shadow of his wings, the faint, the sick,

The halt, the maimed, the blind, the desolate,
And the oppressed ; and the pastures are so green,
By reason of the heavenly dews which fall upon them,
That all are constrained to say, "This must be the land of Canaan."
And He who leadeth them is altogether lovely ;
Yet His hands, and His feet, and His side, show signs
Of His once having been in the hands of His enemies !
Yet one single glance of His eye smites the soul
With such an unspeakable love and mercy,
That none yet were ever found who could bear it.
But if this rest, this stillness and deepness be for
My good, all is well ; I feel I am made purer
And strengthened for that which is yet to come.
I have many trials and besetments, and you must
Know, I cannot see round a corner.
But He whose way is in the clouds beholdeth
My goings, and says, "Take no thought for the
Turnings, for I make the crooked paths
Straight, and the rough places smooth !"
Amen ! I often receive the early and the latter rain,
And am thereby replenished and made better.

THE NUN.

She said she thought she would turn nun !
Well, don't you wish the deed was done?
All dressed in white, a bridal sight,
And holy angels in the throng
Listening to the festal song !
A virgin ! all unstained with sin,
A consecrated life begin,

Within the precincts of the cross ;
The friends without soon feel the loss.
Was not thy presence in the street,
A joy for every one to meet ?
And at the church, on holy days,
Thy voice but helped to swell the praise ;
And when the stranger saw thy face,
He never could forget the place.

Then, why go hide thee in the cell,
Or with the cloistered monk to dwell?
Would not thy presence now control
Some sad, disheartened, wandering soul ?
Thy bright and pleasant smile would cheer,
Light up some home all through the year.
O, happy he who wins thy heart,
With him to take a loving part !

Thrice blessed would the bliss then be,
If e'er that happy man was me.
There's not a fairer face than thine,
On which the sun did ever shine ;
Thine eyes are beaming with delight,
The brown offsets the matchless white ;
And then thy lips, of finest red,
Would make a man soon wish to wed.

The teeth within shine whiter still,
And far excel the dentist's skill ;
And then the blush upon thy cheek,
Would even make the dumb to speak.
Now cease, my pen ! be silent, till
I try to tell her gracious skill,
In training round her temples fair,
Her silken skeins of glossy hair.

And on her brows a grace is seen
As ever mantled on a queen.
"Never did nature so combine
Its power, as on that face of thine;
Love laughs and shines, and triumphs too;
Whoever sees, would wish to woo—
Yes, be a nun! yes, go! begone!
Go, put your vestal glory on!

Go, hide your beauty in the gloom;
Forever seal some man his doom;
Stay, while you may, and be inclined
To change the purpose of your mind;
Persuaded be, to learn and know,
What bliss from wedded life can flow:
And now consent, and I'll fulfill
My promise to the letter still."

The crimson on her face became
A roseate blush, a living flame.
Then from her lips there broke a sigh,
And glittering tears within her eyes.
No language from the tongue could tell
That he had gained his point so well;
And one embrace of untold bliss,
Soon followed by a tender kiss.

"Now, dear, thou art mine, and I am thine—
How bright above the heavens shine!"
The loveliest nun which ever breathed,
Was to this gallant man bequeathed;
The day has come—the wedding day—
When Cupid shall his arts display.
The nun now turns to be a bride;
Her blushing face she cannot hide.

The priest and people all confess
She well becomes her bridal dress ;
White, intermixed with orange bloom,—
The scent with fragrance fills the room ;
The jasmines, around her head,
With silver filagree are spread;
Her eardrops spangle like the dew,
Their radiance shines with every hue.

Linklets, adorn'd with every gem,
Fit for a royal diadem,
Hung round her neck of alabaster white,
That all eyes sparkled with delight ;
Her armlets were the lover's knot,
Which said, "My dear, forget me not."
My pen now fails me how to tell
She passed on me the lover's spell.

But, ah ! forego your tales of bliss,—
A tale there's few would like to miss.
Shall I begin, or shall I end
This theme of love, my lady friend ?
The holy sacrament begins,—
And hark ! the song of seraphims ;—
What are the anthems ? what the praise,
Their heavenly melodies now raise ?

May Holy Spirit ever be
A guide, fair lady, unto thee ;
May thou have wisdom from on high,
In which to guide thy husband by ;
May love attend thee every day,
And keep thee in the blissful way,
Feeling new springs of joy arise,
New beauties in thine husband's eyes !

Always be kind, and gentle too,
Sincere and loving—ever true;
The heart's affections thou hast won,
Be ever thine till life is done;
Array thyself, from day to day,
In neat attire, and thus display
A wish to keep thy well-won prey.
Feed well the flame thyself began,
Just in the way it should be done.

The heart of man needs constant care,
Lest others should its love ensnare;
Tears, not words, will oft prevail,
When others shall his heart assail.
We seraphims ascend above;
'Tis all we know, to praise and love.
Farewell, till death shall set thee free,
Then thou with us shalt ever be.

And now a cherub from on high,
In shining light, came thro' the sky,
And crown'd the bride with heavenly flowers,
Not seen in this dark world of ours;
The fragrance which their scent distilled,
The church with holy unction filled;
With reverend awe, each bowed his head,—
The holy visitant was fled.

Fresh youth unto the nun was given,
Renewed by the flowers from heaven.
"O, happy man," I heard them say,
"Who shall become the groom to-day!
For never since fair Eve became
The first to light a living flame,
Did angels come far from above
To bless with joy the feast of love."

And now the priest began the theme
Of which young maidens often dream ;
With solemn awe and sacred dread
The two were to the altar led.
United then, with sacred ties ;
All heard the firm and prompt replies ;
The priest, in words both few and plain,
Now tried to point to them again,

How sacred is the marriage tie,
Which bindeth each till one shall die.
" It is with constant loving heart,
You each prepare to take your part.
Then prove the passion of your love,
Which shall all let and hindrance move ;
May love prevail, and give you peace,
And bring to you a large increase."

And since my nun has changed her state,
I leave her at the garden gate;
Inside, there is a cottage fair,
Where viands rich are waiting there,
For love yet never satisfied
An hungry groom or loving bride.
And what a garden full of flowers,
Such sweet seclusion in the bowers :

Honeysuckles, roses, petunias too,
And some unknown, but ever blue,
Lantanas, with their bushy spread,
And sweet geraniums, ever red,
And blossoming hawthorn, blooming white,
Would some fair hand to pluck invite !
And then the grass all round so green,
And marble walks which intervene.

Why, Paradise, in olden times,
Could never cause such sparkling rhymes!
I would not now delineate
All things which grow within the gate;
There's weeping willows, weeping fern,
Weeping——children don't have to learn;
A laughing nun with joy surrounded,
A husband's happiness unbounded!

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Can friendship outlast a stain on my name,
When slander will stink, in the midst of my fame?
A friendship born in my earliest days,
Should you then condemn, when the world gives its praise?

My mother I loved, pray who can dispute?
Be silent, ye judges! ye babblers, be mute!
She uttered her voice, I know, I was there,
When she breathed out her last, unspeakable prayer.
"Lord help me!" she cried,
And like Christ, in agony,
Ceased breathing and died!

The sun shone bright at the noon of the day—
As her spirit went forth, from the impotent clay;
Her prayer was like the short ones of old,
"Not heard for much speaking," the Saviour has told.

Love dies when hope is fled away,
So, when the soul is gone, the body does decay.

A SHORT DISQUISITION ON TEARS, FAITH AND PRAYER.

In reading over the expression of not trusting in our faith, and tears, and prayer, but only in Christ, it seems a wrong impression is thereby conveyed to the lambs in the Church; yea, and to many who think themselves far advanced in Christian experience. These may have got past feeling, and have become Gospel-hardened, and so, by the above false conclusions, be deceiving themselves. And the others may be thereby checked in the work of regeneration, and then cease to follow on to know the Lord. Remember, weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. And are not those tears the work of the Holy Spirit? From whence comes the washing of regeneration? And to be born of water and the Spirit. Tell me, ye wise divines! ye lights of the world! was it at some renowned college ye learned this important lesson, that ye might go forth to sow the seed of the everlasting kingdom? It says: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Why, then, go thou and weep; and then go thou and sow. Some of the most precious promises are linked to those same tears,—and yet those who weep these tears are the very last to trust in them. Nay, these self-same tears are caused by a sense of such unbounded mercy to such vile sinners as each one accounts himself in his own heart. Paul speaks of obtaining like precious faith, and let me say, it is exceedingly precious. For it is the result of the whole life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, made manifest by the Holy Ghost to them who obtain it. And it is not so easily obtained as some divines think. This faith springs from a realizing sense of the love of God as manifested in Christ on the cross. And remember, that this faith is both an evidence and a substance; for this evidence is given alone, by

the Holy Ghost; no plenary power on earth can usurp the regal right of the Almighty. "My glory (He says) will I not give to another." Now, this is an evidence we must not sin against, or woe be to us. And as for the substance of faith, those who have ever tasted it call it manna; some an enduring substance, always there to feed upon. The more it is tasted of, the sweeter it grows. Nevertheless, it is better felt than told. If the Church had more prayers, faith and tears, religion would soon cease to be fashionable. A realizing sense that God was near, would cause a change somewhere.

MEMORY'S WORK.

Memory's work and visions seen,
Return to bless an aged being;
What if I remember not
The lovely scenes I've seen?
What, were they seen to be forgot?
What did the seeing mean?
Why did I learn my A B C,
And then begin to write—
Was it not that I might be
A pleasure and delight?

Why were kind actions done to me?
That I might them forget?
Nay, never from my memory flee
Deeds done without regret.
Ah, let me still remember, then,
Scenes seen so long ago!
Bright visions, which I still may ken,
While wandering to and fro.

Your friendly faces still appear,—
I see them every day,
In loneliness, I feel you near,—
You cannot get away.
The scenes of other days and years!
Yes, I well remember still,
The heartfelt, farewell tears,—
The parting 'gainst my will.

Fair landscapes now are gliding by,
But the pictures ever change,—
Even the cloud-capped mountain sky
Seems both new and strange;
Where once grew waving fields of wheat,
With crimson poppies filled,
Lie banks of snow, the eye to meet,
As if 'twas newly tilled.

Bright visions, seen so long ago,
Return again to shine;
Crimson clouds ride to and fro,
And with the blue combine.
Winter, with beauty too is blest,
Tho' all the trees are bare,
And things which grow, have gone to rest,
Beneath their Maker's care.

I see the village steeple stand,
A beacon to the eye,
Or as a landmark in the land,
For strangers, passing by.
I fancy that I hear a sound
Vibrating all along,
I see its waves come o'er the ground,—
It is some holy song.

The village bells rejoice, rejoice,—
It is the Sabbath day ;
Loud and clear, their tripling voice—
Worship, they clearly say ;
Worship the Lord ! O, worship now !
Yes, worship and adore !
And pay to Him your early vow,
And serve Him evermore.

Down in the valley, far below,
A winding stream flows on,
Like silver through the drizzling snow,—
Flows when the snow is gone.
Alas, what scenes of early joy,
Rise up within my mind,
When vacancy would my time employ,—
Scenes long since left behind.

When I was but a tiny lad,
No higher than a nettle,
This used to make my heart so glad,
When I could try my mettle,
To skip and jump, and romp around
Among the meadows gaily ;
At hunt, hunt hare, along the ground,—
I loved to do it daily.

THE SLEIGHING PARTY, OR ARABELLE.

Ah ! there it comes ! only pieces of rain,
Flying against the window pane ;
It's got cardouzel'd in the sky,
'Twill be transmuted by and by.

See how it flecks and flies astray !
I think 'twill blow and snow to-day.
Some pieces are crystal, and angular too,
And some, like a diamond, are falling on you.

Some are lighter than feathers and brighter than dew,
And spangle like gems of a pearly hue.
It's of snow I am talking, of phosphated rain ;
The ethereal carbon is coming again,—
'Tis falling in whiteness, prepared above,
A heaven-sent gift, a token of love ;
The mountains are covered, the valleys are filled,
Until, by the sunshine, the snow is distilled.

You talk of the snow as if 'twas nothing at all,—
'Tis the garment of winter before it does fall ;
The hands of the angels, away in the skies,
Have fashioned and formed it to be a surprise ;
The clouds which you saw, in the days that are past,
Go sweeping along, to the earth now are cast,
In morsels of beauty, so gentle and white,
That to dwell on the earth, 'twould the angels delight.

Oh, hark at the bells ! they are ringing to-day ;
The angels are coming to fill up the sleigh.
The angels, I said—I surely am wrong,
For, hark ! they are singing a glorious song !
'Tis the angels of beauty, called women, you know,
Rejoicing to see the late fallen snow.
Of the spangling snow they are trying to sing ;
Goodwill unto men is the theme which they bring.

Oh ! happy the day when I first went to sleigh ;
'Twas joyful to be with Willie, so free ;
When our eyes first they met,
I shall never forget.

'Twas the sweetest of bliss
When he gave the first kiss,
And I never said nay,
At his indulgent play.
O, there's nothing on earth
Can compare in its worth,—
To the snow in its fall,
For then Willie will call ;
For he'll give me a ride,
And make me his bride.

Oh, happy the day, when I first went to sleigh,
For his offer of love I'll never betray.
How welcome the sight
Of the beautiful white !
Oh, the earth is a scene, just fit for a queen,
When I shall know all that my Willie will mean.

"Come, Mary and Annie, now let us sing,
For I think that of winter, that snow is the king.
Will you a-sleighing go to-night?
Fair friends, I would you all invite ;
When Willie comes, the moon will shine,—
The best of fancy robes are mine ;—
Of fox, I've skins of silver gray,
By Willie bought for me to-day ;

"And then a grizzly, of rarest kind—
So rich, that few can ever find.
The horses, too, are fleet and fast ;
You need not fear we shall be passed ;
And then the bells, of silver made,
The finest ever were displayed.
You'll go ! then come, be here at nine,
And then you'll see this love of mine."

SOLILOQUY.

Why did I never know before
That love can worship and adore?
Why, Willie's with me night and day,
And I have ceased my childish play!
What ails my heart? why does it beat
So fast, and feel so sweet?
And is this love? or is it joy?
I would not for the world destroy
This burning flame I feel within;
I only would my Willie win!

Ah! now I'll to the glass repair,
To oil and brush my golden hair,—
For Willie said he'd love to see
His sisters dress as neat as me.
There goes the bell! my friends are here;—
I must not keep them waiting there.
"Good evening! I'm glad to see
That you have come to ride with me;

"The horses, too, I do declare
That Willie's got the milk-white pair;—
Their tails are sweeping on the ground,
As wild as deers, as deers they bound;
But, Willie, ah! he knows them well,
The best of drivers he'll excel;
And then the sleigh, its colors shine
Like yellow gold, and green the line—
Sure 'twas to match this hair of mine."

FRIENDS.

"Now cease your praises, Arabelle,
We'll see if Willie can excel;

But are you ready? for so am I—
How bright and clear the evening sky!
The stars flame out, and burn so bright,
That it would an anchorite invite
To come, and ride, and skim along,
And listen to a lover's song."

"Ah! there you come," said Willie now,
"Three graces, who walk the earth below—
Love, youth and beauty fill the train,
Which may you ever still retain,
Till what you wish you each obtain.
Come, Arabelle, you'll sit with me.
And watch the driving snow to flee;

"For the steeds are brisk and full of life,
Prepared for the fun and strife.
And here, fair friends, sit you behind,
And watch and see if you can find
Some sad, disheartened swain to-night,
Waiting a chance his love to plight."
The prancing steeds, they're off! they're gone!
They step as if they both were one.

Hear how the bells ring merrily!
The tintillation sweet as sweet can be.
O, happy innocence! how blessed the day
When evil thoughts are fled away!
Young hearts rejoice, and triumph too,
For all the bliss which waits for you;
Contented live, nor ever care
The blighting thoughts of sin to share.

Hark! how they sing; they now return;
The cheeks of each with brightness burn;

Millions of diamonds all around,
In amaranthine beauty strew the ground.
The sunbeams dance in every gem,
Fit for a royal diadem.
Why, earth is heaven with such a display,—
Why does the wedding now delay?
Though keenly felt the bitter cold,
The streets are lined with young and old.

And laughing girls wish it was they
Who should be married now to-day.
How many longing thoughts arise
In hearts unwarm'd, but filled with sighs;
For love's a thing we all desire,
To feel its blessed inward fire;
A flame which burns, but never harms,
'Tis fed alone on beauties' charms.

'Tis woman's forte to keep it burning,
And for her presence ever yearning;
'Tis bliss below when she presides,
And all man's future action guides.
Here comes the cortege and the train,
With music, in a sweet refrain;
Such airs before were never sung,—
Uncaroled yet by mortal tongue.

What is the tune, or what the words?
'Tis like to warbling of the birds.
Now list, we'll catch this marvellous strain,
Which swells and dies, and comes again.
Why, 'tis above, it's in the sky,—
Angelic hosts are passing by;
How sweet their voices sound above,
The song they sing—'tis holy love.

The horses smoke with exercise,
And fiery sparks shoot from their eyes ;
Tho' wild they look, they prance no more—
The bits with foam are covered o'er ;
Their sprightly step has passed away,
Until they come another day.

Now Willie could no longer wait,
For Arabelle had sealed his fate,
The promise given, the day is set,
And glad was he they ever met.
And now the wedding day is near,
The night seems bright and shining clear,
And yet the rain comes drizzling down,
Unseen the stars, obscured the moon.

Just for a little while below,
All things cease their brightness now ;
The moon shines out, and soon again
Things sparkle with the frozen rain.
A scene transcending other sights
In which the eye so oft delights;
Now, cloth'd in crystal all around,
The trees in glittering glass abound.

The rising sun display'd a brilliant scene ;
Each branch is robed with crystal sheen ;
The glittering trees and their pendant boughs,
In all their diamond glory shows.
Radiance divine ! a heavenly ray,
Illumin'd for the marriage day ;
Dazzling, resplendent with every hue,
Such glory as mortals never knew.

SONG.

Happy mortals, sweetly blessed,
When with mutual love caressed ;
Keep your hearts but free from strife,
You'll live happy all your life.
"Bless thee, Arabelle, to-day,"
May thy husband ever say.
Deck thee not with gaudy paint,
Listen to his least complaint.

Be thyself, what thou art now,
Innocent, and free from show ;
Thou art mortal while on earth,
Look thee for an heavenly birth.
We'll attend thee night and day,
Till with us thou come away—
To a world of glorious light,
Forever robed in raiment white.

Happy maiden, virgin pure,
May thou every cross endure ;
Seek thou nothing, here below,
But in wisdom's ways to grow ;
Love thy lover, he to-day
To whom thou givest thyself away.
Fare thee well, sweet lovely maid,
Thy wedding is too long delayed.

There go the bridesmaids, there the groom,
Each scented with such rich perfume ;
The ottoed rose so sweet distilled,
The church and aisles with fragrance filled ;

And then their robes resplendent shine,
Within the marble, sacred shrine,—
There's lilac silk, and violet, too,
And one so rich, of heavenly blue,

So delicate and rare—not seen
Before on any living being.
The bride arrayed in satin white,
Looked quite angelic to the sight.
The lily of the valley decked her head,
Her cheeks suffused a tender red;
Her hair, you know, was burnished gold,
With diamonds gathered in a fold.

Her eyes (you see) they are not blue;
But of a rare and golden hue.
She is unique! and then her smile
So childlike and free from guile,
That who would not love my Arabelle,
I trust will never feel the spell.
My Arabelle! why there she stands!
Her lover takes her milk-white hands.

Wilt thou, I heard the preacher say,
For ever love, and in truth obey
The law which makes thee his to-day?
I will!—in tender accents sweet,
The same I heard her voice repeat.
But then her husband had before
Declared he'd worship and adore,
Provide, sustain, and ever keep,
Till life should end in deathless sleep.

The twain are one—there's joy above
In union of such holy love!

Silence reigns the church around,
And now we tread on holy ground.
May earthly joy and heavenly bliss
Prepare you for a world like this !
Cursed be the hearts that ever dare
To separate this happy pair !

They now retire to be supplied
With food provided by the bride.
One guest unto the feast there came,
His eyes were like a burning flame.
All seem'd to know the why he did the rest excel ;
Even the bride my Arabelle
Felt wondrous pleased that he was there,
So sweet his looks with nut-brown hair.

A holy silence filled the room,
He beckoned to the bride and groom.
They came !—All eyes were bent to see
What this strange event could be ;
He placed them hand in hand, and said :
Be faithful to your marriage bed.
Then he was gone !—And no one knew
The why himself he thus withdrew.

His presence filled the place with joy;
Nor could they other thoughts employ.
But who was he or whence he came ?
What was his calling ? what his name ?
Some said that he the other day
A friendly visit came to pay.
A drunkard, lying on his couch,
Sober became just with his touch !

And then a widow, so poor and mean,
About whose house he's often seen—
Her countenance is now so bright,
All covered o'er with heavenly light.
He's more than man I've heard them say,
Because he did the other day
Kneel down, and with a beggar pray—
What seemed to be a stone was turned to bread,
On which the hungry mendicant was fed !

Why, this is nought to what he did :
He lifted up the coffin lid,
Then kissed the corpse, which did arise,
And filled each watcher with surprise.
Strange things have been known for him to do
In many towns while passing through
Some say 'tis John, the Saviour's friend,
Who waits on earth until the end.

'Tis Jesus, disrobed of heavenly light,
At times appears to mortal sight.
A man, both deaf and dumb and blind,
Received a visit of this kind.
He soon began to sing ; with open'd eyes
He saw the Saviour with surprise,
Gloriously ascending to the skies,
And heard a convoy of angelic minstrelsies,

Accompanying their Lord and King.
Who doth such mysterious blessings bring ?
Why should a mortal man begin to tell ;
You know yourselves He doeth all things well,
The friends of Arabelle declare
Such marriages are very rare.
The wine each drank conveyed anew
Fresh vigor to the chosen few.

I tell not all that I could tell
About my lovely Arabelle.
Each Sabbath day she did repair
To listen to the heart-felt prayer,
And hear the preacher preach.
She did a class of children teach:
Here they are, all dress'd in white,
Seven of them—a lovely sight!

Pray, Willie, do not take away
Our teacher on the Sabbath day.
And then you must forever love,
And likewise kind and gentle prove.
The children were fed with dainties sweet,
And tasted of the choicest meat.
Go thou, fair reader, on holy days,
And help to swell the Saviour's praise.

TO THE PEOPLE AT HIGHLANDS, MACON CO., N.C.

Were all the mountains which abound
  Enrobed in grass or grain,
You then might praise your highland ground,
  No stranger would complain;
Were the springs, of which you tell,
  But gushing living streams,
Then might your highland home excel
  Even a poet's dreams.

I came! I saw! alas! indeed!
  An hamlet in the wood;
The laurels did my fancy feed
  More than each kind of food;

Your mountains oft are enskirted round
In robes of leaden gray.
The browsing cattle with tinkling sound,
Before the break of day—

Awake the stranger from his sleep,
While roaming, seeking food;
Why don't you plow and sow, then reap,
And try and do some good?
Your mountain air, with gentle breath,
Breathes oft a cooling breeze,
And sighs its music through the trees,
And tries each ear to please.

'Tis true the water which you drink
Is cool, and pure, and bright
Enough to make a stranger think
It would the gods delight.
The mountain lads, and lassies too,
Show forth a sparkling eye;
And need no teacher how to woo,
When they begin to try.

The day may come when the village green
Will be a green indeed;
As yet it scarcely can be seen,
That grass supplants the weed.
You've got a climate not surpassed
By any other clime,
But trees growing up so fast,
You'll have no reaping time.

The early morn but finds you still
Trying who shall the rest excel
In harmless sleep to take their fill.
Pray ring the rising bell—

Awake, ye sleeping sluggards, wake !
Awake to toil and thrift.
Your wives will have no bread to bake,
And go without a shift !

I mean you well. I hate to scold,
I really do, indeed ;
The Lord hates idlers in His fold,
It makes His heart to bleed.
Remember how sublimely stands
The mountains round about,
The guardian angels of your lands—
Pray, who could ever doubt ?

Remember you the visitant
Who tarried but a night?
He saw the Indian spirits haunt
The place in morning light.
A noble chief, with blood-stained face,
On Stuley's Height, there stood
With a lovely maid of the self-same race,
All covered o'er with blood.

Upon the heather bush he laid,
This treasure in his arms.
We two, alas ! have been betray'd ;
The cause ? It is thy charms.
I love but thee, I heard her say,
And still will ever love.
She dies ! her spirit's fled away;
I'll meet thee up above !

He bows his head in agony—
He bows his head, and dies.
I from the haunted mountain flee.
Why should it you surprise ?

Ye mountain tops ! can ye forget
The plighted vows you've heard,
Where lovers in sacred silence met—
Told love with a word ?

Ye lonely solitudes so grand !
Ye abodes where angels meet !
Where their errands oft are planned,
And where they oft retreat.
Ye little hills, all richly crowned
In various colored green.
In majesty ye all abound,
Always, whenever seen.

PLEASANT PICTURES PAINTED BY THE PEN.

I SEE a picture, painted long ago,
White-scented branches, waving to and fro.
It is the hawthorn tree, and perched thereon
A singing thrush, but quickly it is gone.

Beneath, there flows a gentle, murmuring stream,
And dewdrops, sparkling with many a sunny beam.
The trout springs up to catch a wandering fly,
While the rainbow bubbles are passing by.

A lovely maid, all clad in raiment white,
With raven hair, dark as the shades of night,
A bunch of violets in her milk-white hand,
Like some lovely thing, did bewitching stand.

A fair, wild rose, which hung upon the bough,
Even her soft cheeks seemed to catch the glow.
An holly bush, with berries bright and red,
Hung high above the lonely maiden's head.

A tear darts trom her dark, sparkling eye,
While the gentle summer's breeze was passing by.
She quickly wiped the tell-tale tear away;
"No one loves me," I softly heard her say.

A branch of honeysuckle, wild and sweet,
Laid, richly scented, at her little feet;
Then from the bright green grass she took a flower,
The valley's pride, and queen of every bower.

'Twas but a daisy of the common kind,
Old England's pride you anywhere can find.
The maiden paused—so did the running stream!
She saw herself; 'twas like a summer's dream.

The blushing image in the stream below,
In rivalry, now gives a crimson glow;
And while intent beholding, as in a glass,
I saw the clouds' swift-flying shadows pass.

She heard the sweetest song, but heard by few;
The seraphic notes seem'd something strange and new;
The nightingale, in notes both clear and strong,
With his delighted heart, went caroling along.

The earth, the air, and everything around
Kept holy silence, listening to the sound,
Until the evening anthem came to an end—
A token of their joy for their long-absent friend.

Now, painter, paint a golden sky above,
Then crimson tip the clouds, and make them onward move,
Let silence reign, in calm exquisite love.
O, could I blend the shades as thou dost blend,
I'd cease my scribbling, my painter friend.

WHITESIDES,

A solid rock, 2,000 feet high and about two miles long, in Macon County, North Carolina, as seen from Mount Stuley, near Highlands.

WHITESIDE shall crumble at the workman's skill,
In shaping blocks of stone to suit his will;
Villages in these thickly wooded dells
Shall sound aloud the sound of marriage bells!
The rural swain his morning song shall sing,
Responsive to the mocking-bird upon the wing,
Whose morning song is heard at break of day,
When the morning mists begin to clear away.
O hallowed spot! sacred to silence, thou,
Supreme, she reigns upon the mountain's brow.
I lift mine eyes, I wondering gaze and see
Thousands of hills, speaking in eloquence to me;
I bend! I worship! Yes, here I adore!
Where God's own silent voice is heard forever more.

A BEAUTIFUL MANSION,

Overlooking Horse Cove and the Far-away Mountains, even to Walhalla, Macon Co., North Carolina. 1881.

BEYOND Horse Cove there rises high
A noble mansion in the sky.
Where Fotherstack, a bulwark stands,
Near to the owner's well-tilled lands.

Wild strawberries on this mountain height
Are a surprising pleasure to the sight.
Azaleas, in flaming colors, glow
All around near the sunny mountain's brow,

Where Stuley, calm and grandly stands,
The pride of all these mountain lands.
My mountain home, may the owner say,
From tumult and toil is far away.

Lo, God is here ; He's all around ;
He speaks, I hear the awful sound.
The mountains tremble, the lightnings shine,
A voice speaks out : " The hills are Mine ! "

Fancy fails. Who'll sketch this marvelous scene?
The mountains rise, all clad in robes of green ;
See, where rests the weary, wandering clouds,
Mantled in fleecy white or sable shrouds.

The setting sun now gilds the golden sea,
Or, rising, bids the midnight darkness flee.
Ye mountains, crimson-capped or gilt in gold,
Why hide your green mantles in its fold?

What wait ye for? Why were you ever made?
That God's great glory might be by you displayed;
Generations unborn shall crown your face
With a God-fearing and a noble race.

Granite castles shall yet sublimely stand,
As stately monuments, to cover all the land.

SOLILOQUY.

When amongst the multitude I pass along the way,
No glance of love or kindness bid me at once to stay;

I feel how sad and lonely, for want of human love,
And wish that I was dead, to meet with friends above.
What is the world to me, when all my friends are dead,
No longer walk the earth, but in their dusty bed?

I've heard that one of old, came down on earth to bring
A love which is unchanging, and take away the sting.
What is the worth of living, if we can never find
Someone who loves us dearly, just suited to our mind?

For, don't you know, God made us with passions to be used,
To be kept in sweet emotion, but not to be abused?
Then let us learn the lesson, the lesson of the day,
That if we're always loving, at last 'twill surely pay.

TO A BEAUTIFUL BALTIMORE LADY, MRS. P——.

A SEA DREAM.

My love and I went sailing, one lovely, starlit night,
And a gentle breeze
Swept o'er the seas,
As my heart beat with delight.
I'd been his bride but a little time,
And the Isle of Roses was the clime;

The heavens shone clear and bright,
The morning breaks, I saw the skies,
In golden flames, where the sun did rise;
'Twas then we saw a glorious sight,
By the dawning, newborn, morning light—
The isle of roses, all wet with dew,
The sky above, all gold and blue,
Lay right before our eyes.

And, lo! the far-famed Oscar Wilde—
Nature's darling, expounding child!
His hat—a sunflower—on his head,
He looked as if but newly wed;
His locks all wet with rosy dew,—
His ancient costume looked like new.

"I've now retired to this fair isle,
Where blooming roses laugh and smile.
The vulgar throng, far in the West,
Laugh, when I'm seen in breeches dressed;
And now I laugh, to think that I
Bled their pockets, while passing by."

We bid him good-by, then away we went,
The perfumed breeze was filled with scent;
I never shall forget this sailing,
When wafted by the rosy gale in
To a sense of things unreal,—
I'd had such joy in the ideal.

GENIUS IN GLORY.

What is the throng on yonder hills I see?
Not angelic beings of eternity.
They once were human, but are now divine!
How white their robes! how bright their faces shine!
Glory supreme, radiant with heavenly light,
Now shines on all, refulgent to the sight.
These were the souls whose hearts were constant fed
By angels from above, with heavenly bread.

True lovers of their race, while here below,
Array'd in garments whiter than the snow,
Mighty in thought, inspired from above,
With holy song and more than human love.
There stands the galaxy, with holy fire
Moved to delight, and with sublime desire
To teach the mind to think and rise above
Low groveling thoughts, to heaven, and heavenly love.

Harmonious cadences in language rise,
Prepar'd with holy song to fill the skies.
Poets, the highest of the human race,
Sublimely moved to sing of love and grace,
On shining wings, unseen, they heavenward fly,
Then to the earth bring blessings from on high.
The dews of heaven descend when they're inspired;
They seek not praise, nor yet to be admired.

It is to mollify our human woe
They make the sweet iambic numbers flow;
And what's that motley multitude which rise
With majestic looks and brightly beaming eyes?
Hark! how they sing the late composed song,
And fill with ecstasy the listening throng;
Glorious melody in notes sublime,
Sweetly singing from every land and clime.

Filled with seraphic fire, they higher raise
Their warbling notes, with more than human praise.
There's Lind, and Nilsson, whose voices ever sweep
O'er human hearts, and make those hearts to weep
With pathos, wrapped in flames of burning fire,
Ascending, mingling with angelic fire;
And Patti thrills and charms the listening ear,
And makes the soul rejoice, and weep the silent tear.

A HYMN OF PRAYER.

Dare I look up to see Thy face,
And seek to-day for needed grace,
And through the clouds of sin arise
On wings of faith into the skies?

Oh ! let Thy cleansing blood be seen,
And bid my doubting heart be clean.
Why do I struggle here below,
When Thou canst wash me white as snow ?

If 'tis thy will to set me free,
Bid me draw near, O Lord, to Thee,
And at Thy feet in worship lie,
Till all my wants Thou dost supply.

A sinner, saved by grace, I flee,
To hide my sinful self in Thee,
My Lord, my love, my only hope,
Until I reach the mountain top,—
Until I see Thee, face to face,—
A trophy of Thy matchless grace.

Come down to-day, in all Thy might,
Where darkness reigns, let there be light ;
Fill every heart with love divine,
And let Thy glorious radiance shine
For ever on these souls of Thine.

Let holy fire begin to burn
In hearts which would Thy nature learn ;
Thou King of Kings, Thy power display,
To take our sin and guilt away.

Now every trembling heart renew,
With Thy most precious, heavenly dew ;
Before we from this place depart,
Revive Thy work in every heart
May love prevail and joy abound,
Because we each the Lord have found;
And then with glad hosannas, we
Forever shall Thy glory see.

A SHORT SKETCH OF A PLAY CALLED JEALOUSY

A BLIND, misjudging husband,
With passions rampant, passions keen,
Are by the green-eyed monster seen.

HUSBAND.

"Then fare thee well, my fair betrayer,
Thou art of love thyself the slayer;
Win men's hearts from day to day,
Thus form a dart thyself to slay.

"Fair, fascinating, lovely woman,
Now I cannot call thee human.
Angel or devil, come and tell
How thou cast on me thy spell,

"Raised my passions, won my heart.
Now I feel the cruel smart;
Yet I love thee and adore,
And would worship forever more.

"Put off those hellish robes of sin,
And try again my heart to win.
Shine forth as chaste, my love, to-day,
As when thou stole my heart away.

"Oh, forgive! I thought thee evil,
An incarnation of the devil.
Woman! now I would implore thee
But to show thy love to me."

WIFE.

"Ah, vain, jealous man, away!
The purest honor thou wouldst betray.
Suspecting coward! Cringing slave!
Nevermore now my love to crave!

"Leave my presence! hence! depart!
I'll find one worthier of my heart.
I little thought when first I saw
Thy piercing eyes their darts to throw,

"That jealousy lurked deep within,
Or thou my heart shouldst never win.
I little thought that ever I
Should have a husband for a spy."

A LITTLE SONG IN EARLY SPRING.

The day begins to dawn,
The skies begin to clear;
I see the pretty faces—
They're smiling everywhere,
I mean the pretty faces
Which always smile at me,
So wonderful and merry,
So full of joy and glee.

The buds of hope and promise
Now spring from every bough,
I can't refrain from loving,
As I walk the earth below.
All glory to the sunshine,
All glory to its light.
Dark shades are now departing,
Now flies away the night.

The earth is clothed in greenness,
The blossoms now appear,
And every eye is joyous,
There are blessings everywhere;
Why, love begins to kindle,
Its flames are all around,
And woman reigns victorious,
Wherever man is found.

So, happy hearts, be loving,
Be loving while you may;
Short is the time we live on earth,
We can't forever stay.
Oh! let us all be loving,
Be loving when we may;
So soon our life is ended,
We can't for ever stay.

TO A SWEET-VOICED LADY.

A Bostonian.

Thy gentle voice sounds sweet and clear,
Inflexive as a maiden's tear ;
Words are golden in thy mouth,
Nothing comes but purest truth.

The ravish'd sense would listen, til
Thy sounding accents, all was still
A sweeter voice I never heard,
Such music breathed in every word.

Pray, lovely woman, maiden fair,
Breathe now for me an evening prayer;
Let thy petition ever be
That I may love no one but thee.

ON OSCAR WILDE AND ÆSTHETIC BEAUTY.

I CAME unto the wild, wild West,
I came, alas ! 'tis true,
To be a strange, unwelcome guest,
But it was not my due.
I came to teach the mystic art
Of loving things unique,
But then I could not taste impart,
When beauty's voice would speak.

Beauty ! see how it walks,
Adorning many a form ;
Musical, when woman talks,
But tragic in the storm.
But, ah ! thou wild, wild West,
Thou wonderland so wild !
Oscar is but an unwelcome guest,
Because thy manners are defiled.

There's beauty in the way
In which a deed is done.
Even when children play,
And skip and jump and run.
Beauty smiles, and dares to frown
When you her conquests will not own.
Landscapes, laughing in the sun,
And sparkling waters as they run
From springs, where their first life begun.

Beauty—it's all around,
You need but seek, and it is found ;
The autumn woods in crimson shine,
"Beauty," cry they, "all are mine."

The crystal'd ice on every tree,
In winter cries, "Pray look at me!"
But oh! when beauty would assert
Her choicest power, 'tis in a flirt.

Graceful, lovely, false, yet fair,
Rosy cheeks and golden hair;
Eyes which shine like flames of fire,
Causing cruel, keen desire.
Flirt! why no, not she indeed!
She's truth, which makes the heart to bleed,
She's make-believe—only in jest,
Like a modest virgin dressed.

Ly-lan-dalion is her name,
A courtesan, coquette by fame;
Withered hope lies at her feet,—
A conquered conquest now complete;
Beauty smiles and hope revives,
As if it had ten thousand lives;
Beauty, with her heartless glance,
Is like the foeman's polished lance.

Oh! were she but an ideal thing,
She'd quickly lose her poisoned sting,
Æsthetic taste may often dwell
Where beauty dares not cast her spell.
Sweet graces, enrobed in common clay,
May oft their enchanting bliss display.
Mind, not matter, reigns supreme,
When foolish mortals cease to dream.

Sunflowers may raise their heavy head,
But never once sweet fragrance spread;
The lily, with its fair white face,

Innocently declares its form, with grace ;
But the rose, all blushing, fiery red,
As if it had in battle bled,
Silently does its sweet fragrance spread,

Reigning in many-colored hues,
Fit topic for the poet's muse,
When, on the dark-eyed maiden's cheek,
Its blush would almost seem to speak,
Telling of health, and joy and mirth.—
A maiden's treasures, rich their worth.
Ideal beauty, a thing of art,
In all things here may take a part;

It's in the canvas on the wall,
Illusioning a waterfall,
Tinting the sky all fiery red,
When the dying day is dead ;
Or the autumn forest, once in bloom,
Enlivening winter's coming gloom ;
Such is the life of the ideal
In the artificial and the real.

It's in the particolored dress,
Hiding a maiden's modestness,
Vying with nature to excel
In some smiling evening belle.
It's in the ruby's glare and shine,
Artified just from the mine,
In Oscar's long, curled hair behind,
The beautiful æsthetic you may find.

TO MISS DAVIS, TEACHER OF THE INFANT CLASS, ARCH ST. M. E. CHURCH, PHILA.

My speech shall as the dew distil,
In accents tender as the rill,
Or gently dropping like the rain,
Falling sweetly on the plain,
Making up the grass to spring,
Yes, giving life to everything;
Such is eloquence divine,
Making all the flowers to shine.

The ear, attuned to such a voice,
Feels all within the heart rejoice;
And when is heard the anthem sung,
Heartfelt by every singing tongue,
What joy it brings, what sweet delight,
To hear the singers sing with might,
Or in soft cadence die away,
The sweet, melodious, heavenly lay.

Hark! they're singing, up above,
The song, "Redemption, Jesus' Love;"
Just listen! hear! they're coming near;
'Tis infant voices, do not fear!
What's the words that they are singing,
While the glory bells are ringing?

INFANTS' SONG.

We saw not the earth,
So soon after birth;
We left both the joy,
The gladness and mirth.

We mingled no tears,
In our early years,
With those that have nothing
But doubting and fears.

The flowers below
We never see grow,
Nor the bliss of the blessed
We never could know;
Repentance for sin
Did never begin,
Nor ever our tempers
Were tempted to show.

We behold the bright face
Of our Saviour in grace,
With a rainbow of glory around;
And we fall at His feet,
For the victory complete,
That such mercy to sinners was found.

Alleluia! we praise Thee,
Alleluia they say—
Their voice, in its cadence,
Is dying away.
They pass far above
To the regions of love,
Whom glorified angels attend,
And the light from the throne,
All around them now shone,
And with that of the angels did blend.

Those infants, sister dear,
Were some you taught while staying here;
'Twas oft in tears thou didst employ
Thy time to teach; now reap in joy.

Farewell, thou nameless one, farewell!
Thou dost in holy song excel.

And I myself would be unknown,
Just like a bird that sung and flown;
Then still be kind and teach away,
You'll surely reap some other day.

ODDS AND ENDS.

My lady friend, I did intend
To ask of you a favor,
But my timid heart could but impart
My wish in my behavior.

But if your mind now cannot find
The thing which I intended,
There is a way, so I should say,
In which it can be mended.

WANTED, A WIFE.

Wanted, a woman who can love,
Always kind and gentle prove,--
Love, forgive, and love again,
And never at my faults complain;
Kindly kiss me when I'm sad,
With cheerfulness to make me glad.
To such I'd gently ever bow,
With the lowest of the low.

Come, then, answer me to-day,
And accept, without delay;
Not a servant, but a wife,—
A living one, I mean, for life.

WHILE LISTENING TO A YOUNG ACADEMICIAN PREACH A VERY POOR SERMON ON THE VINE OF PALESTINE.

(Composed while in church.)

VINE of Palestine,
May all the branches soon be Thine,
From which Thou sprung, though dry the ground;
In Thee the heavenly sap was found,
Thou root of Jesse, Lord and King;
In Thee alone our blessings spring.
Thy righteousness shall, as the dew,
Come down upon the chosen few
Who wait on Thee, to seek Thy face,
And feel anew Thy boundless grace.

Thirsty, we seek to be supplied
With drink Thou dost alone provide;
We're hungry for want of love,
Thou rains it richly from above.
Oh! may the springs Thou dost impart
O'erflow the desert of each heart;
Make green the wilderness within
Which parched lies thro' guilt and sin;

Give life for death, and joy for grief,
And send the captive soul relief.
Why do we sit unmov'd, unfed—
Who say we're by Thy spirit led?
Is God a man, that He should lie,
And pass His needy creatures by?
Nay, His presence fills both earth and sky.

THE LAST SUPPER.

"FORGET me not," our Saviour said,
Then blest the wine, and brake the bread;
"Remember, 'twas for you I died,
For you alone was crucified;
Then let those blessed emblems be
As tokens of your love to Me."
"Ah, blessed and unchanging friend,
And wilt Thou love us to the end?"

"I will, and when you wait on me,
I'll set your captive spirits free."
Remember, when temptations rise,
It was for this your Saviour dies,
To kill within the life of sin,
And all estranged hearts to win.
I look at Christ and look again,
And look till purged of every stain;

For He's the King of saints to-day,
Who bids us ever watch and pray.
This incense He presents above,
As tokens of His constant love;
Jesus the Prophet, King and Priest,
Bids us attend this heavenly feast,
My words to you are ever new,
You shall be fed with holy dew.

A LOVE PIECE TO A VERY BEAUTIFUL LADY, YEARS AGO.

My heart lies bleeding at thy feet,
And silent, wondering, would I
In holy adoration lie,
Till thou the healing words repeat.

I, too, am wounded with the dart,
Which has so pierced thy bleeding heart;
Oh, canst thou not, with tears of joy,
The blessed language now employ,
And tell me truly thou art mine?

If loved by thee, why not to-day
Some token of its power display,
And make my doubting heart believe
Thou art too honest to deceive?

Why didst thou meet me on the way,
And all thy graciousness display,
And with thine eyes pierce deep within,
And kindle up celestial day?

The light from thee, so near akin
To His who took away my sin,
That blended into one I see
My chosen face alone in thee!

TO A LADY FRIEND.

Composed while in Association Hall, Philadelphia, listening to a lecture on the Forces of a Sunbeam, by Bishop Warren, M. E. Church, as a test to do two things at once.

Tho' absent, thou art ever near,
Tho' not to mortal sight;
Thy presence doth in form appear
Like visions of the night.

Love, like a god, creates anew
Fresh forms of bliss unseen,
And fills with life the distant view,
Both hills and valleys green.

Awake! ye birds, a song to sing;
The sunshine bids you rise;
For now you see of day the King
Is marching through the skies.

And now, I hear thy angel voice
Break forth in sweetest strains,
And gladness makes my heart rejoice,—
The echo still remains.

What tho' thyself was far away,
And strangers only near;
My fancy sees thy presence stay,
Thou cannot disappear.

TO MISS GRAY.

A young lady in Wanamaker's Store, 13th and Chestnut Streets, Phila. She did not believe I could compose.

Those eyes of thine, when into mine
They look so sweet and loving,
Will wound my heart; so keen the smart,
From thee I must be moving.
But if you will look kindly still,
Whenever I shall meet you,
I will advance, and kindly glance;
With gentleness I'll greet you.

I must confess, in my distress,
Your presence gives delight,
So bright your face, with every grace
That darkness turns to light.
Now, lovely one, I must be gone,
So many are your graces,
But when I turn, I quickly learn
John keeps the bonnie faces.

There's auburn hair, so sweet and fair,
Angelic-like appearing,
And matchless brown, just like your own,
No wonder men are fearing
To lose their heart in such a mart,
Where beauty reigns in glory.
Now do not tell, my lovely belle,
That love's my theme and story.

The wisest man that ever ran
His eyes through fair creation,
Chose womankind to suit his mind,
To keep him from temptation.

And could he now come down below
To seek a fresh selection,
Of beauty rare, he'll find it there—
Of every complexion.

A POEM ON SAPHOLIS.

Thou fairest of the fair,
With thee I long to share,
My sorrows, grief and care.

And can it ever be
Such happiness to me,
That's only found in thee?

Why wast thou ever seen,
So lovely in thy being;
What does thy silence mean?

Then let me, patient, wait
Till thou shalt indicate
What is to be my fate.

I hear thee gently say
I would be thine to-day,
Would nature only clear the way.

And wilt thou love me still,
Through all the strife and ill,
And never change thy will?

Then blessings on thy head!
May thou be daily fed,
By Christ, with living bread.

EVENING STAR.

Fair star of night, how sweet thy light!
And wast thou ever thus so bright?
What eyes have seen thee, in between
The fleecy clouds of night?
They passed away, nor could they stay
To watch thy bright and cheering ray;
When hope has fled and friends are dead,
Thou cheers the mourner by the way.

The waiting maid, so soon afraid
Her lover now has been delayed,
Casts up her eye into the sky,
And breaks the half-forbidden sigh,
Thy light so cheers away her fears,
And checks the rising falling tears.
Thy radiance has been to me
The brightest that I'll ever see,
Until I reach eternity

MIRTH AND NONSENSE.

Jumping and skipping and romping away,
Just so it is that young children play;
So gleeful and merry and full of delight,
'Tis blessed to see such an innocent sight.

Why, a poet is young all the days of his life,
Unless he should get such a termagant wife—
And then, poor soul, no wonder he's dead,
Because he gets lectured when going to bed.

Now cease your ding-donging, my darling, my dear,
Had I known what I know, I'd never been here ;
So cease your flip-flappering, your evening song,
I never did right, but always did wrong.

What a rascal am I, you'd make me believe,
Up to such tricks that I always deceive ;
Poets have wings, and you know they must fly,
Away from fair beauty, when danger is nigh;

Their hearts are so touchy, and tender and light,
And change with a whiff, the same as a kite.
Inconstant say you; nay, never, say I—
Poets are honest and true till they die.

'Tis true their eyes are searching and keen,
To measure true beauty wherever 'tis seen ;
We'd smell a sweet rose, or kiss a fair face,—
But sure, you would'nt call that a disgrace.

FROST UPON THE WINDOW PANE.

(A Riddle.)

I've known an unseen hand,
With all the skill at its command,
To undertake to sketch and trace
The fairest lines with every grace;
But then, it had no instrument,
And nothing could its touch prevent;
It stealthily to its work applied
A certain and unerring guide;
It did accomplish in its way
Far more at night than in the day.

TO S. W.

Love and hate within my heart,
O, how painful is the smart;
Thou hast done the wicked deed,
Made my broken heart to bleed.

What avails thy lying tongue?
A lie born yesterday, so young!
Art thou not ashamed, to-day,
Ever to dare to kneel and pray?

Hide thy face! Keep from the street,
Nor ever dare a soul to meet.
Ah! shun me, if thou wilt—but still,
My love to thee thou cannot kill.

I love thee! I hate! I yet adore!
I'll worship thee forever more.
Ah! what a storm have I within,
Caused by desire thy love to win.

Come, let me penetrate and gain
Thy love, and all thy love retain.
Ah, woman, thou! how frail and fair,
That with another I must share.

Art thou not ashamed to be
Such a wanton unto me?
I thought thee virtuous, pure and good,
Thy nature washed in Jesus' blood.

Speak, then, tell me—is it true,
I have judged thee more than due?
Then forgive, 'twas love that erred,
Thou shalt not hear another word.

NEWPORT BY THE SEA.

Heard you of Newport by the Sea,
A place of sport and gaiety?
'Tis where lacrosse is lost and won,
And lovely ladies watch the fun;
And other things are won beside—
Many a groom and loving bride.
Polo, the Indian game, indeed,
Needs both courage, pluck, and speed.

I've seen the sport, it would excite
The best of men to take delight;
Innocent, active and alive,
They all with resolution strive
Betwixt the poles the ball to drive.
Behold, the combat's at its height—
So fierce the game, 'tis like a fight;
There's Belmont, Rodgers and the rest
In gay and fancy colors dressed,

And Lorillard, so fleet and gay,
Rides down upon his handsome bay.
Now, when the match is won and played,
Sweet music for the ear is made.
Now come with me, I'll show you more—
Things passing all along the shore.
'Tis eventide and night is near,
When carriages in streams appear.

Gay liveries, and gayer still
Are they who doth each carriage fill—
Beauty matchless, a nation's pride,
Richly arrayed, sent out to ride.

God bless the women of the land!
Its future welfare is in their hand.
Pass down Bellview, and far away,
Around the inlets and the bay,

And see the rocks both green and gray,
And watch the rising, dashing spray.
The breezes of the briny deep
Across the land begin to sweep,
And this allays the fervent heat,
Makes Newport happy and complete;
A place for comfort and delight,
With gardens pleasant to the sight.

Patches of grass, so rare and green,
While passing on, are ever seen;
And when the sun begins to rise,
A pall of mist before your eyes
Bedews the gardens all around.
'Tis there the robins then are found;
The dewdrops spangle in the sun,
The life of day is just begun.

And all is calm, yes, all is still,
The morning breaks from hill to hill;
The villas, nestling in the trees,
Are such as will the fancy please.
Such rural scenery around,
Will scarcely in the world be found.
And there the fort commands the bay,
To keep a hostile foe away.

The granite rocks laugh at the sea,
In all its wild and sportive glee;
The foaming surf but tries in vain
Its engulfing spirit to attain.

From age to age the promise is secure,
A wall of sand forever will endure,
And stay thy waves, thou boundless sea,
Tho' raging on till eternity.

And then the winding carriageway
Would seem to lead one far away;
The grassy sedge on either side,
So filled with flowers so multiplied,
With yellow, purple, scarlet, blue,
The fairest weeds which ever grew.
Describe fair Newport by the Sea—
It is a task too much for me.

RETROSPECTION. TO A LADY.

I WELL remember now the days of old,
When, like a lamb, I dwelt within the fold,
Secure from human guilt or guile,
Or Satan's arts, which will the soul defile.

Each Sabbath day was filled with heavenly joy,
The sunny gold of youth without alloy ;
The rosy bliss of maiden modesty
Made every semblance of sin to flee.

How strange, to-day, life's change has come at last !
I choose the seeming good, the die is cast.
The tree of which fair Eve herself did eat,
Had in itself the bitter and the sweet ;

So have I found, at last, from day to day,
The ill remains, the good but flies away;
And yet I still pursue and patient wait,
To find unsullied bliss within the golden gate.

MONOTONY,

Caused by hearing a preacher continually chew the same words over and over again. He could not make it go.

Monotony came unto me, and whispering in my ear :
Pray do not from my presence flee, you'll find me everywhere
I'm in the rising sun, and in the falling tear;
My work on earth will not be done, till motion cease every-
where.
I tire out the life of every living thing,
And ever keep at strife with those who change would bring.

When first the light began to shine
On this fair world, O, Lord, of Thine,
'Twas there I found my birth,
And when the streams began to flow o'er all the living earth ;
I'm moving still from every hill,
And all the valleys fill.
What, tho' I oft repeat the same ?
There is a charm hid in my name;
Tho' you might think I've nothing new,
I'm always fresh like morning dew.

From day to day I toil away,
And never bid the moments stay ;
The stars on high, which fill the sky,
Shine brighter to the human eye.
Monotony ! they oft reply,
When questioning the race they run;
The same they cry when first begun.
The seasons in their solemn round
Bring forth the same above the ground.

When fair Creation bloomed and spread,
Sprang forth the living from the dead.
Monotonous is the running stream,
Which onward ripples like a dream;
From day to day, it babbles by,
In limpid clearness to the eye,
Showing the fleecy clouds on high,
Or when the moon with silver light,
Dispels the darkness of the night,

And all the flaming stars convey
Their lambient brilliancy away.
From yonder skies to earth below,
The streams their mirror'd brightness show.
The mountains, towering to the skies,
On which the snow in whiteness lies,
Are but the same, from day to day,
On which the sun his beams display.

The diamond glitters, shines and burns,
Brilliant its flames—which way it turns,
Always the same, yet ever new,
An emblem of the spangling dew;
The blood-like ruby—ever bright,
Yet changes never to the sight.

Monotony all around I see,
From day to day, in every tree;
Nay, in the eye, where I would gaze,
Till love itself was in a blaze,
It shines undim'd, with hallow'd bliss,
Just like the precious lips I kiss.
Monotony! O, thou pearl of earth!
What tongue can ever tell thy worth?

The grain which ripens in the field,
Which doth a bounteous harvest yield,
In undulations swerving, till
The expanding chaff begins to fill,
Just like the seas' wild wind-tossed waves,
Which the undaunted seaman ever braves.
This sublime scene doth please the eye,
While the clouds ride racking through the sky.

COMPOSED ON EASTER SUNDAY, 1882,

In Philadelphia, on account of so many lilies being displayed in private windows.

I saw a glorious sight to-day,
While passing down the street;
"We're King!" I heard the lilies say,
Which made my heart to beat.
I then remembered how 'twas said
That Solomon, in all his pride,
Not once was even thus arrayed,
By One, who since has died.

But, then, the lilies told to-day
Of beauty, bloom and youth;
A language which they still convey;
Christ spoke eternal truth.
And from each window, as I passed,
Yes, with pleasure, passing by,
A meditative glance I cast,
To please my longing eye.

The flowers said : "'Tis Easter morn !
'Twas then that Christ did rise,
And left the sepulchre forlorn;
Come, see it with your eyes.
Ah, yes ! " the flowers said to-day,
"The streets are even clean.
Christ takes the filth of sin away
To let the soul be seen."

This city may indeed rejoice,
With gladness at the sight.
No more complains the public voice,
The rogues are put to flight;
Now Flora reigns, she's queen indeed.
Behold ! on every side,
Tho' sin hath made the Saviour bleed,
We're glad He ever died.

But flowers rise and bloom again,
Renewed life to live ;
And so He rose, who once was slain,
Eternal life to give.

And shall a flower its life renew,
Through falling of the morning dew,
And bloom from year to year,
And man within the grave still lie,
An object of mortality,
And never more appear ?
No, God will breathe His quickening breath,
To raise the sleeping out of death,

To live, and sleep no more.
For He hath said it shall be so,
And God will keep His heavenly law,
Which angels do adore.

Time passes by, yet still I lie,
Silent, sleeping, slumbering below ;
The earth is rent, all time is spent,
And death is filled with living awe ;

The burning mount, the springing fount,
Now pass like shadows swift away;
The sleeping dead rise from their bed,
And tremble at the bright array ;
One Judge alone, sits on the throne,
With lovely eyes of beaming bliss ;
But fiends in hell, shriek out and yell,
To see His glorious righteousness.

ONLY A SUNBEAM.

Only a sunbeam, I seek from day to day,
To shed a little light as I pass along the way ;
I burnish the flowers with hues of every kind,
The impress of my work is what I leave behind ;
I gather up the dew drops, hanging on the grass,
And lift away the mist, as it begins to pass ;
I shine a little while on all things here below,
And play upon the mountains, and melt away the snow.

The gurgling brook goes laughing along its winding way,
Until the frosty night bids it once more to stay ;
I burst the bonds which winter has thrown on all around,
And spread a green mantle upon the naked ground ;
I cause the leaves and blossoms, which hang upon the trees,
To scent the air with fragrance, and flutter in the breeze.
All nature is jubilant, and now begins to raise
Its voice of thanksgiving, as I'm passing thro' the skies.

I chase away in triumph the darkness of the night,
And fill the earth with singing, at the approaching light;
I never tire or weary as I journey on my way,
But constant fill my station, nor ever stop to play;
And though I'm but a sunbeam, a very little thing,
I shine upon the beggar and the mantle of the king;
Tho' clouds of thickest darkness may often intervene,
I still am ever shining, though to the eye unseen.

I gild the sea of clouds with gold and crimson, too,
And make a world of glory which mortals never knew;
I mirage the prismatic rainbow, as a token of my power,
When clouds of thickest come teeming in the shower;
I gild the clouds with flames of light as I depart to rest,
And burnish the valleys and mountains of the west,
With the roseate blush of evening, as I depart away;
The moon and stars take up the theme until the break of day;
I shone of old in Paradise upon the human pair,
But lost my shine on all around,—Jehovah, God, was there!

HOLY SPIRIT HYMN.

Composed while listening to a sermon on the work of the Holy Spirit—and the preacher did nothing but attack with acrimony another denomination.

Come, spirit, breathe the holy fire,
For Thou, alone, canst this inspire
Into every waiting heart,
And with this Thyself impart!

For who can ever guide the soul
Its wildest passions to control—
To gain eternal life?

Art not thou the purchased power,
Which Christ from heaven alone can shower
Upon His chosen church below?

Then let Thy ear attend our cry,
And send the blessing from on high;
To-day we look to Thee,
To set our captive spirits free.

We choose not how Thou shalt display
Thy glory in our present day,
But send Thy blessing now,
And cause all stubborn hearts to bow

To Thy sweet gracious reign
And bring them back again.
Oh! let Thy Spirit now control
Each yearning and aspiring soul,

And give the life of love,
Which only comes from Thee above;
For was it not for this Thou came
To light in our hearts a living flame?

Oh! now the sacred fire begin,
And make an end of cursed sin;
Oh, let the spirit take of Thee
The things which sets our spirits free,

And lift us all above,
And fill us with Thy love.
Dispel the gloom, and ever shine,
Oh, Saviour, Thou, the King Divine.

Is not Thy reign a reign of joy,
Which shall all fear and hate destroy,
Combining every part?
Thou dost the sweetest blessings bring
To those who seek Thee for their King,
To reign in every heart.

THE SOUL.

What is the soul, which dwells in human clay?
Is it the life of man which never can decay?
The image of the Unseen One on High,
Pent in the dust till death bids it to fly
Back to the Invisible, who reigns above,
Whose name is glorious light and nature love?

Ah, soul! thou vital spark within the breast,
How frail a frame for such a wondrous guest!
This world below was made for thine abode,
Till thou return unto thy father, God!
Aspire at once again to rise and shine,
In temples fit for such a being as thine.

Jesus, the master of the human frame,
Waits now to stamp on thee His glorious name,
Redeem'd, renewed, made deathless by His might,
Chang'd again from darkness into light.
A sinful soul, a sinner now no more,
Fall at His feet, to worship and adore.
Rejoice! be glad, thy pardon it is free,
Christ's love will last thro' all eternity.

A SONG UNTO GOD—APRIL, 1848.

Composed in Leeds, Yorkshire, England, in early life.

Oh, Thou most high, I will sing of Thy glory,
For Thou hast covered my soul with the dew of Thy holiness.
Thou hast made me to rejoice in the morning,
Because of the harmony of the works of Thine hand ;
Yea, Thou hast filled my soul with delight,
As Thou didst Thy servant David.
All that I behold is Thine;
I am Thine, and all my soul is Thine.
The morning dews are Thine, and the little birds that sing
Because of the coming light, are Thine, and man is Thine.

That seeketh after Thee, him wilt Thou receive,
Because Thou lovest those who seek Thee.
When he searches for thee, he will find Thee in Thy holy habitation;
And when he knocketh, Thou wilt open unto him,
And fill him with a glorious light ;
Yea, with an immortal brightness wilt Thou fill him.

It is thine to bestow glory on man,
For as a vessel didst Thou make him,
And breathed into his nostrils the breath of eternal life ;
And that breath was love.
But what am I, that Thou shouldst fill mine eyes with an immortal light ?
For in a deep sleep, I was as one that is dead.
In a vision I beheld the brightness of Thy glory;
The clouds were opened, and the heavens were encircled about with a flame of glorious brightness.
Yea, at which my soul was exalted.

I seemed as if calling to all the world to help me to praise Thee.
And the people came, like as cometh the sunbeams in the morning.
And they praised Thee, and great was the joy which filled all the kindreds of the earth.
And I called upon Thee to make me clean,
Because my body is Thy holy temple.
Then I shall be robed in white ;
In a flame of whiteness shall I be robed, even forever. Amen.

THE JUDGMENT DAY, OR, MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY,

Composed 1881.

Only a word, just one word,
And that was all I heard;
It was a solemn sound,
Which echoed all around:
"Time shall be no more,"
Sounds from shore to shore.
The sun was in the sky,
Shining upon high.

The clocks ceased ticking on,
As if all time was gone ;
The earth began to shake,
To tremble and to quake ;
Fruit dropped from off the trees,
At the rustling of the breeze ;
Whistling hail came rushing down,
And angry clouds began to frown;

And gleams of flame, shining bright,
Scorched the earth with dazzling light;
The rocks now tumbled all around,
The soil was writhing on the ground;
The shining grass in flames became,
Even the waters turned to flame;
From north to south and east and west,
The restless earth could find no rest;

The trembling mountains shone so bright,
That darkness fled—there was no night;
The dead arose, each living form
Saw, with awe, the judgment storm;
Thence, thro' the heavenly flaming void,
Countless angels were employed;
Some sealed the holy, just and good,
And sinners washed in Jesus' blood,—
Unclothed, the souls of others stood,

Trembling in their fearful dread,
By frightful angry devils led.
How oft were friends amazed to see
Souls lost, professing sanctity!
Lost! lost! forever lost!
Upon a seething sea now tossed.
Wild rose the waves all fiery red,
The sea's deep void gave up its dead.

Agony of agony! See!
Millions from the Saviour flee;
He holds the keys of death and hell,
For those who did on earth rebel;

The lightning's shine is on His brow,
And drops of blood begin to flow;
Crimson and white His raiment seemed,
While all around His brightness gleamed.

The earth recedes! dissolves! is gone!
And puts her flaming raiment on;
Vile bodies, changed to flames of fire,
Mount upward with the heavenly choir;
But, awful grossly, full of lust,
Retain their parts in feeling dust;
"Water!" they cry, "darkness or death!"
The breath they breathe is fiery breath.

"Lost! lost! I am forever lost!
A soulless life—ah, bitter cost!
I lived in sin, sin was my food,
And I despised His precious blood,
Despised His precepts, words and love;
His threatenings now, alas, I prove
Too true! His presence brings dismay!
My sins shine out in bright array."

Dark deeds, long hid in darkness lay,
Beam on the doer's brow to-day;
And men who only preached for pay,
Or preached for fame or human praise,
Their voices in awful accents raise:
"How blind was I, and as blindly led
The living, while myself was dead!
Come, oh, ye mountains all on fire,
Now hide me from the Judge's ire!

Why wail ye at my sad estate,
And look on me with hellish hate?
Did I deceive you when on earth?
Too well you loved both sin and mirth.
Begone! your presence makes my hell,
It makes my heart with anguish swell."
Adulterers rise in smoking flames;
Deceitful coquettes with hellish games

Stand aghast at their duplicity,
And on the wings of horror flee;
Hark their cry! deeds done in the night
At last, alas! are brought to light.
"I played my part to win a heart,
And feel my own with anguish smart;
I sowed the seed, and now I reap
Hatred, which makes my heart to weep.

Oh! hide my deeds and wicked ways,
And let not men and devils gaze
On my foul deeds, all in a blaze.
Pity, pity my sad distress,
My sins are great, but make them less."
The flatterer now, with cynic leer,
Begins to mock, and scorn and jeer,
"You loved the fulsome praise I gave,
And thus became your own free slave."

Look at his tongue, in flames of blue,
Dropping along its fiery dew.
"When I praised you or did commend,
It was to keep you as a friend;

Your eyes but sparkled with conceit,
Your conquest was to me complete ;
I fed you with the food you loved,
And thus your conceited nature proved.

But here's a friend of a different kind,
Perhaps he'll suit your fickle mind."
Begone ! thou lying fiend from me,
Or I myself must flee from thee ;
Hence ye twin devils of the earth,
One filled with hate, the other mirth ;
Slanderer ! thou speckled imp of hell,
Clothed in the lies, which thou didst tell.

Breathe not thy hot, sulphurous breath,
And help to make my living death.
Oh ! had I known you while on earth,
I'd fled your hatred and your mirth.
Too late, and must I always dwell
With vile, deceitful fiends in hell ?
The heavens shone bright, far above,
Filled with a halo of golden love.

Faces seraphic shone with light—
Darkness fled, there was no night.
The void beneath but blacker grew
Around where angry devils flew,
In strife and tumult raising high
Their impious laugh while passing by.
Hark ! how they exulting tell
How high professors often fell :

"I caught that one with fulsome praise,
Whisper'd by woman's cunning ways;
And this to other sins then led—
Then God's inspiring bliss was dead;
Head work alone he preached and told,
His wages praise, and shining gold;
I hate a man whose soul is filled
With heavenly love from Christ distilled."

These men will never preach for hire,
Whose words are like a flame of fire,
Who sit not down to con and think
What shall I eat? what shall I drink?
Or meditate just how to please
The listening throng with greatest ease.
O devil fiends! how calm and bold
These men the tale of love have told.

Spontaneous were their words of power,
Inspired for that gracious hour,
Then blind eyes were opened wide,
To see the flowing crimson tide,
Warm from the Saviour's bleeding side.
Oh, give me but a stripling breed to preach,
Who His academic themes shall teach;
Few are the souls which ever find
Renewing life to ease the mind.

His words will fall like flakes of snow,
Beautiful and cold, without a glow;
The sinner, listening, will still remain
A sinner, when comes the chance again.

But here comes a peacock kind of man,
While living, thus his fancy ran :
"I knew Hebrew, Greek and Latin,
And daily kept my holy matin ;

I fasted forty days and nights,
In gloomy darkness, with rushlights;
I wore sackcloth, and on my head,
Ashes of sandal-wood were spread ;
Never looked lustful on woman's face,
Nor on my sect have brought disgrace;
No vile passions within my heart
Caused me in sin to take a part.

I never felt the fiery flame,
Which fills the earth with guilt and shame ;
In my napkin, 'twas here I hid
My one talent, as I was bid.
But why should I be here at all,
Seeing my sin has been so small ?"
One spot upon his raiment shone—
"I'm righteous in myself alone !"

And in his steps there millions go;
While walking on the earth below,
I heard a sad, heartrending cry—
Wail after wail went passing by.
And who are these, half shining bright ?
Wandering stars reserved for night,
Once illumined with the glory shine,
Enlightened with the light divine;

A stench, a smoke springs from each head,
Because by lustful passions led
From gloryland to deadly sin,
To let the vile enchanter in;
"Lost," is their cry—"forever lost—
A moment's bliss, a soul the cost!
Lost yon bright realms of holy joy,
Foul sin did all my hopes destroy.

I fell, and could not rise again,
Thus all my hopes of heaven were slain."
A laugh went up from every side:—
"Ye would not have the Blood applied;
Ye would not let the Saviour in,
To kill and conquer every sin;
Ye had the light but not the fire,
To burn up each lust and base desire."

Each still retains his stamp in life,
Even through all the storm and strife;
Even the child, in his estate
In hell, is filled with cruel hate.
A mother's wrong seems rising now
Upon each youthful sunny brow.
The cry is heard: "Mother, indeed!
My footsteps wrong 'twas thou didst lead

In paths of guilt and sin and shame,
Blighting my poor father's name.
Only for vile lust and baser gold,
My precious soul, on earth, was sold.

A moment's joy and fleeting bliss
Has brought me to a hell like this.
The pangs I feel, the agony,
Forever, in eternity ! "

And brother's here—he, too, was led
For title's sake and gold to wed
A woman lost in sin and shame !
Yes, viler than I care to name :—
"Oh, hadst though lived in holy fear,
Our family, cursed, had not been here ! "
And now appears an angry crew,
As vile as ever mortals knew;

Contentious and as full of spleen
As ever a devil yet has been;
Lost through the dogmas of the day,
Kept falling out when in the way.
A grain of love amongst the lot,
Search as you will, it can't be got.
They'd rules and regulations sure,
None but a fool would once endure.

One wore a parti-colored coat,
And when baptized, he must not float ;
Another said, while in his sleep,
"You know you've got the law to keep."
Grace was a thing to them unknown,
Or if 'twas so, they would not own.
These men, while dwelling on the earth,
Stopped every sign of childish mirth,

As rigid as a guide-post standing
Half way in the church, upon the landing;
Leaving it not, nor going in,
For such a course would be a sin.
These came from every age and clime,
One spirit ruled all; while in time,
Factious and self-willed, thus they died,
Full of conceit and filled with pride.

Submission they would never wear,
Nor learn the lesson to forbear.
Thousands of souls seeking the way
Which leads to bright, celestial day,
Turned back again when these they saw;
Others, trembling with holy awe,
Passed softly on, until they found
Much safer and surer standing ground.

Some of their heads were flaming bright,
Their hearts were blacker than the night;
Or in an incandescent state,
Or cinerated, full of hate,
Flaming with zeal, but not with love,
Short of that blessing from above.
In these distracting souls appear,
Knowledge, without a godly fear.

But now they fear the holy frown
Of Him they never yet would own ;
His eye but pierces deep within,
And shows to each his damning sin.

Some beloved lust which held them fast,
Shines lurid to all eyes, at last ;
Of faith they talked, and read and wrote,
For which on earth they'd gladly fought.

An ignis fatuus of the brain,
Had been their ruin and their bane.
Faith springs from love, not mine, but Thine,
A holy fire of joy divine,
In mercy sent to those who seek,
The humble heart, the lowly, meek ;
'Tis heaven's gift sent from above,
And found alone in Jesus' love;

Springs in the heart, not in the head,
All other kinds of faith is dead ;
Gift unspeakable, lost at first,
When disobedient man was curst.
Brought back by death upon the cross,
Our gain it was the Saviour's loss.
Explendurated then was love,
'Twas there that Jesus Christ did prove
That the Jehovah, God, is love.

The torment now increased in strength,
The plains of woe, their awful length
Filled with floods of fiery flame,
Showing each sinner's burning shame.
Countless hordes now groan and weep,
Seeking in death or endless sleep
Immunity from woe and pain,
Hiding each sin's refulgent stain ;

Clouds of thick darkness all around
Envelops now each awful sound ;
Fiends even revel in the strife,
And murderers try to end their life ;
Vain the attempt, more woe remains,
And keener grows the hellish pains.
Malice and envy, twin brothers, rise,
Gigantic even in the Devil's eyes ;

At their approach hell groans and sighs,
Their children, hatred, swarm like flies.
Look at the face of this pale child,
Yes, look, for hatred never smiled,
Unless deception was its nurse;
Its mother's milk was but the curse.
How seeming full of love some people are,—
Good breeding keeps them out of war;

Hell throws off the mask—all is seen,
No gauzy cloak can come between
The gazer's eye and the real being.
Hark how the devils laugh at these pretenders,
Breakers, trying to be menders.
O, device of all devices—
Seems to be the worst of vices.
All black within, yes, black as night,
Patched here and there with snowy white,—

Backbiters biting best of friends,
Commending them to make amends.
Oh, horrid leeches, drawing out
Of other hearts both fear and doubt,

Causing coldness and contention
With a whisper, "Don't you mention."
Hell now reveals those vile traitors
As being but backbiting praters,

Filling every home with sadness,
Where would have been both joy and gladness,
But for this vile and damning madness!
The wickedest sank lowest in the flame,
While devils recorded every name.
Each tried to hide his burning shame,
His sin, just as he'd done before,
But here 'tis recorded evermore.

Some wretches draw near the fiery void
And seem with cunning care employed
To guard and watch, and ever keep
Some treasure even while in sleep.
And on each forehead shines in flame,
Miserable misers—this is their name.
Rags and vermin mixed in with gold,
Told every day, and then retold;

And with tenacious grasp to hold,
Even when their breathless clay was cold;
Their torment now was tormenting fear,
Because so many thieves appear.
The miser would even scorn to steal,
Even the counterfeit he would reveal;
One sinner hates another's sin,
His own he slyly lets it in,

And guards it with peculiar care,
And gives it in his heart a share.
And now a stranger scene is seen,
Multitudes who were never clean,
Either in heart, or life on earth,
As no one ever knew their worth;
They'd preach'd, and pray'd, and kept account,
The world knew the exact amount,

All they gave, not why 'twas given,
That was only known in Heaven.
O, had they been but as sincere
As they to others did appear,
Suffering would not have found them here.
Some dazzling sin in golden chains,
In which its lover never now complains,
Covered each hypocrite with stains.

Illusions now are swept away,
At this, the awful judgment day.
Oh, hide these dungeon scenes of woe,
Of hell's fiery, murky void below;
Come to those golden gates above,
Where Jesus triumphs in his love.
Light, light ! eternal light I see,
All Heaven cries out Eternity !

Flowers, fadeless, which ever bloom,
Scenting the air with rich perfume.
Could I describe the heavenly scene,
'Twould win the heart of every being;

And yet 'twere nought to Him who reigns
O'er these bright, joyous, heavenly plains.
The stars are gone, the mountains fled,
The earth has given up her dead.

All time is gone, it is no more ;
The sea needs not its sandy shore.
Earth, sea, and clouds, have vanished now,—
These elements are in a glow,
Dissolved and purified, now bright,
They help to make eternal light.
Lost glory now restored appears,
All pain is gone and also tears.

Oh, heaven ! thou holy state and place,
Thou throne of Christ's triumphing grace !
Thou place oft named, but never seen,
But by few in a fleshly being.
Thou glory realm, thou home of joy,
Where angels eternity employ,
In praise and adoration still,
To accomplish Jehovah's will.

TO BEAUTIFUL MARY BROWN,

A dear Irish girl.

Since lovely Mary's come so near
Again, I'll never weep a tear ;
  Even the sun begins to shine,
For roses are ever blooming bright,
On her fair cheeks, both red and white ;
  This makes her beauty look divine.

Away ye ladies of the land,
Ye cannot in her presence stand,
  She's beauty's matchless gem,
For dare you now contest the prize ;
You'll see it won by Mary's eyes,—
  She'll wear the diadem.

Far in the land beyond the seas,
Now dies the grass, and fade the trees,
  Since Mary's come away.
The granite rocks would soften down,
If even Mary cast a frown,
  And cease to be so grey.

THE SAD PARTING.

  Farewell for ever!
  Eternity will sever,
We'll never meet again!
  My heart is sick and sad,
  To think I ever had
So dear a friend, to give me pain.
  Ah! what's the worth of life,
  Since we must have such strife
From one I may not love again?

  Ah, cursed be the day,
  I ever heard thee say
    Farewell for ever.
  I ask the God of love,
  I mean the One above,
  Me did she ever love,
    But echo answers, never!

LOVE.

Ah ! love, it is a saucy thing,
You'll feel it has a naughty sting ;
If ever you should let it in,
It will at last the mastery win.

You'll oft regret you ever met,
For then he'll make your pocket sweat ;
He'll lead you blindly by the nose,
And pierce you like the lovely rose.

Why he, the saucy, doughty wight,
He'll wake you often through the night,
And likewise blind your eyes through spite ;
He'll take your appetite away,
And thus deceiving, call it play ;

He'll build up expectations great,
Then whisper, "Sir, it is too late."
He, oh, I know him, the cunning sprite,
He'd rather run away than fight.

Love's a coward, for I've seen him hide
From one he'd like to be his bride ;
Yes, was even longing to embrace
Her sylph-like form, and kiss her face.

He loses where he oft might win,
For should he act, he'd call it sin.
His character, pray who can describe ?
Sometimes he'll even take a bribe.

Sometimes he'll swear 'tis not he indeed,
And make your broken heart to bleed ;
He oft employs the flatterer's tongue
In words and songs by poets sung.

He builds his castles in the air,
In which the enchantress takes a share ;
Then the blissful visions die away,
And love lies bleeding all the day.

What murders love has basely done,
And battles lost he might have won;
No sooner born but quickly dies,
Because love dresses in disguise.

THE WORDS OF JESUS.

"THEN gather up the fragments,
That nothing may be lost,"
Are the words of Jesus,
The Captain of the host.

"My Kingdom is unseen,
For I must reign within;
When the heart begins to soften,
'Tis then that I begin

"To reign in gentle sweetness,
As now I reign above,
For the law I bring below
Is but the law of love.

"Oh! when will men but hear,
And listen unto Me?
I came not to bind the will,
But came to set it free.

DECEITFUL LOVE.

Ah ! love it is a slippery thing,
Just like a bird upon the wing,—
'Tis here to-day and gone to-morrow,
Filling the heart with saddest sorrow ;
It has its lights and shades and colds,
Leaving but blight within its folds ;
Uncertain as a summer's day—
Stays but awhile, then soon away.

I thought I had him in my heart,
But jealousy bid him depart.
Sweet love ! how coy and shy and wild,
As wayward as a little child ;
Canst thou not find a place of rest
Within my fevered, troubled breast ?
Who drove thee hence, bid thee begone ?
Was it a fickle and unfaithful one ?

Was she a flirt ? or what was she ?
The fairest of the fair to thee,
Or something worse ? Speak not a word ;
Such language never should be heard.
Her voice was gentle, sweet and clear,—
The very sweetest you could hear ;
Her eyes with heavenly radiance shined ;
She cast all mischief far behind ;

Her hair was of the choicest brown,
Not bought or borrow'd, but her own ;
And then her lips, when gently pressed,
Set all within the heart at rest.

What made thee fly away from me,
Sweet love? to find thy liberty?
A monster, all in green and gray,
Bid me in haste to fly away.

No courtesan or libertine
Was this fair lady-love of mine.
She only loved to spark and blaze,
And in the eyes of men to gaze;
Coquette, I've heard them say was she,—
That's just the thing she was to me.
Sodom's apples were not half so fine
As this fair lady-love of mine.

And yet I lov'd, till very late,
Her flirting turned it into hate;
Such transformations oft take place
Amongst the fickle human race;
And now, sweet love, pray fly away,
Until we meet another day.

IF YOU WERE A LILY.

If you were a lily, and a dew-drop on your lip,
I would not shake the pearly gem away;
Or, if in those lovely eyes of thine,
One of those gems began to shine,
I'd let it run its gentle course,
And mingle it with mine;
For we are told to weep
With those who ever weep,
And thus the new commandment,
In sweetest love to keep.

We are told our life's a vapor,
  Appearing for a day,
Then let us try to comfort
  Each other by the way.
A few kind words from loving lips,
  Such lips as those of thine,
Would brighten up my pathway,
  And cause it all to shine.

A HYMN.

When dead in my sin,
  And lost to all right,
'Twas Jesus shed forth
  His beautiful light.

Despised and neglected,
  Forgotten as dead,
All hallow'd the radiance
  Which around me He spread.

In mercy He blessed me,
  And said I forgive,
Till now thou wast dead,
  Henceforth thou shalt live.

I'll fill thee with love
  And gladness, and peace,
Tho' weak thy endeavours,
  My might shall increase,

Thy feeble attempts
  Thy approaches to Me,
For I will be gracious,
  Yes, gracions to thee.

FROST WORK.

THE frost upon the window pane,
Just at its work has been again ;
I think it's mighty keen at night,
When it must now be up to write.

I'll warm it for its impudence,
And thus for ever send it thence ;
Away ! you crusty, cringy thing,
You shall not to my garments cling ;
I hate your arms, they clasp so cold,—
You will not go, tho' often told.

But then I'll fetch a friend of mine,
Which on your silvery face shall shine ;
He soon will be your death and bane,
And send you from the window-pane.

THE MINISTER'S VOCATION.

VESSELS of mercy, distilling the dew,
As it keeps falling so gently on you,
Going about, like the Master of old,
Bringing the wanderers back to the fold ;
Feeding the lambs and watching the sheep,
Lest in their wanderings they are falling asleep.

For such is the way I would have you to toil,
Breaking the snares, and old Satan to foil ;
Warn the unruly, and bid them beware,
Lest, enticed by Satan, they fall in his snare.

Kindle a flame in the hearts which are cold,
Making the timorous both happy and bold.
Wake up the sleeping ! give life to the dead !
For Christ is the Word by which they are fed.

BEAUTIFUL MARY BROWN.

Beautiful Mary Brown,
Mary from over the sea;
Her heart is as light as a feather,
Yes, rather too light for me.

She flies away from my grasp,
When I would her person embrace;
For you know I always loved roses—
Such roses as bloom on her face.

Why, Mary is fairer than fair,
Genteel, and sweet as a dove;
Then, no wonder that I should declare
'Tis Mary alone that I love.

You've heard of the beautiful women
Who come from the land of the green,
But of all that ever departed,
My Mary is the queen.

I mean the queen of beauty;
Her eyes shine like the dew,
And every morning she appears
In radiance ever new.

She loves the crimson ribbon—
In this she takes a pride,—
The beautiful color that will not fade,
But always true abide.

I wonder if my Mary
Ever felt the darts of love;
She seems to be still unwounded,
But I'll quickly her armour prove.

Now Mary, my beautiful Mary,
Just give one glance at me,
And if I should take you captive,
I'll quickly set you free.

Ah, Mary, I feel you're winning
A stolen march on me,
For your bonnie eyes have conquered—
I pray thee, set me free.

Ah! wound me not again, my dear,
Ah! wound me not to day,
For I'm but a weak, frail man,
And easily led astray.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Who's that goes limping through the land,
And takes a mite from every hand?
A soldier from the Crimean wars,—
You see that by his cruel scars.

Of his upright form and handsome face,
There is scarcely left a single trace;
Who loves him now, who loved before
The battle cry began to roar?

The village maids now pass him by,
Without a smile or single sigh,
But there is one who loves him still,
In spite of scars and every ill:—
"My mother!" is the brave man's cry,
"With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die."

ONLY A BIRD.

I've seen a bird, a bonnie bird,
A bird which could not flee,
Caught in a snare, with artful care,—
That little bird was me.

It struggled with its captor—
It struggled to be free ;
But got the more entangled,
In its captivity.

And now, my cunning keeper,
What will you do to-day?
Will you give to me my liberty,
And let me flee away?

And while I plead for mercy,
To pierce your flinty heart,
Then are you such a craven,
As not to feel the smart?

You told me that you loved me,
You told me so to-day ;
And now that you have won me,
You bid me go astray.

TO A LADY AT NEWPORT.

Thou lovely disdainer,
I'll be the refrainer,
And far from thy presence I'll flee ;
Tho' peerless thy beauty,
I feel it my duty
To hie me away for ever from thee.

The spell of thine eyes
But fills me with sighs,
And longings for something untold ;
But why should I wait
To seek such a mate,
Thou only art waiting for gold.

But oh, thou sweet dove,
Thou knows that I love ;
My anguish no mortal can tell ;
Wilt thou ever return
The love that does burn,
Completing the magical spell?

God looks upon the smallest thing with regard ; men upon what appears great. Nay, God has made things that are small more valuable in their properties—the diamond, how small, but yet how precious !

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother had nothing but lads,
My father I never knew ;
And mother always hated old gads,
Though their tittle and tattle was true.

She knew how to card and to spin,
And both end and a stocking begin ;
Her cottage it always was clean,
And nothing about her was mean.

Though a widow, and left all alone,
She was glad as a king on his throne ;
Not a day passed over her head,
But she thanked the Lord for her bread ;
And often, with sorrow of heart,
She had with us laddies to part.

Ah ! mother's a wonderful word,
And charming wherever 'tis heard ;
Without we knelt down for to pray,
She never once sent us away.

I have her picture, as taken of old,
Not mirrored in silver or framed in gold ;
I see it when thousands are all around,
'Tis an image of flesh, in flesh it is bound.

EARLY CHIPS, YEARS AGO.

Wise men smile,
Fools laugh—
But idiots giggle.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST FOR A POOR DISAPPOINTED LOVER.

Forget me not! and with a sigh,
He upward cast his languid eye,
And down his face the teardrops ran,
Which showed the anguish in the man.
And can a woman change her mind,
And prove so fickle and unkind?
Can such a one, so fair, so pure,
No sadden'd cheek or cross endure?

What foiled thy love? What hindered thee
From being the morning star to me?
Thou led me on to better things.
And hast thy love then taken wings,
And fled away, no more to be
The bright and morning star to me?
Nay, nay! I would not think thee cold,
Thou said thy love was never told.

And then that honest face of thine
Made all thy passion seem divine.
Thine eyes would speak with eloquence,
They said I love without pretence.
Thou blessed one, I love thee still,
But never tried, with cunning skill,
To win thy pure and guileless heart,
Or with deceit to make it smart.

Then why forget or silent be?
For thou art all the world to me.
Come, let me hear thy voice again,
And take away this inward pain;

Or else then let thy pen indite
A few kind words in black and white ;
Forget me not, nor unkindly say :
"For ever from my presence stay."

THE WIFE TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Forget me not, my lord and love,
When thou shalt with the stranger move
In scenes of merriment and bliss,
Nor steal the oft-desired kiss,
Nor e'er forget thy vows to me,
But prove with strict fidelity
When tempting eyes would lead astray,
Or aught my loving lord betray.
For human hearts are easily led
To forget the living and the dead ;
Then prove to me with constant aim
Thy love for me a steady flame,
Nor let the stranger, with her smile,
Thy burning passions e'er beguile ;
For didst thou not, awhile ago,
Profess and swear to keep the law,
The law of love which does abide,
Faithful and true, whenever tried ?
May He whose eye can ever trace
The windings of the serpent race,
Watch over thee and keep thee free,
A chosen one, amongst the few
Who daily keep their marriage vow
Sacred and true on earth below !

THIS WAS COMPOSED BY REQUEST

FOR

MISS MARY WOODRUFF, OF NEW YORK STATE,

A VERY LOVELY AMERICAN WOMAN.

What shall it profit to look in thy face,
And at thy nice figure below?
Tho' I may wish to kiss and embrace,
Thou quickly would tell me to go.

But at thy kind, loving request,
I'll endeavour to tell what thou art;
But could I thyself have caressed,
I'd quickly the knowledge impart.

Thine eyes are a fountain of joy,
A fountain of bliss and delight;
As matchless as Helen of Troy,
Who made two whole nations to fight.

I've taken thy picture, 'tis true,
I see thy fair face in my heart;
But ah, I'm afraid I shall rue,
For now thou hast made it to smart.

Competition I see on thy cheek,
A race with the red and the white;
Thy lips when they open to speak,
Show thy teeth, both pearly and white.

Oh! let me but gaze once again,
Just one loving glance from thine eye;
Thy presence I feel in my brain,
The reason I cannot tell why.

If this be the fire of love,
Let it blaze and burn and shine;
How rich should I be, could I only flee
Into those loving arms of thine.

THE FIRST MEETING.

When first in thy presence I came,
'Twas with joy I saw thee arise;
And thy lips soon kindled the flame,
Begun from a spark in thine eyes.

Oh! the sweet burning bliss which I felt,
Like a flash went keen to my heart,
And thou bowed down thine head when I knelt;
Then I asked if thou felt the sweet smart.

I'll never forget how precious and sweet
Thy red lips were then unto me,
And thy embrace made my caper complete
To share in such blest purity.

A SMART REPARTEE.

A LADY LOOKING AT HERSELF IN A GLASS.

Gent.—Love you the being seen in the glass?
Lady.—No, sir, I love the being who's not an ass.
Go ask your mother what's your name,
A donkey, sir (said she, with shame).
Love you the being your mother's named?
But the donkey went away ashamed.

—Badinage.

ON A WOMAN'S DISADVANTAGES.

A BLIGHT on my life's come at last,—
I loved, but he would'nt discern;
'Twas he was the choice of my heart,
A lesson he never would learn.

He used to long for my presence,
But now he cometh no more;
Oh, what can have changed his feeling?
For he shunneth the open door.

Why cannot a woman unbosom
Herself to the man of her choice,
But must smother the flame in her heart,
And not give the sweet passion a voice?

Oh, should I again ever feel it,
Tho' told with confusion and shame,
And the world might call me a wanton,
I never would smother the flame.

So, all you young maids, out of pity,
Don't blush while you're singing my song;
A woman oft loses a bargain,
And in silence must suffer the wrong.

I seemed to rebuff him, I know,
'Twas done but to draw him along;
His passion it needed enflaming,
To make his love constant and strong.

A man who turns at a shadow,
Who fears to go forward and win,
Had better let true love alone,
And never take heart to begin.

THE SAUCY WIFE.

Who'd have a saucy wife,
Who's ever on the grumble,
And when you're fast asleep at nights,
Right through your pockets fumble?

Who'll up and tear like any scold,
And pull your ears right hearty,
And wring your pate, if 'tis not bald,
As bad as Irish MacCarty.

A woman has her ways to gain
The thing she most desires,
Therefore you, men, had better grant
Whatever she requires.

Well may a man leave his home,
When his wife's tongue is like a rattle;
Had she a little common sense,
She soon would cease her prattle.

The devil take those saucy kind,
Sometimes we call the witches,
Whose only aim through life
Is to wear their husbands' breeches.

Go seek another flame, my man,
A being to suit your fancy;
And should you quickly then succeed,
Why, always call her Nancy.

But what wife could ever brook
To have a lovely rival;
Why, then, sir, I'd have you know,
This is the way to cure a family devil.

FATAL LOVE.

Many a lover takes a leap
Into that sea of sin so deep,
That forever causes the eyes to weep.

A poet worship'd at thy shrine
And felt his soul was one with thine,
While thy sweet eyes looked into mine.

And tender pity bred true love,
Till from thy gaze I could not move;
No wonder, then, that I should love.

GRAINS OF GOLD, FROM EARLY LIFE REFLECTIONS, IN 1859.

He who meditates on good things, prepares his heart to receive them.

When the devil, as an angel of light, takes to the expounding of Scripture, he invariably leads men into wars and bloodshed about his opinions.

Science makes man vain; religion makes him humble.

Simplicity is the language of nature, but affectation is the language of art.

Grief, though bitter, is an excellent counselor.

Nobody thinks of going to a dry spring for water.

THE MAY QUEEN,

Written for New York, 1885.

Once more, I resume again my idle pen,
To write up the conquests of noble men ;
Of victories gained, and hard-fought battles won,
By angry critics when they had to run ;
For wise is he who often runs away
To save his hide in an angry fray.
A judge sometimes, upon the ermined bench,
Oft gets the worst from some enraged wench.
A woman's anger will sometimes arise
Like flames of flashing light within her eyes;
Be calm, and sooth her down, and try to gain
The ascendancy within her fiery brain—
For, sirs, you'd better even dare to meet
A wild bull mad upon the open street,
As face a lovely woman red with shame,
Whose passions are just like a fiery flame.
But I shall now relate a marvellous fete,
Occurring on a well-known New York street.
'Twas afternoon, and sunny was the day,—
Just glorious, 'twas the merry month of May ;
I felt the blush of youth come o'er my heart,
To think that I myself could take a part
In such a blessed transcendent scene,
To help to crown in May fair beauty's queen.
Twenty thousand maids, all dressed in white,
Waited on the queen, with supreme delight.
A motley multitude were gayly dressed,—
But I leave your fancy to tell the rest.
Each cavalier sat on his prancing steed,
With conscious pride at their martial tread,

Bowing to each stately carriage as he passed,
All crimson flushed, he his hasty glances cast,
On some one he deemed fairer than the rest,
Or had perhaps but lately once caressed.
Love seemed to triumph in this gala day,
Beauty, with happy hearts, going to crown the Queen of May.
But O ! that precious being, the heart-breaking dude,
Was drest so tight, he might as well been nude.
His well turned proportion looked so well,
I heard them cry, there goes our city's swell.
Poor being, I never knew him look so lean !
They call me dude, what do the people mean?
His face began to flush, the people stare,
He murmured as I passed, what do I care?
Then from a coach, a lovely maid alights,
Come, gazers, here, and see the best of sights.
Now she crowns the dude with a rosy crown,
But the bashful dude, how quickly he has flown.
She would have kissed him, too, had he but stayed,
Her roguish eyes made the modest dude afraid.
But oh, the grand huzzas the people gave,
Would have made any other dude her slave ;
A Poet passed, and him she crown'd instead,
But then it was the lovely maiden fled,
For she had seen within the Poet's eye
A Cupid, ready to let his arrows fly.
He was no dude, neither was he afraid
Of any bold, intrepid, charming maid.
A Poet fly from beauty, or fly from love?
Why he was transformed, he could no longer move.
O, had he been as wise as the running dude,
He would not have been the laughing-stock of all the multitude.

Even the windows were so quickly raised,
That all the moving throng looked mirthfully amazed,
At such a pleasant sight on Fifth Avenue.
'Twas charming beauty, passing in review;
They passed, and passed, and then kept passing still,
Until the Park itself began to fill.
Each caparisoned carriage passing by,
Bedeck'd with flowers—see how the ribbons fly!
New York never saw such a sight before;
Sweet wreaths of flowers were hanging at each door;
But ah, the wreaths, they could not now compare
With the jewel'd gems which shone upon the fair.
What were the flowers, or the jewels bright,
To those fair beings all dressed in lily white?
Could any gems from dark Golconda's mine,
Ever dare in such brilliancy to shine,
As those bright gems, O, woman, in these eyes of thine.
Or what fair flower would ever dare to speak
Language like that upon thy rosy cheek?
The trinity of that which all mankind now love
Before our gazing eyes began to move:
Beauty, and sweet flowers, and jewels bright,
Confounds the sense, and ravishes the sight:—
And then I heard an anthem of sweet singing,
Maiden voices glad tidings bringing
The chosen Queen, the lovely queen of May,
With glad acclamation we'll crown her Queen to-day.

THE CHORAL SONG SUNG BY THE MAIDENS.

We'll crown our Queen to-day,
We'll crown her the Queen of May;
She's the fairest being
Whichever was seen
Crowned on this gala day.

Come gather your wreaths of rich-scented flowers
From the mountains' sides, and the shaded bowers.
The first fruits of the golden spring,
Are the richest treasures you can bring,
Wherewith to crown our Queen to-day.
O, May ! sweet May !
We'll crown our Queen to-day.
Will no loving heart propose to wed
Our Queen, all crowned with roses red ?
Shall we invite, and invite in vain,
Some kind and loving gentle swain,
Now with our May Queen to rule and reign ?
A youth with courage then stepped forward now,
Just like a gallant knight to plight his vow ;
A seat was given near the maiden fair,
Whose rosy blooming cheeks and raven hair,
Eyes a sunny blue, and lips a cherry red,
The blithesome youth was willing now to wed.
All eyes were bent to see them passing by,
The restless horses then began to neigh.
A horse knows when he hears a gentle voice,
And like a coachman, has his favorite choice.—
I knew a horse, who to let his rider rise,
A lovely girl, a favorite in his eyes,
Knelt down, nearly to the grassy ground,
She on his back, away he'd quickly bound.
When she dismounted, he did understand,
The maiden had some dainty in her hand.
But a well-bred horse and a maiden fair,
Should always have the very best of care.
But why a coachman ever dared aspire,
To win where he should only ardently admire ?
But our May Queen, she did not stoop so low,
As with a gallant coachman now to go.

He was a well-bred man, they call a gent,
In gambling he all his cash had spent.
Handsome ! not an Apollo Belvidere,
Full of love for the beautiful and fair.
Many a heart was wounded by his glance,
Where he could win, he never lost the chance.
Were I to tell, or give to you his name,
This would make Lothario blush with shame.
But as a gentleman, I must confess,
He is unique, both in his style and dress.
And many a fair, sweet, darling maiden's heart,
Was made to bleed and keenly feel the smart;
But why he dares to wed the Queen of May,
You shall find out this blessed gala day.
The Queen, now seated on her rosy throne,
In quiet dignity is waiting all alone;
The multitude, raised on scaffolds high,
Sing the glad song, and fill the vaulted sky.
Who'll dare contend with our fair queen to day,
She is our choice, we've crowned her Queen of May.
I will contend, I heard a charming voice
Reply, both for the man and the people's choice.
And now a murmur ran among the crowd,
Who is the being who dares reply so loud?
Come forth thou dauntless child of mother Eve,
And show thy lovely face, and then we will believe.
I will come forth, pray what have I to fear,
Tho' clad in tatter'd rags, I dare appear;
Shall glittering tinsel alone adorn
The fairest beings, of lovely woman born,
And shall a man, who ever tries to gain
Our aching hearts, always the same obtain?
All clad in rags, advancing to the Queen,
Mended all o'er, yet they were white and clean;

Her bonnet from her head she quickly drew,
And then as quick her other garments flew,
Then with a gentle, very gracious bow,
She asked the people: "How do you like me now?'
And then the false hair from her head she lifts,
To show to them the very best of gifts;
No wreath of red roses was on her head,
But golden sunbeams adorned it instead.
'Twas then she smiled a childish kind of smile,
And the fair Queen was laughing all the while,
For from her feet she took what seemed to be
A pair of ploughman's brogans, unto me.
Disrob'd of all her incognita now,
The Poet's loving soul was in a glow,
He cries, there are two queens to-day,
Pray, which shall bear the palm away.
'Twas then the Queen arose, and then caress'd
The fair and lovely stranger to her breast,
My long-lost sister, hast thou returned to find
Thy only sister crowned the queen of all mankind?
Then many a tear, unbidden, began to rise,
Like pearly dew among the gazers' eyes.
And now the Poet he himself drew near,
And, bowing low, he wept his silent tear.
Then she advances, to obtain
The public ear, but not in vain.
Long have I roamed from place to place,
To find my sainted sister's face,
A wandering exile, far from home,
But now I will no longer roam.
Dear strangers, when you me behold,
My roving life could never be told,
With hunger pinched, I oft have said:
Lord, send to me a crust of bread!

Tempted to sin, like the cast-away,
But kept by grace from day to day.
My sister, thou to-day art crowned,
And I till now have been disowned.
O, may I never more forget,
How I by Satan was beset,
To end a life so full of woe,
While friendless, traveling to and fro.
Pray, in the name of human kind,
Ye strangers, let me tell my mind.
See you a being, beset with sin,
Strive from the fiery path to win
A fair and friendless woman knows
The very worst of human woes—
Beauty trampled beneath the feet
Of wicked men, who walk the street.
O could I depict, or paint, or tell
Why thousands are going down to hell!
O, forgive! I would not destroy
In any heart the life of joy,
For this is May! this is your Queen,
And I'm a wild, erratic being!
I am the beggar-girl of whom the Poet wrote,
I thought my early life would come to nought,
But, blest be God! I've got my voice,
And with you to-day I will rejoice.

SINGS—

May brings us in sweet blooming flowers!
  Seed time and harvest are coming near,
The birds are nestling in the bowers,
  Preparing for the coming year.

All things on earth are mating now;
The soil we tread beneath our feet
Is getting ready with the plow
Prepar'd to marry with the wheat;
Phœbus! he, the charioteer,
In his flaming car did now appear;
She took the Poet by the hand
And touch'd him with her magic wand.
His face was radiant in a flame
When she gave the poet's name.
Carlton, arise! ascend the skies!
I am thy lover in disguise.
Then, seated on their golden throne,
Phœbus took the twain alone.
The gazing eyes of the multitude
Now wondered if it was the dude.
The Queen of May turned deadly pale,—
But I will cease to tell my tale.
My sister and my lover's fled,
And I shall have no chance to wed.
O, now this public adulation
Has brought on me this tribulation.
The poet worship'd at my feet,
And praised me when I walked the street.
But now my sister, the roguish lassie,
Has taken him on Heaven's embassy.
Poets are like the nightingale,
Singing their love-bewitching tale,
Siren-like, we feel the spell;
O, the charming Philomel!
O, nightingale, and poet too,
You know how to come and woo,
Ravishing the listening ear,
Filling the eye with many a tear;

But now I am no longer Queen,
Because you've found a fairer being.
I will arise, but 'tis to tread
The earth alone, my lover's fled.
No more will I again contend,
Because I've lost a loving friend.

THE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

Forget me not, my mother said,
As I was waiting round her bed;
I soon shall be in perfect bliss,
Not in a changing world like this.
Then meet me there, my child, above,
Where all is pure, unchanging love.
I leave a world of sin and woe,
That's filled my heart with many a throe.
Blind judging friends mistook my ways,
And gave me blame instead of praise;
There is but One who judges right,
For all is naked in His sight;
He weighs the motive in the deed,
And in distress supplies the need;
The conscious comfort to the will,
Of those who need His heavenly skill.
All glory be to thee, O Lord,
Unchanging, as Thy changeless word.
Let angels round my child attend,
And in temptation still befriend,
And keep her from the snares and strife,
Of this vile, sinful, earthly life.

A PLAY CALLED DAILY LIFE; OR, JESSICA.

Only as a puff for Vaunt the barber, near the Mint, Philadelphia, but was never intended only as a Parlor Pantomime. Only selections are taken from it, as it remains unfinished.

Scene—New York City.

JESSICA APPEARS IN HER FATHER'S DRAWING-ROOM.

JESSICA—How sweet is the day in the morning,
When all is calm and still;
And the light comes gently stealing
Over the distant hill.
But soon will the toil and bustle
Of this busy world below,
Make silence be as golden
As the sunlit, driven snow.
The glory of Summer is gone,
The Winter is coming again,
The days of my youth have departed,
I cannot on earth remain.
The season at Newport is ended,
The belles have all fled away;
The leaves on the trees are yellow,
And fall to the ground to decay.
My hopes were blighted this Summer,
I expected to blaze and shine,
And far excel all others
With those costly robes of mine.
I'll go to some country village,
And always there remain,
Till all the village gossips
Declare I the crown obtain.

But here comes a friend of my youth,
I knew in the days of old;
Her hair is turning gray,
But it was once like molten gold.

[Enter Lucy Gray.]

Lucy—Blest be the day I meet my friend once more!
Thy absence has made the months a year;
And yet the Newport dews
Return thee like a blooming rose.
Fair Ballinger, what heart hast thou assailed?
What conquest hast thou made?

Jessica—I scorn to think that I should try to gain
A single heart, or that single heart retain!
No! the huntsman seeks a covey in the field
That will a plenteous harvest yield.
One heart, I scorn the very thought,
That ever mine could be so cheaply bought.
I seek to be admired, worshipped and adored,
Less than this, I neither will nor can afford.
Where didst thou find thyself a safe retreat
During the summer months of fervent heat?

Lucy—A blest abode! A shady grove,
Where I used to wander and to rove;
Bright crystal streams run o'er the golden sand
And plenty filled the cultivated land.
The soft, sweet wind came gently in a breeze,
Rustling like angels' wings among the trees;
And rocks, like frowning castles, rise
Their sun-clad forms into the skies.
But what of Newport, that far-famed place?
Thou surely hast not left it in disgrace.

JESSICA—Thou knowest, dear friend, how oft my hand's been sought,
But love's a thing which never can be bought;
But still, alas! it is too often said
We seek for gold, for that alone we wed.
'Tis true I'm affianced to a lordly swain,
If nothing intervenes, I shall his hand obtain;
And, at my father's house, to-night we meet,
Where I shall thy own sweet presence greet.

[*Exit with kisses, Jessica.*]

LUCY—Alas! how lonely is the life I lead,
I've neither gifts nor grace, my suit to plead,
A homely face, my hair is turning gray;
I'll take to cunning arts to win my prey.
Were I a man, Jessica would be my choice,
So graceful is her mien, so sweet her voice.
Oh! may I win some lonely heart to-night,
And then I'll soon be dressed in bridal white.

[*Exit Lucy.*]

SCENE II.—A room in a hotel. Lord Skelmerdale and Joseph Ripton, Esquire.

SKEL.—Good morning, honest friend!
Have you got a little cash to lend?
Newport makes the money quickly fly,
When you have to act a lord.

RIPTON—I've been an honest Briton all my days,
Never seemed what I was not,
And yet you see a bachelor's my lot.
I'd give full twenty thousand crowns to find
A loving heart to prove both true and kind;
Nay twenty thousand pounds shall be your due—
Find me a woman's heart whose love is ever new.

SKEL.—Agreed ! I'll find you soon some noble soul,
Suited your ample fortune to control.
I met, at Newport, by the way,
A radiant being, all clad in bright array ;
To-night I dine among the chosen few,
Where I my former vows shall then renew,
And you shall go to grace the feast,
Tho' strange and yet unknown, yet not the least ;
I'll write and tell my love I've got a friend,
Who seeks a wife, for that's what I intend.

—*Exit both.*

SCENE III.– Honorable John Ballenger's House, N. Y. City.
[All must follow quick.]

BALLINGER—I say, Gilbert.

GILBERT—That's me, sir.

BAL.—Remember to let's have some old port
To-night, and see you bottle it with nicest care,
I hate to see flecks of the crust floating in the glass,
For when 'tis bottled well,
Its color is like the robes of royalty.

GILBERT—Ah, sir, I'll decant it well,
I'll not put the cream in to spoil the
Purple blood. (Aside.) Not I ;
In England the butler keeps the lees,
So I will now, if it shall my master please.

BAL.—Let the champagne be freely used,
And every other kind of wines ;
For England's a land where plenty crowns the board,
No stint unto the guests,—

No meagre repast or scanty fare.
They love good cheer,
And such shall they find,
We have it here.

GILBERT—Sir, I well remember,
In the years gone by,
The guzzlement which filled
Each eating guest.
The soups, the fish, and turkeys,
The beef, the mutton, and the hares,
The pheasants and the venison;
And among the rest—choice viands
Prepared by the epicurean French,
With vegetables of every kind;
But I forbear—I thank my God,
That I was born so poor,
Or my poor stomach would
Have had a hard service of it.
Give me neither poverty nor riches,
This is the best; this is the due mean,
Keeping the body neither too fat nor yet too lean.

[*Exit Gilbert.*]

BAL.—Go, call thy mistress here.
My daughter is my only pride,
Until she's wed, I must be her guide.

[ENTER JESSICA.]

Ah, my sweet Jessica, what ails thee?
What unsought grief assails thy sunny brow?
Some cankerworm within thine heart
That causes it so keenly now to smart?

JESSICA—Why, sir, you know that I must choose
To whom I must become a spouse.
Were I a man, I'd quickly find
An object suited to my mind.
Why is it, men alone can have a choice,
And woman must be mute or silent with her voice?
Are we to be like the earth, by ploughman till'd,
Subject to whatever man has will'd?
Nay, but woman's empire will and sway
Is not entirely like the plastic clay;
We can reject, or silently amuse,
Where a too decided No would oft abuse.
See how the cat plays with the tiny mouse,
And purrs it with her claws, all round the house;
Just so I'd play with hearts, the fickle things,
But, like the birds, they fly away on wings.
When God made all the world in which we dwell,
He said that man did all the rest excel;
How lonely was his state! Alas! how sad!
Till woman's good presence made him glad.
Men prize us little in our best estate,
Leaving us unpaired, in maidenhood, to wait.

[ENTER A MESSENGER WITH A NOTE FROM SKELMERDALE.]

JESSICA—(Aside—reads). Dear Jessica, fair as the opening rose,
Dare I presume to bring with me, to-night,
A bachelor, handsome, and very rich?
If thou hast a friend just thirty-five,
Bid her keep her dying hopes alive.
She must be sedate, her hair unturned,
No coquette, in seductive arts unlearned;
Just like thyself, complete in every part;
She'll win my well-tried friend and gain his heart.

BAL.—What news, my child,
That makes thee so sweetly smile?
But now a dark and frowning cloud
Hung o'er thy handsome face,
Like sunshine sweeping o'er the land,
With shadow'd clouds on every hand.

JESSICA—'Tis Skelmerdale, our late new-honored friend,
Does this untimely message send.
I think you will accede to his request,
To bring another stranger as your guest;
For Lucy Gray will dine with us to night,
And English hearts must learn to fight;
No armor yet was ever made to turn
The fiery darts which in Cupid's brow doth burn.
O, just to think, they come to hunt a wife,
And, you know, they will not have to hunt in vain.

BAL.—Dear Jessica, whom wouldst thou have,
If thou couldst have thy choice,
To make thy nights a joy,
Thy days a living bliss?
There are not more honorable men
Than thine own countrymen,
Dwelling on the fair face
Of this round world!
In battle brave, in victory
Merciful and kind.
In nothing can they be excelled,
By those in other lands.

JESSICA—Sir, fancy's like the eagle in the sky,
Which sees its prey, when soaring upon high;
Or like the lark, which gently upward prings,
Rejoicing in its heart, as it sweetly sings.

Love often flies from those it cannot love,
But, loving, feels the spell, and cannot move ;
My countrymen are courteous and neat,
And, Frenchman-like, would worship at your feet;
A Chesterfield could not in this excel,
You've seen the pompous work—you know it well.
But I must go, as I expect to meet,
With honest Lucy Gray upon the street.

[Departs, kissing him.]

Bal. —Thy mother's voice and gentle grace,
Beams brightly o'er thy lovely face.
Full oft the parent in the child we see,
Comes budding like the rose
In sweet simplicity.
I must away; these musings fill my heart
With grief for one with whom I had to part.

[He's attempting to go but is deterred by singing by an unseen singer, who sings the following.]

The spirits of the lonely dead
You often muse to where they refled.
Cease this pondering, 'tis not well,
You should know where spirits dwell.
Be not so stupid nor so blind,
To think you can the spirit find.
An age of fools are blindly led,
Holding communion with the dead.
Communion with a piece of gold,
'Tis gain which makes the cunning bold.
Spirit, flee ! hie thee away,
The dawn declares the break of day.
Flesh alone dwells on the earth
Subject to pain, and joy and mirth,
Be happy till you leave the earth.

[Ballinger's Soliloquy.]

How changeable this life we live on earth !
Sometimes the heart is glad and filled with mirth,
Then sorrow, with its train of human woes,
Shuts out the soul and brings life to a close.

The brightest and the very best estate,
Oft blighted is, and filled with cruel hate ;
Or like a bride arrayed in spotless white,
Entering the church to consummate the rite,

Some slandering fiend, altho' in human shape,
Would blight her hopes and cover her with crape;
We live to die, and die to live again,
Could we be sure we shall that life obtain.

Unseen the regal state of those who shine
In flames of heavenly light, in radiance divine.
God's word is true ! whoever doubts the same
Shall be amazed and clothed with burning shame !

[Enter Pentland, alias Bennett.]

Pentland—Glad am I to see you again !
Where is your darling daughter Jessica?
How long has she been from Newport?

Ballinger—Two weeks have but passed away,
And she will not there again return.
She thinks the wealth that frequents the place
Might make better roads around Bateman's Point·
The dust but spoils the very choicest dress.
Were the roads but twice as wide,
With sloping grass on either side,
With beds of flowers intermixt along,
And trees to shade you from the burning sun,
She thinks it would be a paradise indeed.

PENTLAND—Sir, if such was done,
Then would nature and art combine
To make the place a blessed and dear retreat.
Grey, multitudinous rocks, washed by the sea,
With sunshine laughing on the grass,
And sweet wild flowers springing on every hand—
Then might Newport earn the choicest name,
A precious gem set in the heaving sea.
But 'tis not the roads,
Nor yet the clouds of dust,
Which sets fair Jessica
Against this far-famed place.
Ladies oft compete to catch a heart,
And, if foiled, they keenly feel the smart;
I've tried, alas! but now it is in vain;
Jessica's too cold, I'll never try again.

BAL.—Did you but try one woman's heart to win,
Soon you'd find yourself so near akin,
Tied in a bundle, at least for life,
And justly call the same your own dear wife.
A coxcomb is a man I now detest,
Without a heart, and never can be blessed;
I'd rather see my child remain a maid,
Than have her to such a scorpion thing betrayed.
What woman cares to only share a heart,
And pine in grief, and constant feel the smart?
Go, sir, and never see my face again,
Nor at my want of courtesy complain;
'Tis true, you're rich both in land and gold,
But my dear child, she never shall be sold.

[*Exit Ballinger.*]

PENTLAND (still in the house)—How touchy and testy full men often get,
Enough to cause a duel if they are aptly met.
I'll meet her in the everglades below,
Where bright streams of crystal waters flow,
And honied words may yet with her prevail,
To listen to my oft repeated tale.

[*Exit Pentland.*]

Scene in a Valley—Meets Her in a Shady Walk.

PENTLAND—Well met, my fair and lovely friend, at last.
Stay! speak! why fly away so fast?
Sad is my heart, and sadder shall it be,
If thou unkindly from my presence flee.

[Takes her by the hand, and, kneeling, kisses it.]

Bow down thine head and let me see thine eyes,
Which beam with love, there's where the mischief lies.
Ah! Jessica, what hearts hast thou enflam'd
With burning love, and never yet been blamed!
From head to foot, grace mantles all thy frame,
And on thy face a sweet without a name.
Thy words breathe blessings in their sound,
But in the listener's heart a fatal wound!
Shouldst thou disdain my present, urgent suit,
And leave me in despair, for ever mute,
Rejected now, I'll lift no more my head,
Nor seek again woman's false heart to wed.

JESSICA—Go to that one, with eyes of burning light,
Whose raven hair is darker than the shades of night,
Whose sylph-like form I heard you oft commend;
Perhaps you'll say she only is your friend.
Rise! for you and I must for ever part,
Fair-spoken words can never gain my heart.

PENTLAND—Thou sorceress in love, thou seeming good,
Thy cutting coldness *now* would freeze the blood;
A flirt would never dare to be so bold,
Or be so sunny warm, and then so cold.
I've often heard coquette is but a name,
'Tis found in thee with neither fear nor shame.
Thou'rt like the wind which blows on all it meets,
And kisses all, while passing down the streets.
Coquette! coquette has got a heart to let!
Parts with the dearest friend without regret.
Loves with a love that changes every day,
Alas! then leads the stricken heart astray.
Farewell, sweet Jessica, with golden hair,
My heart is free, escaping from thy snare.

[*Exit Pentland.*]

[ON THE OTHER SIDE ENTERS LUCY GREY.]

JESSICA—Didst thou meet mad Pentland
While coming on the way?

LUCY—Yes, laughing, I saw him come along;
I hid me in a copse of wood,
He sung a kind of rhyming catch,
And seemed in jolly glee.

JESSICA—Rememberest thou the words he sang?
For he is the oddest fish
I ever saw in all my life.
But just a little while ago,
Such a piece of flattery
He poured into mine ears,
As I have never heard before;
And then, when disappointed,
Such a tirade of invective

And unrighteous contumely
He poured into my unwilling ears,
That in mine anger I bid him hence depart.
Tell me the sweet song that he was singing.

LUCY (sings)—How false and fair,
With golden hair,
Is Jessica to-day ;
With rosy cheeks,
And lip that speaks
Words hastening me away.
Her lilied breast,
I've oft carressed,
And felt her throbbing heart ;
Now all is lost,
I count the cost,
And scarcely feel the smart.

JESSICA—'Tis thus men boast of favors never given,
And count imagin'd joys their present heaven ;
Too oft insensible to woman's right,
To win, then cast away, it is man's chief delight.
Vile ingrates, that dare, with a flattering tongue,
Or in slandering speech, to lie, or yet be sung ;
But his heart will never speak or swell,
With hidden love he dares not tell.
The Summer past, I saw him often ride,
Booted and spurred, dash on in all his pride,
As if to say I, chevalier, can sit,
And handle with delight the burnished bit.
Then, bowing low to every handsome face,
With laughing smiles, and such bewitching grace.
Love such a man, who is but common sport?
'Tis true I love, but he is not the sort.

Lucy—Dear friend, rememberest thou the tale of old,
When the fox said the grapes were sour and cold?
Too high they hung, yes far above his reach;
So Pentland would thy virtues now impeach;
When disappointed hearts fail of success,
They often curse where they would rather bless.
Some men would laud, and call you quite divine,
Could they in women's eyes but constant shine,
If not, then she's fickle and insincere,
Then pass her by with a cold and cunning leer;
I'd rather live unmarried till I die,
Than on such deceitful men at last rely.

Jessica—Oh, as for Pentland, he's nothing but a rake,
Pray, who would fight a duel for his sake?
He's not worth the powder, much less the shot,
But what he's worth, why then it is to be forgot.
But I have good news for thee;
I had a note from a new found friend,
He and his friend both dine with us to night;
But thou must yield to my request,
To get thy hair new dyed,
Or a wig becoming thy fresh complexion.

Lucy—What, must I use borrowed plumes to gain a heart,
And thus act a base and ignoble part?
Men say that women powder, paint, and dye,
And weep, and smile, and then begin to cry,—
Call us deceivers, and full of craft and skill,
And only honest when it suits our will.

Jessica—All arts and stratagems are fair in war,
And love's a fight which often leaves a scar,
And woman's hair was made her beauty to adorn.
And Paul the best of men, bids her remain unshorn;

Ah, those wimpling things who now bang their hair,
Have surely lost the secret of a woman's snare.
And then there came of late across the seas,
An independent man, a gentleman of ease;
From Albion's coast, he came unsatisfied,
In all that land he could not find a bride;
'Tis given out, he came to see the West,
And may the sun of love arise within his breast.
Shall uncaught English hearts again return,
As if we had no fire to make them burn?
Fie! Fie! and could our men the victory gain,
And women, we the victory not obtain?
We've lakes both wide and pure and deep,
And mountains high, up which they'll try to creep.
They'll delve the earth to find a mine of gold,
A brittle thing that's often bought and sold;
Who knows but thou thyself art still a maid
To win this roving man; be not afraid,
To-night thy destiny shall be revealed,
If thou unto my cunning arts will yield.

Lucy—Alas! my friend, what, if I gain his heart,
Must I continue thus to act my part?
Doff off my wig, then wash away the paint,
And look demurely sweet as if I was a saint,
Disrobing as if for yon bright world above,
And then just say 'twas done to gain his love?
Well, come, I see this is my last chance—
'Tis like a dream, it may become a trance.

[*Exeunt both.*]

Act II—Scene I.

The Victoria Hotel, New York.—*Personnel*—Earl of Skelmerdale, oseph Ripton, Esquire, and young Lady Ranelag.—All present.

Skelmerdale—All hail to thee, Old England's boast and pride!
The roses on thy face need not the lilies hide.
The artist thou employs to paint thy face,
Spreads the fair tints, with such bewitching grace,
That nature is excelled with seeming ease,
When woman tries the gazing eye to please!

Lady Ranelag—The artist I employ, I'll tell his name;
He rose on wings of light, and westward came;
He touched the mountain tops with flames o light,
And swallow'd up the darkness of the night.
A gentle breeze rose from the dewy ground,
And spread a flowery fragrance all around.
Such is the balmy air each morn I breathe,
While wild flowers I gather for a wreath,
I feel a joy spring up within my heart,
With which, for a thousand worlds, I would not part.
The lark begins to sing his morning song;
The lambs, they gambol as they skip along
The nightingale sings in the hawthorn bush,
And soon is answered by the warbling thrush
Oh! bless the Lord with me, for birds an flowers,
And dewy grass, and gentle falling showers

Oh! bless His name, for something sweeter still,
'Tis like a spring, which makes mine eyes to fill.
Sure 'tis nature's well begins to rise
In gratitude for all beneath the skies.
I let the morning air my cheeks embrace,
And thus the rosy bloom upon my face.
The earth to me is Paradise again,
I'm happy now, then why should I complain?
Who paints the grass its bright enamelled green,
And hangs the dewdrop with its crystal sheen?
Or who the rainbow in yon darkening sky?
Why are you dumb, or have you no reply?
'Tis He who paints the rose both red and white,
That makes my face so pleasant to your sight.

SKEL.—Your ward and friend seems poetical to-day,
And would she cease to rhyme, she'd write a play;
A rhyming play, with its concatinating sound,
Is like a ball, when it begins to bound.
Those roses on thy face will soon turn pale,
And here thou canst not hear the nightingale;
Thou fair English rosebud, thou queen of flowers,
Wilt have to stand the storms of heavy thunder showers.

RIPTON—Can neither of you speak without such dribbling rhymes?
You speak of nature, at least in the language of art;
What each has said needs no painting words.
Was it of Niagara's falling sea in its downward course

Or so me vast wilderness of forests wild,
Or a trackless desert filled with burning sand,
Or mountains towering higher than the cloudy skies
As numberless as the shining stars above?
Or some battle-field running with streams of reeking blood,
Or an earthquake, where once some fair city stood?

LADY RAN.—Sir, you're at your rhymes;
You love to find a weakness in some friend;
The gentle flow of liquid words attuned to the ear,
Palls not the sense with its dull monotony;
So a single life is wearisome to live,
And union in things may yet contentment give;
Most things are happy when they meet in pairs,
Exquisite is their joy and light their cares;
Two bachelors are an ill-assorted match,
And needs but two cunning maids to make a catch.
O, may the women of this glorious land obtain
Each of your hearts, and thus a victory gain.

[*Exit Ranelag.*]

KELMERDALE—Those women with their charming wit,
Leave us in perplexed confusion oft to sit;
You heard me speak of Jessica to-day;
If she commands, you know I must obey;
I'll gain her heart even against her will,
And match her cunning with unseemly skill;
She's but a prude, a coquette in her aim,
Intends to win, but never means to claim;
I'll make her passions, like the raging sea,
Run wild in riot, in their mad liberty;

A flattering tongue can gain a woman's ear,
For women love true praise, when it is sincere.
I love the woman! She's a charming being;
But in America, ten thousand such are seen,
And the New York ladies far excel
In loveliness, for I have felt the spell.
Why, sir, you could not walk the street
And keep walking on till you shall chance to meet
Some lovely being, with face so bright and fair,
That every passer-by begins to stare—
Until some one even far lovelier still,
Will put your keenest judgment to its skill,
With faultless forms, and attitudes of grace,
With such benignant smiles upon their face,
Such dazzling eyes, beaming forth with bliss,
And faultless lips, too good for man to kiss;
The children seem like angels from above,—
Well might the city's name be changed to love;
Some women's hearts are never satisfied,
Unless their loves are seven-fold multiplied;
There's Pentland, who drives his four-in-hand,
A simple slave to Jessica's command;
She nods approving on the polo ground,
He's to the centre at a single bound—
Fast flies the ball, but faster he pursues;
Was it her heart, she never would refuse,
But Jessica would be my lady So and So.
And titles, like tinseled gold, keep fools in awe.
Riches here would even wear a gilded name,
Not caring from whence the honors came.
Not deeds of men, who far excel the rest,
By which their country has been aptly bless'd.

A lordling born may like a craven live,
And never once a token of true courage give.
I hold my title as I do my life,
To match it with a pure and charming wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—In Lucy Gray's House. Lucy and Madam Vaunt, Hairdresser.

LUCY—So here you are, to make me young again,
That I may unto myself another self obtain.
I hate deceit, yes, from my inmost heart.
Are there many who seem to act this part,
To hide defects, and their conscience never smart?

MRS. VAUNT—Why, bless you, dear, some whose hair is bright,
Of a crusty brown, or tawny to the sight,
Come here to have it made, as 'twere, anew;
Some seek a lovely brown, others a golden hue.
What harm can come by trying to excel,
In dressing that men say they love so well?
Men hate a sloven, especially in dress;
Attractive beauty makes the men caress.
A woman's hair should be her constant pride,
And were it so, she soon would be a bride,
For first impressions leave a lasting mark,
Fire begins in smoke but flames into a spark.
Come, sit you down, and then I'll try my skill,
In making aged heads look youthful still.

[Sits down, there is a rap at the door, and Jessica enters.]

JESSICA—Men try their cunning, how to set a snare—
The cause—so small, 'tis but to catch a hare;
But, women, we may try to set a trap—
The cause—so great, it is to catch a chap.

And oft, when caught, how worthless is the catch,
The flame they bring, it would not light a match ;
For what is love unless it be a flame
Lit in the heart, a thing which needs no name?
A selfish man may love himself, you know,
And all his gifts upon himself bestow,
Remain a single, sordid, senseless man,
And catch a woman's smile just when he can.
Pentland, the rara avis, waits for some maid
To curb his whims and make herself obeyed ;
He'll fight no duel for some lovely bride,
But quickly in haste run away and hide.

Mrs. Vaunt—She looks well in this ;
Its color suits the tint upon her cheek ;
The arches of her eyes need no disguise,
I have a wash will make the skin so fair,
It with the fairest lilies would compare ;
No vermilioned powder needs she now to use,
Which doth the tender skin too oft abuse ;
The dawning flush of youth is upon her cheek,
Just like her lips, when she begins to speak.
But pray, fair lady, how like you this?

Jessica—I like thy choice, thou understands thy task ;
Bring here the glass, then shall my friend consent
That neither time nor money is misspent.

Lucy (takes the glass)—O, Jessica ! is this myself, I see?
What cunning tricks of art
Can such a change impart?
I, Lucy Gray? Nay, 'tis not I !
It is some saucy flirt that's passing by.
I'm half in love with what mine eyes now see ;
I hate myself ! I'm sure it can't be me.

JESSICA—Poor, simple, Lucy Gray—
When in the mountain's tops wandering around,
A rustic life thou led,
With autumn leaves alone to hear thy tread—
But now, my honest, rustic friend,
Thy lonely village life is at an end!

[Lucy rises with her new head of hair on.]

MADAM VAUNT—One favor may I ask before I leave,
That when you wed, I may the task receive,
To adorn again your new-crown'd head?

LUCY—Thou shalt indeed, but that may never be.

VAUNT—I see success sparkle in your eye,—
Cupid only waits to let his arrows fly—
So fare you well. [*Exit Vaunt.*]

JESSICA—Heardst thou the latest news,
Which whisper spreads around?

LUCY—What news, my friend, is that of which you speak?

JESSICA—A fair and bonnie, sprightly English maid,
Has quite bewitched mad Pentland's wandering eye.
She is a friend of Joseph Ripton's;
She's young and rich, and of noble blood;
She's wise beyond her years, she's rich in mind;
A genius, in a form without a fault;
Her thoughts are sparkling gems, clear and bright,
That when she speaks, her words are words of light.

LUCY—I long to meet with such a wonder here—
An artless, simple gem, unsullied, like a tear.
God send us more of these same stamp and kind.
I wish the men which come from that fair isle,
Were blest with such an art and free from guile.

JESSICA—Wait patiently till we meet to dine,
And then thou'lt find a lamb, and he is thine.

[*Exit Jessica.*]

LUCY—So changes come, and changes go,
As we are passing to and fro.
An orphan child, a lonely maid,
I've none of whom to be afraid;
I seek not gold, nor glittering toys,
Nor earth's applause, nor its fleeting joys;
I calmly wait for every change,
And now I would not think it strange
Should friends forsake, or foes assail
My name with some false, idle tale.
I'll wear this splendid tress of hair,
To please a friend, not as a snare.
I seek and seek, but who'll seek me,
To change my name, my destiny?
Old maid's a name which all detest,
And those who marry oft are blest.

[*Exit. The curtain drops.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I. Pentland's House, New York. Pentland and his friend, John Gay.

PENTLAND—My dear sir, how spent you the time?
Was Saratoga marvelous in charming sights?
Were there many mothers looking for a son,
Who, as yet, did never call her mother?
What craft, and stratagems, and wiles
Have you escaped, and still remain a bachelor?

GAY—My heart is free from love's sweet burning flame,
I must confess; I tell the truth with shame,
For beauty lived and walked, from day to day,
Enough to steal the hearts of men away.

Maidens just blooming like the opening rose,
Hid in its enamel'd leaves, in sweet repose,
Whose lovely eyes, but with more lovely face,
Smiled graciously with such bewitching grace.
But one among the rest, I will portray,
Supernal sweet, she bore the palm away.
Upon her face there shone an inward light,
Calm, and ineffable, and ever bright,
Just like the light which in the diamond shines,
When it sparkles in the darkest mines;
She's like to nothing I have seen on earth,
She's full of joy, yet free from foolish mirth;
She's kind to all with whom by chance she meets,
And beggars smile to meet her on the streets.

PENTLAND—Why sure 'tis some angel which you have seen,
So superhuman, and not a human being;
For beauty ever flies from poverty and woe,
And keeps the abject suppliant in awe.

GAY—There are exceptions in everything on earth,
When we but look alone for sterling worth.
Alas! 'tis true, we scarcely ever find
A lovely form matched with a noble mind;
But this pure gem came o'er the briny deep,
To gladden the sinking heart, and weep with those that weep.

PENTLAND—I saw amongst the gay and giddy throng,
Awhile ago, as I did pass along
Belleview, a being of wondrous loveliness;
I'd give the world, could I the maid possess.

JAY—Couldst thou be content with one fair flower,
I fear my friend would change within the hour?

Fair Jessica, is she then at last forgot?
Love cools too soon, when easily made hot.
True, the passion, which burns with steady flame,
And fountain-like, the heart from whence it came,
Keeps gushing, till life's pulse will cease to beat;
This is the love makes married life so sweet.

JESSICA—Did you not ride upon the bob-tailed grey?
You've been the life and soul of all the joy
At Newport town, and would you that destroy?
You've been the foremost in the sportive race;
Your coach flew o'er the ground—so fast the pace,
And then your boat even skims the briny deep,
And makes the sportive fishes fly and leap.
At sea or land you ever must excel;
I pray some lovely maid may break the spell.
You've wished to be the wonder and the song
Of all the giddy, gay, and idle throng;
One woman's love is more than all beside,
Seek such, and make the same your own dear bride.

PENTLAND—You give advice, which you will hardly take;
Beauty I loved, but never was a rake;
I raised no hopes which I did not fulfill,
Nor falsely used my tongue with cunning skill.
But, friend, here come the strangers we were to meet,
To take a ride with us along the street.

[ENTER SKELMERDALE AND RIPTON.]

PENTLAND—How could I be other than what I am?
I've seen deception in the rosy path,
Where married life seemed all that heart could wish;
I've seen a woman use her keenest skill,

To cause illicit love to spring and rise,—
The unsuspecting object of her toil,
Caught in the meshes of her sunny smiles.
Of all that lives, a married flirt I hate.
There are some things on earth that's easy lost,
Though too often gained at too dear a cost.
Jessica, she's but a lovely sweet coquette,
But she and I can part without regret.

GAY.—What! shall Pentland, the handsome and the rich,
Talk of flirts and the easy-going kind,
And become virtue's champion in the list
Of those which have lost an eloping wife?
Fie, fie, my unhappy friend, renew
Your heart's lost hopes with this strange charming maid,
Whose presence seemed to strike your heart with love.
You've been the foremost of the sons of mirth,
And Newport sounds abroad your well-earned fame;
Without you, polo seemed an idle play.

PENT.—You will lunch before we ride?

SKELM.—Just as you please, and we obey.

PENT.—Englishmen, they say, they love good cheer.

SKELM.—Why all nations love enough to eat;
Some the savory, some the sweet;
Climates change appetites as they do dress,
But Englishmen love good cheer none the less.

PENT.—But other things the English love beside,—
Fair lovely women, to become their bride;
They love this land as well as other lands,
And would submit to any just demands.
America, fair land of hill and dale,
May peace within thy borders now prevail!

He that loves not the land where he was born,
Should be held up by all to taunt and scorn.
Excuse my rhapsody, for 'tis out of place,
And would become your friend with better grace.

RIPTON—Two eyes have I, wherewith to see,
Two ears to listen, when the speech is free.
One mind, wherewith to judge and then conceive,
A silent tongue, lest I should others grieve ;
Two hands to help the fallen in distress,
A heart to pity where I cannot bless;
One thing I want, to make my life complete,
A woman's smiles, to grace some blest retreat.

GAY—I know a pearl to suit your taste,
Matchless in simplicity, and chaste ;
Her name is Lucy Gray, lovely and fair,
Fresh as a full-blown rose, free from care.

[Enter the Butler to call them to lunch.]

BUTLER—The lunch is ready, sir.

[All depart but GAY.]

GAY (alone)—How many prizes still remain
Unwon by those who yet would gain,
Had they the courage and the skill
To please the fancy and the will?
Riches and beauty may deny
A fainting heart which heaves a sigh,
But love which springs from hearts on fire,
Shall win at last what they desire.
But bachelors oft curse the day
The splendid chance they threw away;
Should love's sweet glance bewitch my heart,
The smiler soon shall feel the smart.

[*Exit. Curtain drops.*]

Scene III.—In an Hotel. Pentland and Skelmerdale.

Pentland—Ripton, I suppose, will not be long
Before he shall again return;
Perhaps his lady friend will take a ride.

Skel—Why, yes; the outside world it is her home,
She loves to ramble and to roam;
There's not a leaf which flutters in the breeze
But what she knows, on any of the trees;
And the flowers are her supreme delight;
She's in their midst from dawning morn
Until the darkening night.
But here they come; I've nothing more to say.
[Enter Ripton and the lovely Lady Ranelag.]

Pentland—Thrice welcome, sir, but far more welcome thou,
Earth's choicest being, the joy of men,
The birds' delight. The very grass,
Will worship at thy feet;
The running brook stand still,
And cease to flow,
Or ripple down the hill.

Lady Ran.—Flowery words are but like
To beds of flowers, very sweet,
Just after gentle showers;
But flattering tongues are like the many hues—
The serpent's skin, which shines but to confuse.
Virtue, though it shines, it needs no praise,
Neither the sun, with its bright golden rays.

Ripton—This is a very dear friend from Hillsdale,
The lovely Lady Ranelag,
From one of England's most romantic dales;
The hillsides are covered in early spring,

With pale cowslips and the yellow primrose ;
And by the running brooks the violets spring.
There the hawthorn bushes are white with bloom,
And the wild rose scents the morning air ;
There is not a bird in all that charming vale,
But knows the footfall of youthful Ranelag.

RIPTON (turns and introduces Pentland to Lady Ranelag)—
This is Pentland, of whom you heard me speak ;
He has traveled thro' the eastern world,
Knows all the news of wars, duels and of love.
The affairs and secrets of Kings are known to him ;
He is the Prince of Editors
And the Prince of pleasant mirth on earth.

PENTLAND—My English friend is pleased to jest with me ;
But welcome thou, fair lady,
To this fair happy land of ours ;
May it not lack in interest to your eye.
In it you'll find the marvelous and sublime ;—
A sea of forests bending to and fro,
As sweeps the fitful gale across the land ;
Mountains, whose everlasting crowns
Are white with eternal snows,
Upon their uplifted, sun-crowned heads—
No dazzling sun disrobes their shining tops,
No storms of hail, or yet of whistling winds,
Nor hungry frosts, which bite so hard and keen,
Can change the mountain's fair unsullied brow.
The eternal hills, filled with jewels bright,
Stand waiting to enrich the toiler's hand
With precious metals, of the choicest kind ;
Yes, secret things, which eye hath never seen,
Lie hid beneath the sunny mountain's brow ;

Yes, on the very face of that glorious land,
Where towering rocks in wild confusion rise,
From whence springs of cold crystal waters flow,
There flowers spring, and bloom and die,
Unknown but to some bold hunter's eye.
But, fair lady, wilt thou ride with us to-day.

RAN—I must refuse your proffered kindness,
But your praise excites afresh my keen desire
To view with longing eyes those sublime hills,
Of which you have but so lately spoken.
And now I wish you all a pleasant ride to-day.
[*Exit Ranelag.*]

[And GAY comes in on the other side.]

GAY—What ails my friend? He looks so pale and sad!
Has thy fancy chilled thy flimsy frame,
While discussing Colorado's snowy range?
Or are you foiled, because the maid rides not?
'Twas she I saw at Saratoga Springs,
And once been seen, she can never be forgot.

PENTLAND—She's a peerless being, I must confess;
She sits the saddle with such grace and ease,
And rode a splendid milk-white Arab steed.
Her look was like a lovely sportive child;
All eyes were bent to see her pass along
At Newport, amongst the gay and motley throng.

RIPTON—She staid at Newport for a little while,
Went wild with joy to see the old grey hills,
And the winding road, and the grassy rocks,
And the inlets, like fingers of the sea.
When she's at home she rides a noble steed,
And clears both fence and wall without a fear.

Her father is my very dearest friend.
God bless her ! she's an angel on the earth ;
The hungry poor now miss her pleasant smile.
Her sunny face made the dying oft rejoice,
To see it always beaming with delight.
So rich in holy song, she oft would sing,
That then pale death and sin had lost its sting,
Fit in life's daily ills to take a part.
But now I'm ready to go and breathe the pleasant air.

[*Exit all but Gay who remains.*]

Gay—Faint hearts, they say, fair ladies never won;
Some think they'll win before the work is done;
Sometimes when won, they're quickly lost again,
Nothing is sure, till you your suit obtain.
But love oft springs where you would least expect,
And dies through being forgot, or cold neglect.
Some babble out their love to all mankind,—
One willing ear is all I wish to find. [*Exit.*]

Ripton and Skelmerdale in their hotel, or Vaunt's Barber Shop.

Ripton—So you say that you have seen the being who
Shall make me happy all my life ?

Skel.—Were not my heart's affections so deep-rooted,
I'd tear them up, to plant them in so fair a soil.
Strange things do happen sometimes in this life—
You born in the motherland, so far away,
And here the mild and gentle Lucy Gray;
And then she's never known the pangs of love.
What joy awaits the man who wins her heart!
'Tis worth the task to wear a wig this time;
When won, you can throw off the cheat.

But here comes Vaunt, the artist of heads,
If not of purses and of hearts.
Have you brought a choice of wigs?

VAUNT—Yes, here's a fair-nut-brown;
But there's a bright and cheerful wig.
The hair still seems to feed and live on brains.
I knew a gentleman who wore its match,
Thrown amongst the gay and lovely fair;
He caught, by the richness of his golden hair,
A matchless charming lady for his wife,
Which truly was taken from a murderer's skull,
Yet none knew it was taken from so vile a brain.
But this was taken from a lovely youth,
Drowned trying to save his lover's life;
And love seems to spangle in every hair.
They were found locked in each other's arms—
This may be the harbinger of your heart's success.

SKEL.—How valiant love seems in borrowed plumes,
When in our nakedness we must search around
To clothe our frail and fragile being;
And thus art, with most exquisite skill,
Make hungry fancy more expensive still.

RIPTON—I clothe me not to please myself, 'tis true,
But some respect unto the world is due;
Besides, to-night I shall with strangers dine,
The American fair have an eye to all that's fine;
The ladies here eye you from top to toe,
And when you please them not, they bid you go.
Once being conned with keen and scrutinizing look,
Your standing's fixed within their memory's book,—
Erased and quite forgot, or graven deep,
A pleasant object in their memory to keep.

VAUNT—Why, sir, the women powder, paint and dye,
And stuff their buskins to please the eye ;
And dress in costly robes to gain a heart.
When married, they make their husband's pocket smart.

SKEL.—Well, say nothing against the married state,
I'd gladly wed, for bachelorhood I hate.
Ripton looks younger by twenty years,
And wearing gold eyeglasses,
Throws off a woman's keen and searching glance.
Or a rosebud in your buttonhole to show,
A diamond on a lady's hand catches your eye,
Oft more than her ungraceful gait while passing by.
Why not checkmate the fair ? life's but a game;
Should we succeed, why, then, 'tis all the same.
We will call for thee should we again need thy skill.

[*Exit Vaunt.*]

RIPTON—So you think, my lord, I shall succeed ?

SKEL.—A noble purpose befitting such a friend,
And a woman rich in all which makes a woman
Worth the name, dines with Jessica to-night.
Simplicity smiles upon her lovely face,
And ease and gentleness spring like flowers
In every attitude she may assume ;
And then she's kinless and fortuneless,
But a perfect lady, a fortune in herself,
And needs just such a noble friend ;
So on we go, the time is near at hand.

[*Exeunt both.*]

LAST ACT.

In Ballinger's House. Bell rings. Rodger opens the door. Enter Ripton and Skelmerdale.

RODGER—Welcome, sirs, it gladdens my heart to see,
From my native land, representatives of her wealth
And honors, the old Earl of Skelmerdale.
I knew you when I was over there;
When you were born, they brew'd a noble brewing,
To be ready when you should come of age.
Ah! that was a brewing—no slip-slop stuff,
Mix'd with carbonic acid gas,
Tobacco put in, instead of malt;
No Cocculus Indicus to make a man a fool;
Some of them here would even dare to steal
From their father's coffin the silver-headed nails,
So greedy are they of untoiled gain.
The refined rascality of this nation
Exceeds the world in cunning schemes.
But welcome, each of yon, none the less.
The Riptons of Ripton Hall, I knew,—
Noble in deeds of charity to the poor.
I often think of the dear old island in the sea,
And would like to lay my old grey hairs
Beneath its grass-green sod.

RIPTON—It matters not where our bodies lie,
But how we live—and how we die.

RODGER—True, sir; my mother taught me that,
And that I must look to God, and not to men,
And worship Him alone, and not an object of men's idle brain.
God's spirit rules on earth in Christ's great name,

To no enthroned arm of flesh will I bow down;
I fear no mortal's fiat, ire or darkening frown,
Nor will I a feeble arm of flesh obey;
For all sects turn religion into a trade;
Few seek to guide the doubting souls aright;
Themselves are lost in error's darkest night,
How can they lead to paths of endless light?

[*Exit Rodger.*]

SKEL.—That man's mother has not taught in vain;
Tho' his raiment is worn to please his master's eye,
His mother's spirit shines out in all his ways.

RIPTON—May England's Queen have taught hers as well,
That in after years her gentle spirit yet may reign—
Victoria! Victorious reigning, tho' gone to sleep.
May the King Eternal ever be old England's guide;
May no vain pomp or gaudy, earthly show
Usurp the right to reign
Where Christ alone should reign.
Here comes our friend.

[Enters Ballinger with Lucy Gray and Jessica.]

BAL.—Welcome to New York! Welcome to America! Welcome to whatever you desire!

[Introduces the ladies and the gentlemen.]

This, our dear friend, Miss Lucy Gray,
The Hon. Joseph Ripton, of Ripton Hall, England,
And Skelmerdale, you know him well.

JESSICA—All hail to the land of the west,
And thrice welcome to us as a guest!
May you quickly forget the land in the east,
And America prove both a joy and a feast.

Ripton—'Tis pleasant indeed to meet with a friend,
And a friend both lovely and fair;
Could I always have so fair a one,
Without being caught in a snare.

Jessica—And are you still unmatched?

Skel—My friend is still a bachelor.

Jessica—My friend and I feel a kindredship.
Two bachelors wandered far over the sea
Like doves to be mated, we'll surely agree,
And as there are two of each of us, we'll do in pair.

Ranelag—My child loves not an idle, silly dream,
Nor is it a trifle with which to play.

Jessica—Father moralizes on everything;
When men get old, their passions change,—
Woman's change not so soon, not they,
Her hopes die not till her hair gets grey.
Even then the sunset of her youth
Shines brightly thro' the clouds of time.
My friend and I are in the hey-day of youth,
And hope still brightens up our hearts
In full expectancy of supernal bliss.

Ripton—Base is he indeed who breaks a woman's dream,
When that dream is hallowed with thoughts of joys to come;
For disappointment sits uneasy upon
A woman's sweet and sunny face.
How ill it would become your charming friend,
fair Lucy Grey.

LUCY—'Twas told me long ago,
That Englishmen had flattering tongues,
And say much more than what they ever mean.

RIPTON—That you are sweet, needs but to be seen ;
Your voice in its inflexive cadences,
Acts like a charm, so musical is its tones ;
A gentle voice oft wins a heart,
Before the speaker's person can be seen ;
Then take not my well-deserved praise amiss.
There's not a brook in all my native land,
But of which some rhymer has sung his song.
Rapt Avon's bard along the Avon walked,
There the flowery meads charmed his gazing eye,
Till Hathaway's daughter was seen in its glassy face,
And then love-stricken he sung those marvelous songs,
The delight and wonder of ages yet unborn.

JESSICA—Why, Paradise was nothing without an Eve,
I'll find you then a helpmate by your leave.

RIPTON—To-night I'm ready for so sweet a task,
Even now I would that Lucy Gray was mine ;
Those shining wavelets on her lilied brow,
Cause my heart with rapture now to glow.
What say'st thou, wilt thou now consent,
That our short lives may be together spent ?

LUCY—I am but poor, besides, I'm getting old,
Although my hair seems bright and sunny gold ;
You might regret, for love upon the wing,
Causes the heart a little while to sing,
But changes in the dark and cloudy day,
Then disappointed, quickly flies away.

BALLINGER—I'll seal this noble offer for my lady friend;
'Tis something so sudden and unthought of,
And a woman's modesty shuns such haste.
A clergyman dines with us to-night,—
We will retire to a more convenient place.
Go each and get you ready.
Would it were Jessica, my own sweet darling daughter.

This piece was written to puff up the artist hairdresser, Vaunt, in Philadelphia, and only to be used as a parlor pantomime in private houses. It never was intended for the stage. It remains as yet unfinished by the author.

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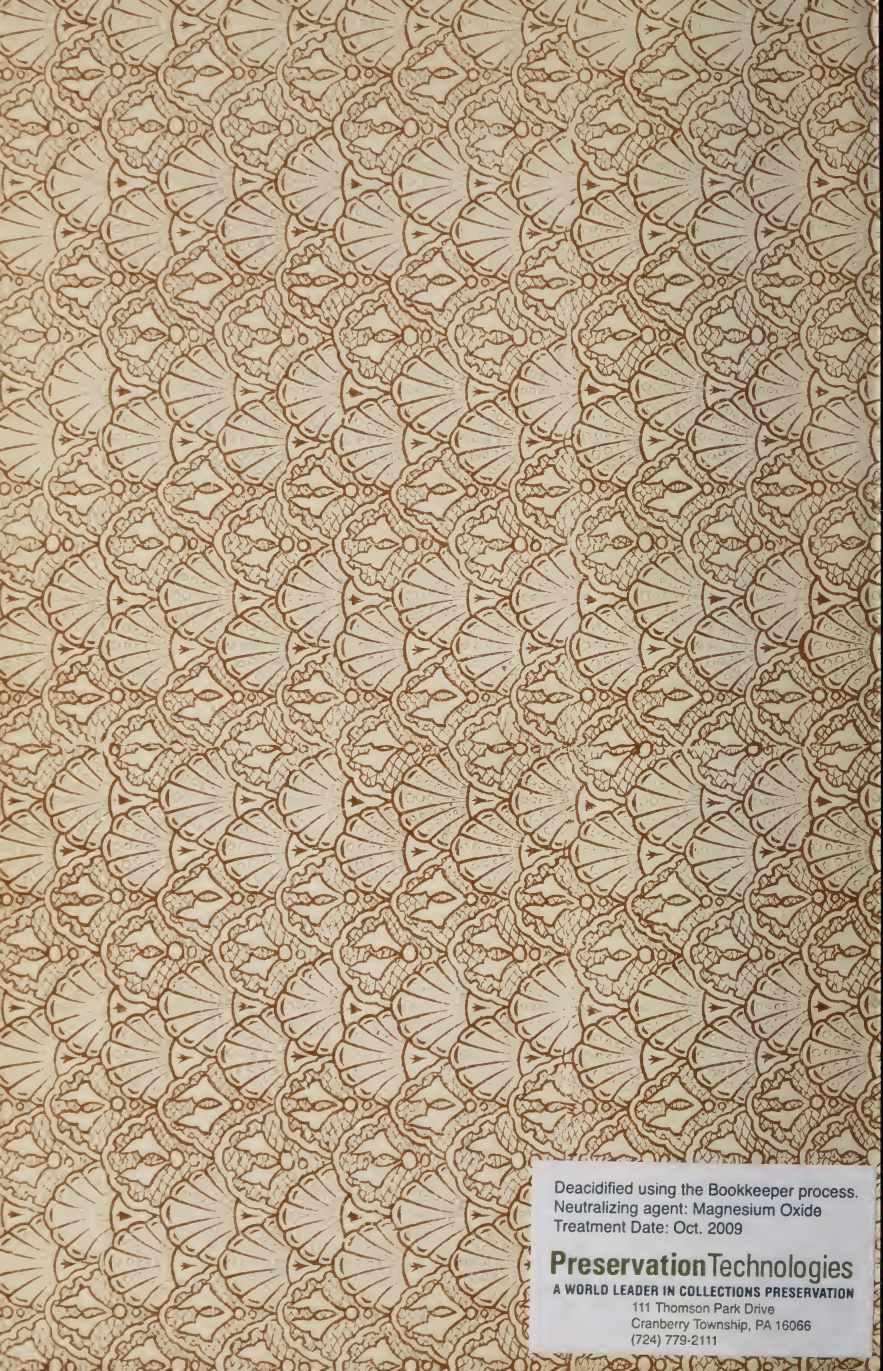

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